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THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.



OFF TO A WRECK.

In the principal newspapers of commercial cities there may be seen, under the caption of "Marine Intelligence," or some such title, a column made up of items, set in nonpareil type, like the following, cut from a recent journal:

Bark Halcyon (of Bath) Dickinson, from Boston for Perth Amboy, in ballast, went ashore on Long Beach, L.I., AM of Sept 4. All hands were taken off by the crew of Life-Saving Station No. 32.

Has the reader any idea of the stirring drama a dry paragraph like this may conceal? Let us endeavor to make it apparent.

No portion of the ten thousand and more miles of the sea and lake coast-line of the United States, extending through every variety of climate and containing every feature of coast danger to the mariner, can exhibit a more terrible record of shipwreck

than the long stretch of sandy beaches lying between Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras. Of this region the New Jersey coast is notoriously the worst. It has been said that if all the skeletons of vessels lying upon or imbedded in the sand between Sandy Hook and Barnegat could be ranged in line, the ghastly array would reach from one point to the other. Here, in 1848, the government placed a few rude huts that formed the nucleus from which the United States Life-Saving Service has been developed. These were intended to afford shelter to distressed mariners and to contain boats and such other life-saving appliances as were then known, volunteers from among the fishermen being relied upon to use them on occasions of shipwreck. And right gallantly, in many instances, did the brave beachmen respond, though their undertakings and

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deeds remain mostly unwritten, existing chiefly in the legends of the coast. Congress continued small appropriations from time to time, until Long Island was also provided with huts and a small increase was made to the number on the coast of New Jersey. But from lack of proper direction and want of system the movement languished and subsided. In the meantime, the Royal National Life-boat Institution, a society started in Great Britain under royal patronage nearly forty years prior to our own attempt, had gone on improving its methods and extending its means, and the people of other maritime nations were developing similar humane projects. The hour and the man at length came for our own institution. In 1871, Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, the present able General Superintendent, effected the organization of the service and introduced the existing system.

There are now upon the sea and lake coasts nearly two hundred life-saving stations, the greater number being established at the more dangerous and exposed points. The buildings are plain, yet picturesque,

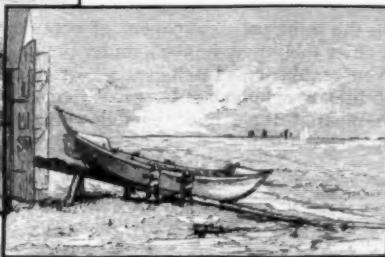
cannot be launched from a flat beach on account of its great weight and huge size, objections which are unavoidable in securing the valuable qualities that distinguish it.

The main building has, below, a boat-room and a mess-room, or kitchen, each provided with convenient closets and lockers, and, above, two sleeping apartments and a store-room. The boat-room contains the surf-boat, which is used on flat beaches and in shoal waters. It is mounted on a light carriage, which may be drawn by the crew when draught animals are not available, unfortunately too often the case on remote outlying beaches. Within the same room also stands the mortar-cart loaded with the wreck ordnance, lines, and various implements, while properly bestowed throughout the apartment are various articles, most of which will come under our notice in the operations to be described. The kitchen and sleeping-rooms are sparingly provided with appropriate furniture, while the store-room is used for the stowage of the season's provisions, cordage, spare oars, etc. Here the keeper and crew live during the active season, which varies according to the latitude of the districts into which the coast is divided.

The keeper commands the crew of six surfmen. His position is one of grave responsibility, demanding long experience in his vocation and rare judgment in the execution of his important trusts. The selection



LIFE-SAVING STATION.



SELF-RIGHTING BOAT ON WAYS.

and similar in general dimensions and arrangement, though varying somewhat in outward design, according to location—those near cities or popular watering-places being in keeping with their surroundings and presenting a more finished appearance than those on desolate beaches. Those located in harbors or at inlets are each provided with an annex containing a self-righting and self-bailing life-boat, which

of his men, upon whose fidelity and skill depend not only his success, but oftentimes his life, as well as the fate of those whom he is expected to succor, is very properly confided solely to him. Both keeper and men are chosen from among the fishermen in the vicinity of the stations, who are most distinguished for their ability as surfmen. Draw-



DRILL AND EXERCISE IN THE SURF-BOAT.

ing their first breath within sound of the surf, they pass through childhood viewing the sea in all its moods. In early youth they make their first essay in the breakers, and from that on to manhood advance from the least important oar through regular gradations, until the most skillful reach the command of the boat. This life gives them familiarity with the portion of the beach upon which they dwell, and its bordering currents, eddies, and bars, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the surf. It is an erroneous notion that the experience of the sailor qualifies him for a surf-boatman. The sailor's home is at sea. He gives the land a wide berth, and is never at ease except with a good offing. He is rarely called upon to ply an oar in a small boat, particularly in a high surf, and his vocation gives him little knowledge of the surfman's realm, which is the beach and a portion of the sea extending but little beyond the breakers. The number of mariners who are annually lost in attempting to land from stranded vessels through the surf in their own boats, sorrowfully attests this fact. On the other hand, the most expert surfman may not be, and often is not, a sailor, though generally he has an excellent knowledge of every part of a ship and her apparel, gained in his occupation of stripping wrecks.

The training of the surfmen as life-saving

men is completed by officers of the Revenue Marine, whose own professional training, familiarity with the coast (acquired in their cruises along shore for the prevention of smuggling), and experience in assisting vessels in distress, especially qualify them for the duty.

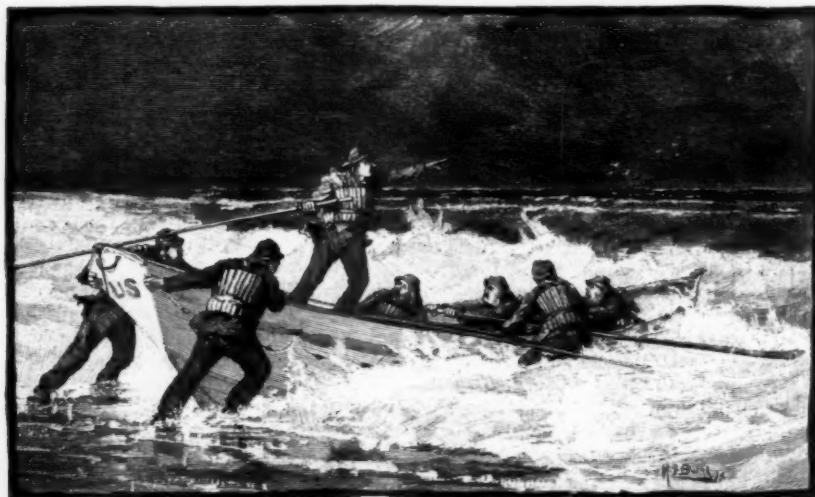
The life of the station surfmen is rather a monotonous, though not an idle, one. Each day has its portion of drill and exercise in the various methods employed in rendering aid to the shipwrecked, and considerable of the spare time of the men is occupied in keeping the building and apparatus in repair, and in making improvements around the station. At night their duties become severe and often perilous. The interval from sunset to sunrise is divided into three watches. At the beginning of each watch two men set out from the station on patrol duty and follow their beats to the right and left respectively until they meet the patrolmen from the adjacent stations, with whom they exchange certain tokens as proof to the keepers in the morning of the faithful performance of the duty. The relieving watches keep up this scrutiny until sunrise, and, if the weather be foul, throughout the day. The meeting and exchange of tokens is required, of course, only upon continuous beaches, or uninterrupted stretches of coast, where the stations average a distance of from three to five miles apart. At isolated

stations the limits of the patrol are fixed by specific boundaries. This watching of the beach is of cardinal importance, and neglect of the duty is punished by banishment from the service and prohibition of future employment.

The beach guardians are no idle promenaders. A march of four or five miles through the soft sea-sand is a task at any time; what is it in the fury of a winter storm? The prevalent strong winds, which must be encountered in one direction or the other of the beat, drive before them rain, snow, hail, and sleet, or often sharp sand, which cuts the face until, smarting with pain, the patrolman turns and walks backward for relief. Such is the force of this natural sand-blast that it soon dulls the glass of the patrol lanterns, and at some of the more exposed stations has made ground-glass of the window-panes. In a snow-storm the ocean beach is the wildest of pathless deserts, and even by daylight, shut out from prominent landmarks, the foam of the breaking surf alone serves to guide the panting patrolman on his way. Leaving it, he would wander helplessly among the sand-dunes that crown the beach. When the darkness of night is added, and his lantern, if not extinguished by the gale, but feebly lights his path through the slush of snow and sand, he strays and stumbles into pitfalls and quick-sands, to recover his way and accomplish his journey only through his life-long acquaintance with every foot of the ground. Sometimes, failing in this, benumbed with cold and bewil-

dered by his mishaps, he is found by his comrades in the snow insensible, or perhaps dead. Then there come, fortunately not often, the blast of the hurricane and the inundation of the tidal wave, pregnant with terrors indescribable. These are the tornadoes which, inland, uproot trees, unroof and prostrate buildings, destroy flocks and herds, and create general havoc. On the beach the stations are sometimes torn from their strong foundation-posts and overset and borne away by the flood, the inmates escaping as best they can. The patrolman cannot stand up against the fury. Again and again he is overthrown as he struggles to reach the top of a sand-hill, his only refuge from the waters which rush upon the land and sweep through the depressions between the hillocks, separating them into islets. In the memorable tempest of October 22 and 23, 1878, the patrolmen suffered severely, and several were in extreme peril. In one instance, a patrolman not returning in the morning, and his fellows not being able to discover him with their glasses from the look-out of the station, a boat expedition was sent in search of him among the still flooded sand-hills, upon one of which, nearly covered with water, he was at length found, barely alive.

When a vessel is driven ashore in a storm, the patrolman, being the first to discover her, takes the initiative steps in the operations for the rescue. He carries at night, besides his lantern, a signal, which ignited by percussion emits a red flame. He is quick to



LAUNCHING THE SURF-BOAT.

observe the slightest indication of a disaster: the glimmer of a light, the white apparition of a sail, the faint outline of a slender spar just beyond the breakers, or at his feet on the strand perhaps a grating, a bucket, or

mile or two away. His hasty entrance is sufficient to arouse the slumbering inmates. Struggling for breath he makes his report, the nature of which determines to the keeper the means to be employed for the



THE NIGHT PATROL.

some other article which he knows to have come from a ship. Then with all his faculties bent to the search, he descryes a vessel either too close in for safety or actually stranded in the breakers. In either case he burns his signal, whose crimson light flashes far out to sea, and warns the unwary ship to stand off, or assures the shipwrecked that aid is near at hand. Being certain it is a wreck, he hurries to his station, perhaps a

rescue. If the surf-boat is to be taken, at the word of command the wide doors of the boat-room are thrown open and the boat-carriage drawn by willing hands rolls out, bearing the graceful craft fully equipped for service. In the absence of horses, the burden must be hauled by the men, and their laborious task may be conceived, when it is stated that each man must drag nearly one hundred and eighty pounds

through soft, yielding sand, whatever the distance may be between the station and the wreck, while one hundred and fifty pounds is the estimated load for a man to draw over a level turnpike.

Arrived at the scene of the disaster, the boat is launched with as little delay as possible from a point opposite the wreck, in order to get the benefit of the slight breakwater which the position of the vessel affords, and is soon off and away on its errand of mercy. The height of human skill is required of the keeper standing at the steering oar to guide the boat safely in its passage through the wild running breakers. The surfmen, with their backs to the dangers lurking in the treacherous seas, do not go blindly to uncertain fate, for they rest their eyes continually upon the keeper, while they ply their oars in obedience to his commands, and mark his slightest gesture. Their first attempt is not always successful. Despite every care, a suddenly leaping sea may break, and fill the boat, compelling a return to the shore, or capsize her, tumbling the men into the water, where they are tossed about in the surf, but are sustained by their cork life-belts until making a foothold they struggle to the beach and righting the boat try again and perhaps a third or fourth time, before finally reaching the wreck. Here the most careful maneuvering is necessary to prevent collision of their light craft against the huge hull of the stranded vessel, or to avoid fatal injury from falling spars and floating wreckage. Taking off as best they can the anxious people, whom the overwhelming seas have driven into the rigging of the vessel, perhaps fast going to pieces, the difficult return to the shore remains before them. The keeper must now decide upon one of several methods of landing, as the nature of the sea may demand. Under favorable conditions he may run in immediately behind a roller, and by quick work keep well ahead of the following one, and so reach the beach in safety. With a different sea he may back in, occasionally pulling ahead to meet an incoming breaker; and again, for a worse sea he may use a drag to check the headway with which a swift rolling comber would otherwise carry the boat high upon its summit until a portion of the keel would be out of water, the bow high in the air and the stern still resting upon the crest,—from which position, on account of the slight hold the boat has in the water, the sea behind is liable, in spite of the efforts of the steersman, to turn it to the right or left, causing it to

"broach to" and capsize, or if this be avoided, perhaps to be "pitch-poled," end over end.

When the patrolman has reported at the station that the boat cannot be used, the mortar-cart is ordered out. Like the boat-carriage it must be drawn by the men, and though the load is somewhat lighter, the state of the sea or the weather increases the labor; the one compelling them to take a route close to the low sand-hills in the wash and foam of the spent breakers, or back of the hills in the looser sand by a circuitous course, and the other harassing and retarding them with its fury. Reaching at length their destination, each man, well trained in his duties, proceeds to handle and place in position the portion of the apparatus assigned to his special charge. Simultaneously the different members of the crew load the gun, place the shot-line box in position, dispose the hauling lines and hawser for running, attach the breeches-buoy, put the tackles in place ready for hauling, and with pick and spade begin the digging of a trench for the sand-anchor, while the beach lantern lights up the scene.

And now the gun is fired! The shot



BURNING A SIGNAL.

with its line goes flying against the gale, over the wreck into the sea beyond; the line falls across a friendly spar or rope, and is soon seized by the eager benumbed hands of the imperiled sailors, whose glad shouts, faintly heard on shore, make known to the life-savers their success. The surfmen connect the whip (an endless line), the tail-block and tally-board to the shot-line already being hauled in by the impatient sailors. The whip passes rapidly toward the wreck, and arriving there the sailors make fast the tail-block in accordance with the directions on the tally-board and show a signal to the shore. Hauling upon one part of the whip, the surfmen then send on board, attached to the other part, the hawser and a second tally-board, which directs how and where the end of the hawser should be secured to the wreck. The tackles now connecting the sand-anchor and the shore end of the hawser are hauled upon until the hawser is straight and taut, when it is lifted several feet in the air, and further tightened by the erection of a wooden crotch, which constitutes a temporary pier while the wreck answers for another, and the hawser stretched between the two suggests a suspension bridge in an early stage of construction with but one cable in place. The breeches-buoy is drawn to and fro on the hawser, and by means of it the shipwrecked are brought safely to shore.

This method is expeditious when once well in operation, but is frequently attended with difficulties which evoke every resource and expedient. Often in storms a strong swift current runs along the coast between the outer bar and the shore, called by the surfmen the "set" or "cut" which, in connection with the action of the surf, twists and entangles the lines, as the attempt is made to haul them across from shore to ship, or sweeps them away to a great distance, causing heavy strains that sometimes prove too much for their strength. Occasionally, when the apparatus is well set up for use, the motion of the wreck, as it is lifted and rolled about by the powerful seas, is so violent and constant that, even with the most watchful care, the strong lines snap and break asunder like pack-thread; and at times the careless or bungling manner in which those on board perform their part, allowing the shot-line or the whip to saw across the stiff rigging of the vessel, or chafe against other portions of the wreck until it parts, hinders the work or altogether prevents success. Now and then, in extreme cold

weather, the lines become rigid and clogged with ice as soon as they are exposed to the air when lifted out of the water; and again, unless proper care has been observed in the arrangement of the blocks and lines, the velocity with which the freighted ropes run through the blocks, may set on fire the wooden shells, or cases that contain the sheaves or pulley-wheels. These mishaps and reverses tax the patience and resources of the surfmen to the utmost, and often put their courage to the severest test. The breaking of the lines involves the toil and delay of the duplication of their work, and perhaps the anxious suspense necessitated by a return to the station for spare lines. Sometimes it is found necessary to abandon altogether the use of the hawser, and to draw the people ashore through the water with the whip and breeches-buoy, or even without the latter, the shipwrecked persons securing themselves into the whip by tying it around their bodies. In some of these contingencies people have been held suspended in the breakers or ensnared in the floating cordage and *débris* of the vessel, and only extricated from their perilous positions by the most daring exploits of the surfmen who have worked themselves out through the surf, and, at the most imminent risk of their own lives, released the helpless beings from their bonds, or disengaged them by severing the meshes with their knives, and returned, bearing their gasping trophies safely to the shore.

Other accidents and obstacles are likely to embarrass the efforts of the life-saving crews, who usually arrive at the scene of disaster exhausted by their wearisome march.

The breeches-buoy, although it is an exceedingly useful contrivance for bringing men ashore, is hardly a suitable one for transporting women and children, or for rescuing a large number of persons with dispatch, or invalids whom it is necessary to protect from wet and exposure. In such cases the life-car is usually brought into requisition and used with the arrangement of ropes already described; or, as externally it is simply a covered boat, under favorable circumstances it may be drawn back and forth through the water by a line attached to each end. More frequently, however, it is connected with the hawser by a simple device, in such a manner as to permit it to float upon the water, while preventing it from drifting, in strong currents, too far from a direct course for the length of the hauling lines. The life-car is about two hundred



HAULING THE MORTAR CAR.

pounds heavier than the breeches-buoy, and accordingly increases to that extent the burden of apparatus to be brought to the scene of a wreck; but it has sufficient capacity for five or six adults, and has carried, at a single trip, nine half-grown children. Practically water-tight, but provided with means for supplying air, its passengers are landed dry and without serious discomfort. The occasions of its use have been numerous, and in one notable instance—the wreck of the *Ayreshire* below Squan Beach, on the coast of New Jersey—two hundred and one persons were rescued by it, when no other means could have availed. Silks, fine fabrics, jewelry, and other valuable goods have often been saved by its use, and from one vessel the car took ashore a large sum in gold bullion belonging to the United States, together with the mails.

The general features of the Lake and Pacific coasts admit of the use of the self-righting and self-bailing life-boat. On the Lakes the stations are situated, with few exceptions, at, or very near, commercial towns, or cities having artificial harbors. These harbors are formed at the mouths of rivers by long piers projecting some distance into the lake. The passages between the piers are quite narrow and difficult to enter when high seas are running at right angles to them; thus vessels in attempting to go in are frequently thrown out of their course at the critical moment and are cast upon the end of a pier to quick destruction, or, escaping that danger, are driven ashore outside. Here the self-righting and self-bailing life-boat is used with good effect. This marvelous product of inventive thought, which has been developed by a century of study and experiment, from the first model, designed by the English coach-maker, Lionel Lukin, in 1780, is the best life-boat yet devised. It has great stability, and is with difficulty upset, but when this happens, it instantly rights itself, and when full of water empties itself in from fifteen to twenty seconds. The attainment of the first of these wonderful qualities is secured by means of a heavy iron keel, weighing from six hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, according to the size of the boat, and two large air-chambers placed in the bow and stern—the keel, when the boat is capsized, being drawn by the force of gravitation back toward and into the water, while the submerged air-chambers seek the surface at the same moment. The property of self-bailing is produced by the insertion of a deck or floor, some inches

above the load-line, in which there are placed several tubes extending down through the bottom of the boat, fitted with valves at the top, which open downward by the pressure of any water in the boat, and



SURFMAN WITH LIFE-BELT.

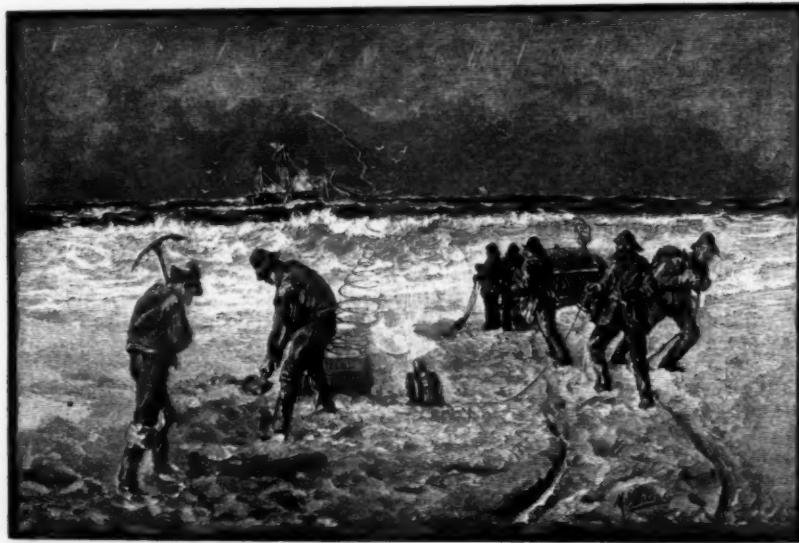
are self-closing when the pressure ceases. The draught and great weight which the construction of such a boat involves—the smallest weighs scarcely less than four thousand pounds—generally preclude its use, as has been stated, along the sandy flat beaches of the Atlantic. The Lake stations being inside the harbors and fronting directly upon or over comparatively smooth and sufficiently deep water, the heavy boats launched directly from their ways, are propelled by eight oars, or towed by a tug-boat out between the piers to the rescue. Not unfrequently, just before navigation is suspended by winter on the Lakes, a single life-saving crew is employed upon several vessels at a time. Recently four wrecks occupied half a station crew in the vicinity of their station on the same day, while the remainder were at work on a fifth, forty miles away, whither they had been transported by rail, on a special train secured for the occasion. It is a common occurrence for the life-boats to go under sail and oars ten or twelve miles from their stations to the

assistance of vessels in distress. On the Pacific coast, where the prevailing gales blow along and not upon the shore, and where there are few outlying dangers, and these at long intervals apart, coast disasters are comparatively rare, and it has been deemed necessary to provide for the establishment of but eight stations. With one exception, these are at points where the self-righting and self-bailing life-boat is available.

But the work of the crews does not always end with the rescue. The pressing necessities of the moment administered to, the sufferers are led, supported, or carried, as their condition will admit, to the station, which is quickly transformed into a hospital. The neglected fire is replenished with fuel; the kitchen stove soon glows with heat; the plethoric clothes-bags and well-filled chests of the surfmen are opened, and dry clothing is put upon all that need it; snow and cold water, and afterward scrapings of raw potatoes from the mess stores, are applied to the frost-bitten; the prostrated are put to bed in the extra cots provided in the upper rooms, and tenderly tucked in by rough hands, suddenly grown gentle; the medicine chest, filled

shipwrecked and surfmen are inhaling the delicious aroma of boiling coffee, which the mess-cook deems it his first duty to prepare. This having been partaken of, the keeper designates the least weary of the crew to attend to the wants of the strangers, while the others retire for rest until required to relieve the watch.

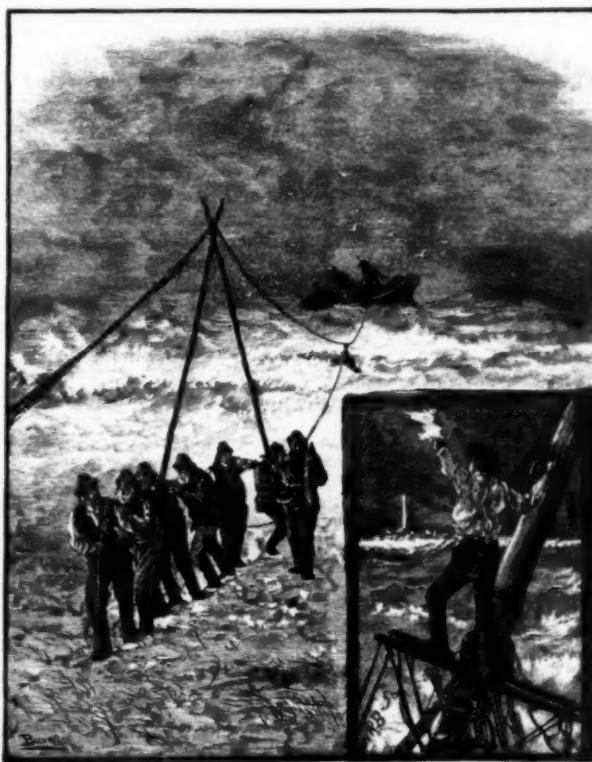
Occasionally, in the exigencies of shipwreck, persons reach the shore senseless and seemingly without life. That the surfmen may be able to act intelligently in such cases, the regulations of the service contain plain directions for the application of a simple method for restoring the apparently drowned, in which the men are regularly practiced, according to the instructions of a medical officer of the Marine Hospital Service, who visits the stations once a year as a member of the board for the examination of the keepers and crews, as to their physical and professional qualifications. The principal features of the method are indicated by the cuts on page 336, one showing the first step taken, by which the chest is emptied of air, and the ejection of any fluids that may have been swallowed is assisted;



FIRING THE MORTAR.

with simple remedies and restoratives, is opened, and stimulants dispensed to the exhausted, while plasters, lint, and bandages are applied to those who have been bruised and wounded by the wreckage. Meanwhile,

and the other the position and action of the operator, in alternately producing artificial expiration and inspiration, in imitation of natural breathing, which may be expected to ensue if the patient is not really dead.



BREECHES-BUOY APPARATUS IN OPERATION.

"HAUL AWAY!"

There are many appliances auxiliary to the principal means employed in the operations of the service, of which space will not permit present notice. The life-saving dress, however, which has been made familiar to the public through the exploits and expeditions of Paul Boyton, is one of considerable importance, and on several occasions has been used with great advantage. At the stranding of a schooner in the night on Lake Ontario last year, in a sea which would not admit of the use of the boat, a shot-line was fired over her, with the intention of setting up the lines for the use of the breeches-buoy. The sailors hauled the whip-line on board, and when the tally-board, on which the directions for the method of procedure are printed in English on one side and French on the other, was received, the captain attempted by the light of a lantern to read them. Puzzling over them for some time, he at length contemptuously threw the board down on the deck, finding it impossible to make anything of it, having seen only the French side.

Not knowing what else to do, therefore, he simply made the line fast, but in such a manner that it could not be worked from the shore. The surfmen vainly endeavored to convey instruction by signs. In the meantime, the destruction of the vessel and the loss of all on board seemed imminent. In this dilemma, one of the surfmen put on the life-saving dress, and, after a gallant struggle, succeeded in hauling himself along the line through the breakers to the vessel, where he remained and took charge of the operations on board until all were safely landed. On another occasion three sailors, in spite of the warning signals of the life-saving crew, committed the common error of attempting to land in one of the ship's boats. A strong current was running between the ship and the beach, and the water was full of porridge-ice for a long distance from the shore. Knowing what would happen, two of the surfmen put on their life-saving dresses and ran up the beach, with difficulty maintaining their race with the boat, which continued for



THE BREECHES BUOY.

the distance of two miles, until reaching an open space in the ice, the sailors attempted to land, when they were capsized in the surf, but were rescued from drowning by the surfmen, who rushed into the breakers and safely dragged them ashore.

Clad in the life-saving dress, the wearer presents a strange appearance, and to an uninitiated observer he might seem, while engaged in his weekly practice, to be some amphibious monster, disporting one moment in the water and the next on land. Sometimes in cold weather, a surfman thus arrayed, goes on some errand from the station to the mainland, his route being an air-line across deep sloughs or creeks and wet marshes for two or three miles. A surfman once going

from an outlying beach in his life-saving dress, had just crossed a wide slough, and rising suddenly among the reeds on its muddy banks, beheld two snipe shooters a hundred yards away, gazing in undisguised astonishment. "I seen they was mighty skeered," said he, "and took me for the devil or some other sea varmint, so I began to cut up and prance round like a yearlin' calf in a two-acre medder, a-yellin' and a-screechin' all the time as loud as I could holler, and ye'd jest orter seen them fellers scoot fur the cedars. I guess they's runnin' yit." To a doubting Thomas who asked, "But whar was their guns all this time?" he replied: "Pshaw! them fellers never knowed they had no guns." The hunters' version of the adventure has never reached the beach, but it may easily be imagined.

When the life-saving dresses were first introduced into the service, the surfmen regarded them with as little favor as they usually manifest for any innovation upon the simple devices and methods which were transmitted to them from their fathers, especially as regards appliances for their own safety, such as life-belts and cork jackets. They prefer to rely upon their skill and endurance as swimmers, with unencumbered limbs and bodies. Probably, also, a certain degree of pride disinclines them to wear anything that might suggest the least suspicion of a faint heart. For a long time, to insure their use in the face of these prejudices, firm and judicious measures on the part of the officers of the service were required, and the life-belts were not willingly donned by the men throughout the service until they had been taught a sad lesson, by the capsizing of a surf-boat and the loss of the crew, who had gone to a wreck at night without them. Only recently, a brave volunteer, on taking an oar in a station boat, in a dangerous sea on Cape Cod, was proffered a spare life-belt but declined it, saying: "Oh, no! I don't want to go floating by Highland Light carrying a deck load of cork." The life-belt is manufactured from selected cork, and is so adjusted that the wearer has free use of his limbs in any position. Its buoyancy is sufficient to support two men in the water. Since its adoption by the men, none have been drowned, although many have been thrown into the water by capsized boats.

The life-saving men, of course, must have their hours of relaxation. Among the people of the coast, more than elsewhere,

perhaps, a pronounced religious sentiment prevails; hence, carousing and gaming and other immoralities are rarely indulged in. Especially is this true at the stations, where prohibitory regulations add their restraint. Each station is provided with a substantial library of well-selected books, the donations of generous people, with the view of contributing to the diversion of the crews and the solace of the victims of shipwreck who may be temporarily detained there. These libraries are the source of much entertainment and instruction to the men. In fine, clear weather, when the wind is off shore, and there is little occasion for anxiety, the surfmen gather in the mess-room and while away the time rehearsing the legends of the coast, spinning yarns, singing, or listening to the tuneful strains of violin or flute. Now and then, when the moon is full, there is a "surprise party" at the station. From the mainland or the neighboring settlements come men and women, the friends and relatives of the surfmen, bringing cakes and pastries, and other good things from their homes. Then all is joy unconfined; the boat-room is cleared of carriage and cart, and the merry dance goes round. Do not imagine, however, that in these festivi-

that, with wife or sweetheart to share his vigils, the patrolman yearns not for the pleasures at the station?

A mute but interested spectator of the entertainment is perhaps a Newfoundland dog. These noble animals, whose good qualities are so well known, are kept at many of the stations and they often seem instinctively to understand the object of the service, to which they soon become faithfully attached. The celebrated picture of Landseer, entitled "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," will readily be recalled by the reader. One remarkable illustration which the service furnishes of the characteristics of this sagacious animal is worthy of note. At the sad disaster to the steamship *Metropolis* on the coast of North Carolina, while the life-saving men were engaged in rescuing the crowd of passengers thrown into the sea by the breaking up of the vessel, a large Newfoundland dog belonging to a gentleman residing in the vicinity, seemed suddenly to comprehend the situation, and joining the throng of rescuers, plunged into the surf, seized a drowning man, and dragged him safely ashore. Shortly afterward he left his master and went to the station of the crew



THE SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT.

ties the patrol is relaxed. Not at all; the rule is inflexible, and its violation would be discovered. Indeed, who knows that the beach watch is not then doubled and

with whom he rendered this first service in life-saving, and there he still remains, steadily resisting every inducement to return to his former master. Every alternate night he

sets out with one of the first patrol and accompanies him until the patrolman from the next station below is met, when he joins the latter and proceeds with him to that station, where he remains until the first watch of the next night, when he returns to his own station in the same manner. These self-assumed duties he performs with the peculiar gravity of demeanor that distinguishes his species, changing his station daily, for some good and sufficient dog-reason, no doubt, while very sensibly keeping but one watch each night.

The plan of the organization of the service is simple but effective. The coast-line is divided into twelve districts, there being eight on the Atlantic coast, three on the

marine, make stated inspections and drill the crews. The entire service is under the charge and management of a general superintendent, whose office is a bureau of the Treasury Department. All the officers of the service are invested with the powers of customs officers, which enable them to protect the interests of the government in preventing smuggling, and assisting in securing the collection of duties upon dutiable wrecked goods. They are also required to guard wrecked property until the owners or their agents appear.

The officers and men of the service are chosen without reference to any other consideration than those of professional fitness and integrity. In the introduction and



THE SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT UNDER SAIL.

Lakes, and one on the Pacific. In each of these the stations are distinguished by numbers, from one upward, beginning at the most northerly or easterly. Each district is under the immediate charge of a superintendent, who must be a resident thereof, and familiar with the character and peculiarities of its coast-line. He nominates the keepers of the stations, makes requisition for needed supplies, etc., and pays the crews their wages. To each district is also assigned an inspector, who is the commanding officer of the revenue cutter whose cruising grounds embrace the limits of the district. These officers, under the direction of a chief inspector, who is also an officer of the revenue

maintenance of this principle of selection much opposition and difficulty have been encountered. In the older districts, owing to the fact that until 1871 the keepers of stations were regarded only as custodians of public property, without responsibility in the success or failure of efforts at wrecks, surfmanship was not a standard of qualification, and these positions were generally made the rewards of political service by each of the parties, as they alternately succeeded to power; and so, when the employment of crews was authorized, the local politicians endeavored to control the appointment of these also. Their success soon became only too evident, and it was to

counteract these injurious influences that the board of examination already mentioned was constituted. A thorough inspection of the service was made; every station was visited, the incompetent were dismissed, and qualified men were employed in their places. These advantageous changes in the corps somewhat altered its political complexion, and the nullification of the effort to subordinate the service to political ends was not quietly accepted. Threats and appeals were in turn resorted to, to overcome the determination of those in charge of the service. Upon the establishment of new districts, similar attempts to gain control of them are generally made, but they are not so tenaciously persisted in. These attempts are not confined to the party in power. No sooner is a keeper appointed from the opposition than he is beset with solicitations and demands to remember his party friends. The official injunction, however, issued yearly, at the commencement of the season, to the superintendents and keepers, that only capability and worth are to be regarded in the choice of their subordinates, supplemented by the action of the examining board, keeps the service well exempt from political domination.

But, it will be asked, what results have been attained by the service? At this writing, the last published report is that of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1878. From this it appears



LIFE-SAVING DRESS.



TALLY-BOARD AND WHIP-BLOCK.

that during that year there were 171 disasters to vessels within the limits of the operations of the service. There were on board these vessels 1,557 persons. The number of lives saved was 1,331, the number lost 226, and the number of days' succor afforded to shipwrecked persons at the stations was 849. Of the 226 lost, 183 perished at the disasters to the steamers *Huron* and *Metropolis*, the former occurring four days prior to the manning of the stations, which the appropriations for the maintenance of the service did not then permit to take place until the first of December, and the latter occurring at a distance so remote from the nearest station as to render prompt aid impossible;—defects which the reports of the service had repeatedly pointed out, and asked to have remedied. The loss of fourteen others occurred where service was impeded by distance, or where the stations were not open. Making allowance for these, the loss of life legitimately within the scope of life-saving operations, was twenty-nine.

The sad catastrophes of the *Huron* and *Metropolis* contributed largely in securing the passage of the effective bill of June, 1878, which was introduced and warmly advocated by Hon. S. S. Cox, and which

number of persons on board the vessels involved was 6,287; the number saved was 5,981; the number lost 306,† and the number of days relief afforded to shipwrecked persons at the stations, 3,716.



RESUSCITATION: EJECTING WATER FROM BODY.

established the service on a stable basis, with powers and functions somewhat commensurate with its purposes and capabilities.* From November, 1871, the date of the inauguration of the present system, to

It should be observed that during the first of these seven years the service was limited to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; the two following years, to those coasts, with the addition of Cape Cod;



RESUSCITATION: RESTORING RESPIRATION.

the 30th of June, 1878, the number of disasters stated to have occurred within the field of operations of the service was 578; the

next year, to the foregoing, with the addition of the coasts of New England and the coast from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras; the next, to the foregoing, with the ad-

* In this connection, acknowledgments are also due to the Hon. Charles B. Roberts, who made an exhaustive report upon the subject from the Committee on Commerce, seconded by an extremely able speech. The measure was also warmly supported by the Hon. Messrs. Covert, Conger, Yeates, Crapo, Dunnell, Brogden, Pugh, and others. In previous years the service was also much indebted

to Senators Stockton, Hamlin, Boutwell, Chandler and Frelinghuysen, and to Representatives Newell, Haight, Lynch, Hale of Maine, Hooper, Cox and Conger.

† This number includes the 183 persons who perished at the wrecks of the *Huron* and *Metropolis* and the 14 others above referred to.

dition of the coast from Cape Henlopen to Cape Charles; the next, to all the foregoing, with the addition of Florida and the lake coasts; and the last year, to the coast at present included.

It is not claimed that the entire number of persons designated in the above figures as saved would have perished but for the aid of the life-saving crews, since not unfrequently, in cases of shipwreck by stranding, a portion of the imperiled succeed in escaping to the shore, as did several in the instance of the *Huron*; and it often happens that the sudden subsidence of the sea spares the threatened vessels from destruction. But it is certain that a large proportion of the number would have perished. A closer approximation to the real efficacy of the service could be reached, if statistics of the loss of life in former years upon the coasts where life-saving stations are now established could be obtained. Unfortunately no such record exists, except an imperfect one, consisting of meager data relative to disasters between 1850 and 1870 in the vicinity of the rude station-huts of the Long Island and New Jersey coasts. It is known that this record by no means includes near all the disasters which occurred on these coasts. A comparison, however, of the record of the service since



MEDICINE CHEST, LANTERNS, ETC.

1871 with this list shows an average annual reduction in the loss of life of about 87 per cent!

The record is a shining one. How much of it is due to official organization may readily be conceived, but it is less easy to realize how much of it belongs to the gallant crews of the stations, some of whose hardships, together with the methods they employ, the foregoing pages disclose. The professional skill of these men, their unfaltering energy and endurance, their steady bravery in the hour of supreme ordeal, and at all times their sober fidelity to duty, however



THE MESS-ROOM, "WHEN THE WIND IS OFF SHORE."

hard or irksome, are beyond all tribute. None can better know it than the officers in charge of the service, whose main reliance must be, after all, upon the manly virtue of these crews. What, indeed, can ever stand in lieu of men!

Many things are yet needed in aid of the labors of the crews. Numerous articles of outfit and equipment are required, which the appropriations, so far, have not been sufficient to provide; an imperative need is an additional man for each station; at present, when a wreck occurs, the station is left without a proper custodian, who would thus be provided to guard the public property and to keep the house in the state of comfortable preparation befitting the return from a rescue of the exhausted crew, with a convoy of drenched, frozen, wounded, and famished people. In the routine of station duty, another man would also greatly relieve the others, now too severely tasked. Another urgent requirement at many of the stations is horses, which Congress should provide. The heavy draught labors involved in hauling a ponderous load of apparatus for miles to a wreck would thus be spared the men, giving them time and

strength for their daring and perilous work of rescue. Another need, surely, is pensions for those who are permanently disabled in the line of their duty, and for the widows and orphans of those who perish in the endeavor to save life from shipwreck. The guns trained to destroy life in the service of the country carry this grateful condition. The guns trained to save life, no less in the service of the country, have an equal right to carry it also. What soldiers have a better claim to this form of public remembrance than the noble beachmen who surrender life, as did those in North Carolina, in 1876, when endeavoring to rescue the sailors of the *Nuova Ottavia*?

In the thought of this deed let us close. A gallant soul whose name honors the rolls of the Life-Saving Service, once said: "When I see a man clinging to a wreck, I see nothing else in the world, and I never think of family and friends until I have saved him." It is certain that this is the spirit which pervades the men of the coast. All report, all record testifies to it, and every winter their deeds sublimely respond to the divine declaration: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS. III.*

STRAWBERRIES FOR HOME AND MARKET.

WHEN SHALL WE PLANT?

NATURE has endowed the strawberry plant with the power of taking root and growing readily at almost any season when young plants can be obtained. My best success, however, has been in November and early spring. The latter part of May and the month of June is the only time at which I have not planted with satisfactory results. In northern latitudes early spring is preferable, for at this season the ground is moist, showers are abundant, and the impulse of growth is strong. The weather is cool also, and therefore the plants rarely heat or dry out during transportation.

In the south, autumn is by far the best time to plant. When the young plants are grown on the same place they may be transferred to the fruiting beds and fields any time between July and the middle of November. The earlier they are set out, if they can be

kept growing during the remainder of the hot season, the larger will be the yield the following spring. As a rule, plants cannot be shipped from the north to the south until cool weather. The forwarding to the latitude of Richmond begins in September, and to points further south in October and November; from Florida to Louisiana I hear of almost unvarying success.

Of late years the practice of growing plants in pots, and sending them out as the florists do flowers has become very prevalent. These potted plants can be set out in July, August, and September, and the ball of earth clinging to their roots prevents wilting, and, unless they are neglected, insures their living. Pot-grown plants are readily obtained by sinking two and a half or three inch pots up to their rims in the propagating beds, and filling them with rich earth mingled with old thoroughly rotted

* In the illustrations of this paper the berries are drawn from nature and are represented at their actual size.

compost, leaf mold, decayed sods, etc., but never with fresh unfermented manure. I have found the admixture of a little fine bone meal with the soil to be a strong aid to vigorous growth. The young runners are then so guided and held down by a small stone or lump of earth, that they will take root in the pots. In about two weeks they fill the pots with roots, which so interlace as to hold the ball of earth compactly together during transportation. This ball of earth with the roots separates readily from the pot, and the plant, thus sustained, could be shipped around the world if kept from drying out and the foliage protected from

cal flavors, we can set out the plants in the summer or autumn of the same year and within eight or ten months gather the fruits of our labors. If the season is somewhat showery, or if one is willing to take the trouble to water and shade the young plants, ordinary layers, that is, plants that have grown naturally in the open ground, will answer almost as well as those that have been rooted in pots. The fact that they do not cost half as much is also in their favor.

As the autumn grows cool and moist, layer plants can be set out profitably in large quantities. The chief danger in late planting results from the tendency of the plants to



POTTING RUNNERS.

the effects of alternate heat and cold. The agricultural editor of the "New York Weekly Times" writes me that the potted plants are worth their increased cost, if for no other reason, because they are so easily planted in hot weather.

The chief advantage of summer planting lies in the fact that we obtain a good crop the following season, while plants set out in spring should not be permitted to bear at all the same year. If we discover in May or June that our supply is insufficient, or that some new varieties offer us paradisi-

be thrown out of the ground by the action of the frost, and a few varieties do not seem sufficiently hardy to endure severe cold. I obviate this difficulty by simply hoeing upon the plants two or three inches of earth just before the ground freezes in November or December. This winter covering of soil enables me to plant with entire success at any time in the fall—even late in November—instead of spring, when there is a rush of work. The earth is raked off the plants in March or April, as soon as severe freezing weather is over; otherwise they would decay.



STRAWBERRY BLOSSOMS: PERFECT-FLOWERED, AND PISTILLATE.

WHAT KINDS
SHALL WE
PLANT?

By consulting treatises upon strawberry culture we find that every one of the best catalogues very soon loses all value except as history.

Varieties most heralded to-day will soon exist only in name. The reasons can readily be given. The convex heart of every strawberry blossom will be found to consist of pistils, and usually of stamens ranged around them. When both stamens and pistils are found in the same blossom, as is the case with most varieties, it is called a perfect flower; but there are occasionally strawberry flowers which possess stamens without pistils, and far more often others which have pistils without stamens, and either of these two if left alone would be barren; the staminate or male flowers are always so, but the pistillate or female flowers, if fertilized with pollen from perfect-flowered plants, produce fruit. This fertilizing is effected by the agency of the wind or by insects seeking honey.

The ovule in the ovary to which the stigma leads, represents, at maturity a seed

—the actual fruit of the strawberry—and within each seed Nature, by a subtle process of her own, wraps up some of the qualities of the plant that produced the seed and

some of the qualities also of the plant from which came the pollen that impregnated the ovule. This seed planted produces an entirely new variety, which as a rule exhibits characteristics of both its parents, and traits also of its grandparents and remote ancestors. The law of heredity is the same as in cattle or the human race. Thus it can be seen that millions of new varieties can be very easily obtained. A single plant-grower often raises many thousands, to which he never gives a name by reason of the fact—noted elsewhere than in the fruit garden—that most of these new strawberries in no respect surpass or even equal their parents. The great majority, after fruiting—which they do when two years old—are thrown away. A new variety which is not so good as the old ones from which it came should not be imposed upon the public. But they often are, sometimes deliberately, but far more often for other reasons; as for instance, through the enthusiasm of the possessor. It is *his* seedling: therefore it is wonderful. He pets it and gives it extra care, to which even very inferior varieties generously respond. Again, a fruit-grower sends out second and third rate kinds from defective knowledge. He has not judiciously compared his petted seedlings with the superb varieties already in existence. It is soon discovered by general trial that the vaunted new-comers are not so good as the old, and so they also cease to be cultivated, leaving only a name.

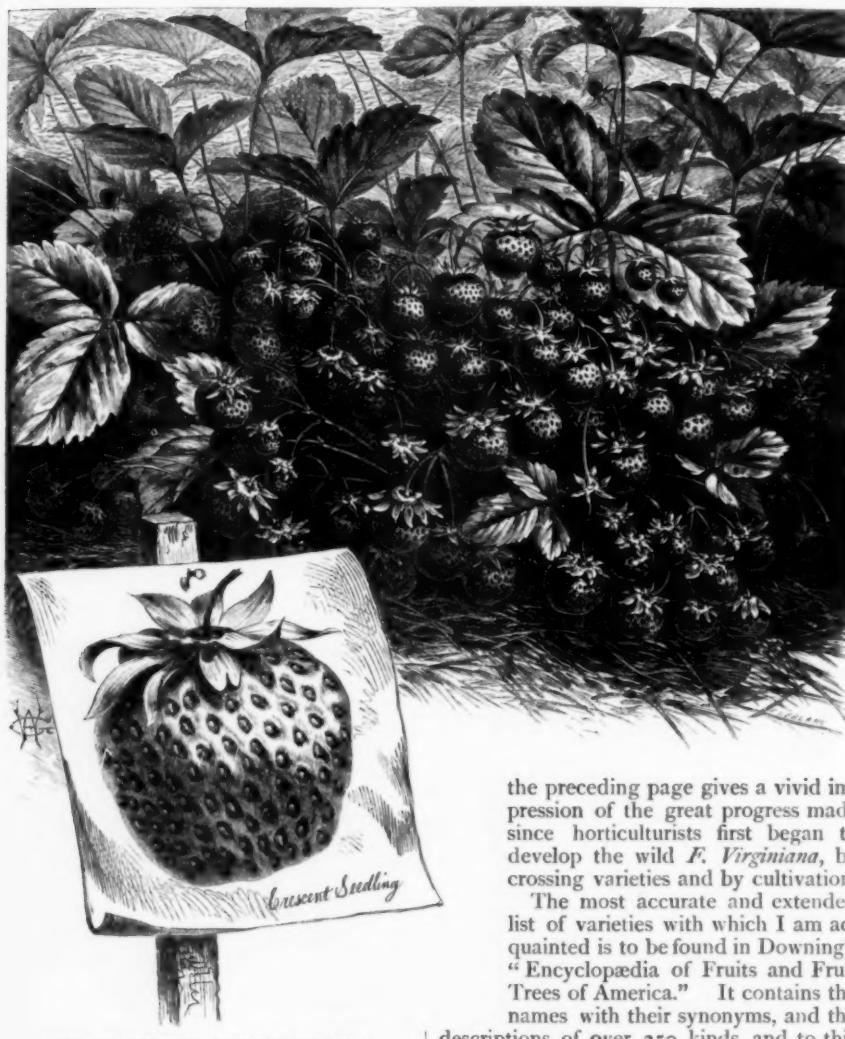
Among the innumerable candidates for favor, here and there one will establish itself



SHARPLESS SEEDLING AND WILD STRAWBERRY.

by persistent well-doing as a standard sort. We then learn that some of these strawberry princes, like the Jucunda and Triomphe de Gand, flourish only in certain soils and lati-

tudes, while others, like the Charles Downing and Monarch of the West, adapt themselves to almost every condition and locality. Varieties of this class are superseded very



A ROW OF PRODUCTIVE CRESCENT SEEDLINGS.

slowly; but it would seem, with the exception of Wilson's Albany and Hovey's Seedling, that the standards of one generation have not been the favorites of the next. The demand of our age is for large fruit. The demand has created a supply, and the old standard varieties have given way to a new class, of which the Monarch and Seth Boyden are types. The latest of these new mammoth berries is the Sharpless, originated by Mr. J. K. Sharpless, of Catawissa, Pa., and the life-size engraving of a cluster on

the preceding page gives a vivid impression of the great progress made since horticulturists first began to develop the wild *F. Virginiana*, by crossing varieties and by cultivation.

The most accurate and extended list of varieties with which I am acquainted is to be found in Downing's "Encyclopaedia of Fruits and Fruit Trees of America." It contains the names with their synonyms, and the descriptions of over 250 kinds, and to this I refer the reader.

The important question to most minds is not how many varieties exist, but what kinds will give the best returns. In the brief limits of this paper I shall, therefore, confine myself to those sorts which, from trial and observation, I know to be excellent.

If one possesses the deep, rich, moist loam that has been described, almost any good variety will yield a fair return, and the best varieties can be made to give surprising results. For table use and general cultivation, north and south, east and west, I would

recommend Charles Downing, Monarch of the West, Seth Boyden, and Kentucky Seedling. These varieties are all first-rate in quality, and they have shown a wonderful adaptation to varied soils and climates. They have been before the public many years, and have persistently proved their excellence. Therefore, they are worthy of a place in every garden. With these valuable varieties for our chief supply, we can try a score of other desirable kinds, retaining such as prove to be adapted to our taste and soil.

If our land is heavy, we can add to the above, in northern latitudes, Triomphe de Gand, Jucunda, President Wilder, Forest Rose, President Lincoln, Golden Defiance, Sharpless, and Pioneer.

If the soil is light, containing a large proportion of sand and gravel, the Charles Downing, Kentucky Seedling, Monarch of the West, Duchess, Cumberland Triumph, Miner's Prolific, Golden Defiance and Sharpless will be almost certain to yield a fine supply of large and delicious berries, both north and south.

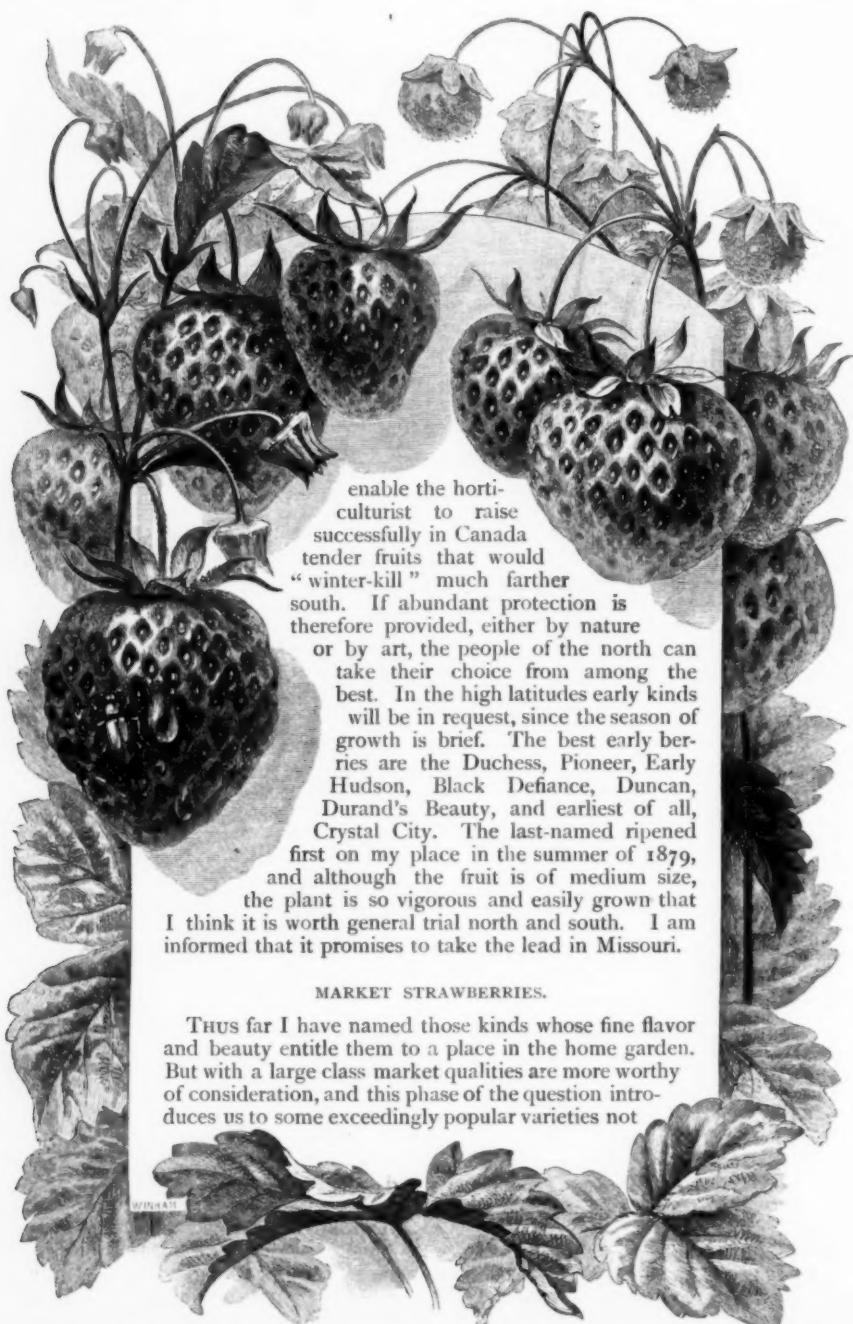
Let me here observe that varieties that do well on light soils also thrive equally

well and often better on heavy land. But the converse is not true. The Jucunda, for instance, can scarcely be made to exist on light land. In the south it should be the constant aim to find varieties whose foliage can endure the hot sun. I think that the Sharpless, which is now producing a great sensation as well as mammoth berries, will do well in most southern localities. It maintained throughout the entire summer the greenest and most vigorous foliage I ever saw. Miner's Prolific, Golden Defiance, Early Hudson, and Cumberland Triumph also appear to me peculiarly adapted to southern cultivation.

As we go north the difficulties of choice are not so great. Coolness and moisture agree with the strawberry plant. There the question of hardiness is to be first considered. In regions, however, where the snow falls early and covers the ground all winter, the strawberry is not so exposed as with us, for our gardens are often bare in zero weather. Usually it is not the temperature of the air that injures a dormant strawberry plant, but alternations of freezing and thawing. The deep and unmelting snows often



A CLUSTER OF PIONEER STRAWBERRIES.



enable the horticulturist to raise successfully in Canada tender fruits that would "winter-kill" much farther south. If abundant protection is therefore provided, either by nature or by art, the people of the north can take their choice from among the best. In the high latitudes early kinds will be in request, since the season of growth is brief. The best early berries are the Duchess, Pioneer, Early Hudson, Black Defiance, Duncan, Durand's Beauty, and earliest of all, Crystal City. The last-named ripened first on my place in the summer of 1879, and although the fruit is of medium size, the plant is so vigorous and easily grown that I think it is worth general trial north and south. I am informed that it promises to take the lead in Missouri.

MARKET STRAWBERRIES.

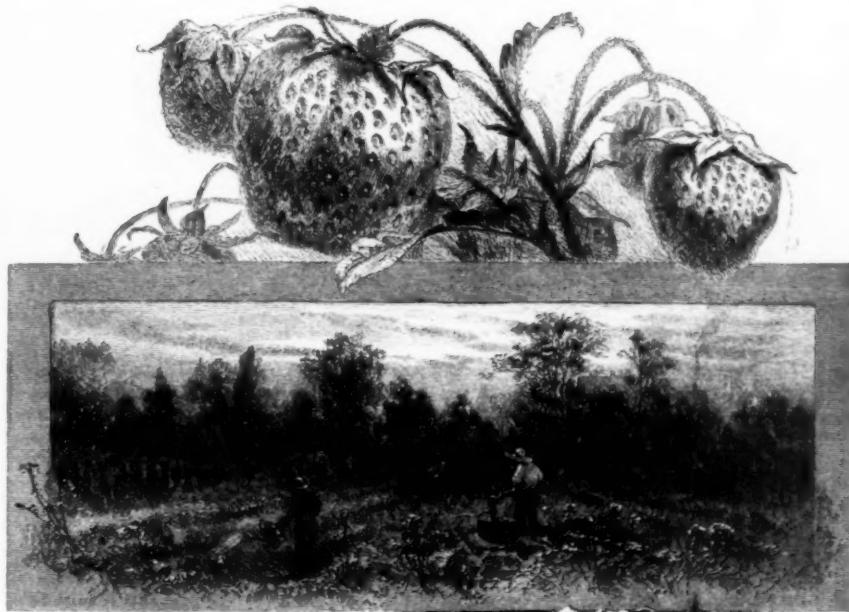
THUS far I have named those kinds whose fine flavor and beauty entitle them to a place in the home garden. But with a large class market qualities are more worthy of consideration, and this phase of the question introduces us to some exceedingly popular varieties not

THE KENTUCKY SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.

THE CHARLES DOWNING STRAWBERRY.

yet mentioned. The four great requirements of a market strawberry are productiveness, size, beauty, and—that it can endure long carriage and rough handling

producing smaller berries with each successive season. The Wilson is perhaps the best berry for preserving, since it is hard and its acid is rich and not watery.



WATERING PLANTS IN THE TWILIGHT.

—firmness. Because of the indifference of the consumer, as explained in the first paper, that which should be the chief consideration—flavor—is scarcely taken into account. In the present unenlightened condition of the public, one of the oldest strawberries on the list—Wilson's Seedling—is more largely planted than all other kinds together. It is so enormously productive, it succeeds so well throughout the entire country, is such an early berry, that, with the addition of its fine carrying qualities it promises to be the great market berry for the next generation also. But this variety is not at all adapted to thin, poor land, and is very impatient of drought. In such conditions the berries dwindle rapidly in size, and even dry up on the vines. Where abundant fertility and moisture can be maintained the yield of a field of Wilson's is simply marvelous. On a dry hillside close by, the crop from the same variety may not pay for picking. Plantations of Wilson's should be renewed every two years, since the plant speedily exhausts itself,



THE MONARCH OF THE WEST STRAWBERRY.

A rival of the Wilson has appeared within the last few years,—the Crescent Seedling, also an early berry, originated by Mr. Parmalee, of New Haven, Conn. At first, it received unbounded praise; now, it gets too much censure. It is a very distinct and remarkable variety, and, like the Wilson, I think, will fill an important place in strawberry culture. Its average size does not much exceed that of the Wilson; its flavor, when fully ripe, is about equal in the estimation of those who do not like acid fruit. In productiveness, on many soils, it will far exceed any variety with which I am acquainted. It is just this capacity for growing on thin,

poor soils—anywhere and under any circumstances—that gives to it its chief value. In hardiness and vitality, it is almost equal to the Canada thistle. The young plants are small, and the foliage is slender and delicate; but they have the power to live and multiply beyond that of any other variety I have seen. It thrives under the suns of Georgia and Florida, and cares naught for the cold of Canada; it practically extends the domain of the strawberry over the continent, and renders the laziest man in the land, who has no strawberries, without excuse. The cut on page 342, showing one foot of the row in my specimen bed, indicates its productiveness. One of my beds yielded at the rate of 346 bushels to the acre, and the bright handsome scarlet of the berries caused them to sell for as much in the open market as varieties of far better flavor. It is too soft for long carriage by rail. Those to whom flavor and large size are the chief considerations will not plant it, but those who have a near and not very fastidious market, that simply demands quantity and fine appearance, will grow it both largely and profitably. The stamens of the Crescent are so imperfectly developed, that every tenth row in the field should be Wilsons or some other early and perfect-flowered variety.

In the Champion, we have a late market berry that is steadily growing in favor. On rich, moist land it is almost as productive as the Crescent. The fruit averages much larger than the Wilson, while its rich crimson color makes it very attractive in the baskets. The berries, like the two kinds already named, turn red before they are ripe, and in this immature condition their flavor is very poor, but when fully ripe they are excellent. The transformation is almost as great as in a persimmon. Under generous culture, the Champion yields superb berries, that bring the best prices. It also does better than most kinds under neglect and drought. It is too soft for long carriage, and its blossoms are pistillate.

The Captain Jack is another late variety, which is enormously productive of medium-sized berries. It is a great favorite in Missouri and some other regions. The berries carry well to market, but their flavor is second rate.

The good size, firmness, and lateness of the Glendale—a variety recently introduced—will probably secure for it a future as a market berry.

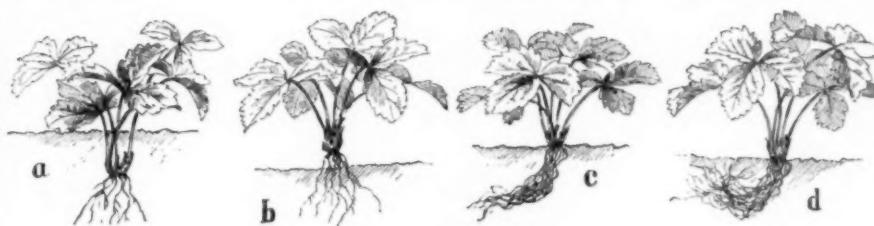
In the South, Neunan's Prolific, or the "Charleston Berry," as it is usually called,

is already the chief variety for shipping. It is an aromatic berry, and very attractive as it appears in our markets in March and April, but it is even harder and sourer than an unripe Wilson. When fully matured on the vines, it is grateful to those who like an acid berry. Scarcely any other kinds are planted around Charleston and Savannah.

These six varieties, or others like them, will supply the first great need of all large markets—quantity. With the exception of the last, which is not productive in the north, and requires good treatment even in the south, they are productive under rough field culture. The fruit can be sold very cheaply and yet yield a fair profit. Only a limited number of fancy berries can be sold at fancy prices, but thousands of bushels can be disposed of at eight and ten cents per quart.

Still I would advise any one who is supplying the market thoroughly to prepare and enrich an acre or more of moist but well drained land, and plant some of the large showy berries like the Sharpless, Monarch, and Seth Boyden. If he has heavy rich soil, let him also try the Jucunda, President Lincoln, and especially the Triomphe de Gand. These varieties always have a ready sale, even when the market is glutted with common fruit, and they often command very high prices. When the soil suits them they frequently yield crops that are not so far below the Wilson in quantity. Fifty bushels of large handsome berries may bring as much or more than one hundred bushels of small fruit, while the labor and expense of shipping and picking is reduced one-half.

I should not be at all surprised if the Charles Downing became one of the most popular market strawberries of the future. It is already taking the lead in many localities. It is moderately firm—sufficiently so, with a little extra care, to reach most markets in good condition. It is more easily raised than the Wilson, and on thin, dry land is more productive. A bed will last, if kept clean, four or five years instead of two, and yield better the fifth year than the first. Although the fruit is but of medium size, it is so fine in flavor that it has only to be known to create a steady demand. The Kentucky Seedling is another berry of the same class, and has the same general characteristics—with this exception, that it is a very late berry. In flavor it is melting and delicious. It does well on almost any soil, even a light and sandy one. It is usually very productive. These two old standard



WRONG METHODS OF PLANTING.

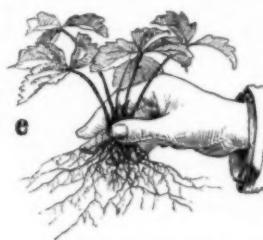
varieties which arch the page might also arch the continent, for they bring most of the best qualities of the best of fruits within reach of every market and home in the land.

The best white strawberry I have ever seen is Lennig's White. When exposed to the sun it has a decided pink flush on one side. It is beautiful and delicious and so aromatic that a single berry will perfume

not one in a hundred of the *habitu's* of Delmonico's has ever tasted it.

SETTING OUT PLANTS.

We may secure good plants of the best varieties, but if we do not set them out properly the chances are against our success, unless the weather is very favorable. So much depends on a right start in life, even in a strawberry bed. There are no abstruse difficulties in properly imbedding a plant. One would think that, if a workman gave five minutes' thought and observation to the subject, he would know exactly how to do it. If one used his head as well as his hands, it would be perfectly obvious that a plant held as in Figure e, with its roots spread out so that the fresh, moist earth could come in contact with each fiber, would stand a far better chance than one set out by any of the other methods illustrated. And yet, in spite



THE PROPER METHOD.

a large apartment. The fruit is exceedingly delicate, but the plant is a shy bearer.

In the White and Red Alpines, especially the ever-bearing varieties, and in the Haut-bois, we have very distinct strawberries that are well worthy of a place in a gentleman's garden. From a commercial point of view they have no value. This may settle the question with the majority, but not a few of us like to plant many things that are never to go to market.

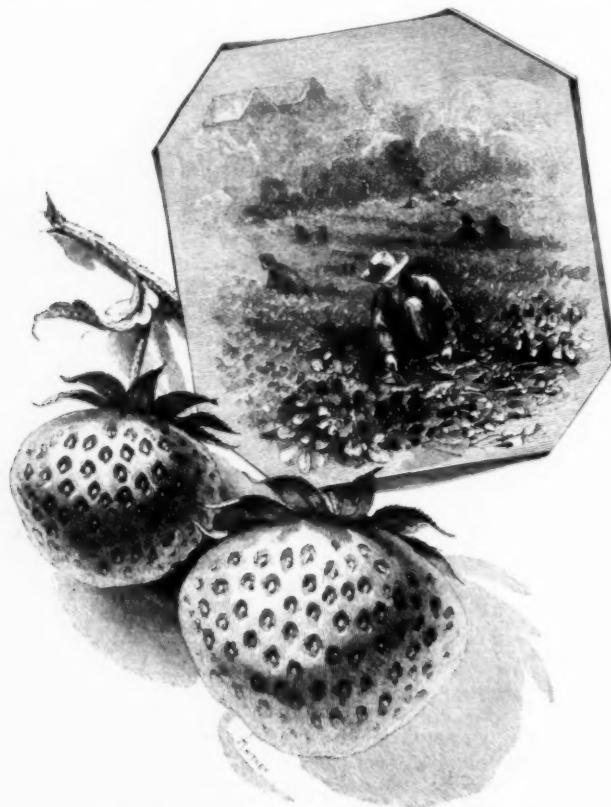
In conclusion, if I were asked what is the most beautiful and delicious strawberry in existence, I should name the President Wilder. Perfect in flavor, form, and beauty, it seems to unite in one exquisite compound the best qualities of the two great strawberry species of the world, the *F. Virginiana* and the *F. Chilensis*. The only fault that I have ever discovered is that, in many localities, it is not productive. No more do diamonds lie around like cobble-stones. It is, however, fairly productive under good culture and on most soils, and yet it is possible that



of all I can do or say, I have never been able to prevent very many of my plants from being set (as in Figure a) too deeply, so that the crown and tender leaves were covered and smothered with earth; or (as

in Figure *b*) not deeply enough, thus leaving the roots exposed. Many others bury the roots in a long, tangled bunch, as in Figure *c*. If one would observe how a plant starts on its new career, he would see

In the moist favorable weather of early spring a plant is almost certain to grow, no matter how greatly abused. It is almost as easy to set out a plant properly as otherwise. Let the excavation be made



THE WILSON BERRY.

BOY WEEDING.

that the roots we put in the ground are little more than a base of operations. All along their length and at their ends little white rootlets start, if the conditions are favorable, almost immediately. If the roots are huddled together, so that only a few outside ones are in contact with the life-giving soil, the conditions are, of course, most unfavorable. Again, many planters are guilty of the folly illustrated in Figure *d*. They hastily scoop out a shallow hole, in which the roots are placed in the form of a half-circle, with the roots—which should be down in the cool, moist depths of the soil—turned up toward or to the very surface.

deep enough to put the roots, spread out like a fan, down their whole length into the soil. Hold the plant with the left hand as in Figure *e*. First, half fill the hole with fine rich earth with the right hand and press it firmly against the roots; next, fill it evenly and then with the thumb and finger of both hands, put your whole weight on the soil on each side of the plant—as close to it as possible—and press until the crown or point from which the leaves start is just even with the surface. If you can pull the plant up again by its leaves, it is not firm enough to the ground. If a man uses brain and eye he can learn to work very rapidly.

By one dexterous movement he scoops the excavation with a trowel. By a second movement he makes the earth firm against the lower half of the roots. By a third movement, he fills the excavation and settles the plant into its final position. One workman will often plant twice as many as another, and not work any harder. Negro women at Norfolk, Virginia, paid at fifty cents per day, will often set two or three thousand. Northern laborers ask more than twice that sum.

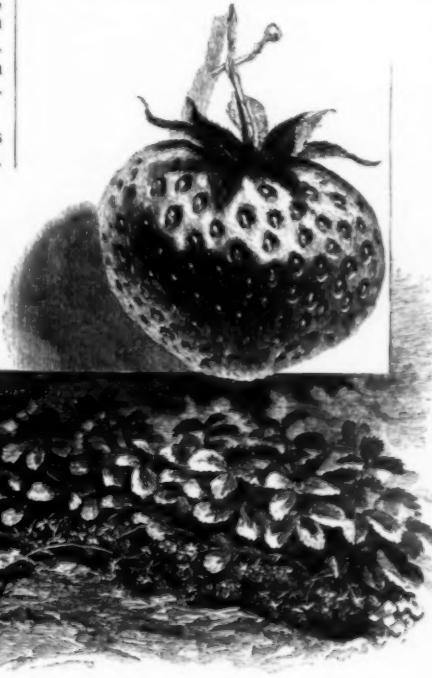
If the ground is so flat that water lies upon it at wet seasons, then throw it up into beds with a plow, thus giving the plants a broad, level surface on which to grow, for I think the best success will generally be obtained with level culture, or as near an approach to it as possible.

Always make it a point to plant in moist, freshly-stirred earth. Never let the roots come in contact with dry, lumpy soil. Never plant when the ground is wet and sticky, unless it be at the beginning of a rain-storm which bids fair to continue for some time. If sun or wind strikes land which has been recently stirred while it is too wet, the hardness of mortar results.

In spring, it is best to shorten in the roots one third (see cut on page 347). This promotes a rapid growth of new rootlets, and therefore of the plants. In the summer and fall the young plants are not so well furnished with roots, and usually it is best to leave them uncut.

the blackened shriveled ends. Sprinkle a couple of table-spoonfuls of fine bone meal immediately about the plant after setting, and then water it. If the weather is warm, soak the ground and keep it moist until there is rain. Never let a plant falter or go back from lack of moisture.

How often should one water? Often enough to keep the ground *moist all the time*, night and day. There is nothing mechanical in taking care of a young plant any more than in the care of a baby. Simply give it what it needs till it is able to take care of itself. This may require a little watching and attention for a few days in warm weather. If an opportune storm comes, the question of growth is settled favorably at once. If a "dry spell" ensues, be vigilant. At nine o'clock A. M. even well-watered plants may begin to wilt. Shade may be supplied by inverted flower-pots, old berry-baskets, shingles, or boards.



A DUCHESS ROW AND BERRY.

It often happens that during long transportation the roots become sour, black, and even a little mouldy. In this case wash them in clean water from which the chill has been taken. Trim carefully, taking off

A handful of weeds, grass, or even of dry earth, thrown on the crown of the plant in the morning, and removed by five P. M., is far better than nothing. Anything is better than stolidly sticking a plant in the

ground and leaving it alone just long enough to die. Many, on the other hand, kill their plants with kindness. They dose the young things with guano, unfermented manure, and burn them up.

As has been explained already, pot-grown plants, with a ball of earth clinging to their roots, can be set out during the hot months with great ease and with little danger of loss. At the same time let me distinctly say that such plants require fair treatment. The ground should be "firmed" around them just as strongly, and they should be so well watched as to guard against the slightest wilting from heat and drought.

In ordinary field culture let the rows be three feet apart, and let the plants stand one foot from each other in the row. At this distance, 14,520 are required for an acre. When land is scarce the rows can be two and a half feet from each other. In garden culture, where the plow and cultivator will not be used, there should be two feet between the rows, and the plants should be one foot apart as before. With this rule in mind, any one can readily tell how many plants he will need for a given area.

CULTIVATION.

THE field for experiment in cultivation with different fertilizers, soils, climates and varieties is indeed a wide one, and yet for practical purposes the question is simple enough.

There are three well-known systems of cultivation, each of which has its advantages and disadvantages. The first is termed the "matted bed system." Under this plan the ground between the rows is cultivated and kept clean during the spring and early summer. As soon however as the new runners begin to push out vigorously cultivation ceases, or else, with the more thorough, the cultivator is narrowed down till it stirs scarcely more than a foot of surface, care being taken to go up one row and down another so as always to draw the runners one way. This prevents them from being tangled up and broken off. By winter the entire ground is covered with plants, which are protected, as will be explained further on. In the spring the coarsest of the covering is raked off and, between the rows is dug a space about a foot or eighteen inches wide which serves as a path for the pickers. This path is often cheaply and quickly made by throwing two light furrows together with a corn plow. Under this system the first crop is usually the best, and

in strong lands adapted to grasses the beds often become so foul that it does not pay to leave them to bear a second year. If so they are plowed under as soon as the fruit has been gathered. More often two crops are taken and then the land is put in some other crop for a year or two before being planted with strawberries again. This rude, inexpensive system is perhaps more followed than any other. It is best adapted to light soils and cheap lands. Where an abundance of cool fertilizers has been used or the ground has been generously prepared with green crops, plowed under, the yield is often large and profitable. But as often it is quite the reverse, especially if the season proves dry and hot. Usually plants sodded together cannot mature fine fruit, especially after they have exhausted half their vitality in running. In clayey loams the surface in the matted rows becomes as hard as a brick. Light showers make little impression on it, and the fruit often dries upon the vines. Remembering that the strawberry's chief need is moisture, it will be seen that it can scarcely be maintained in a hard-matted sod. Under this system the fruit is small at best, and it all matures together. If adopted in the garden the family has but a few days of berries instead of a few weeks. The marketman may find his whole crop ripening at a time of over-supply, and his small berries may scarcely pay for picking. To many of this class the cheapness of the system will so command itself, that they will continue to practice it until some enterprising neighbor teaches them better by his larger cash returns. In the garden, however, it is the most expensive method. When the plants are sodded together the hoe and fork cannot be used. The whole space must be weeded by hand, and there are some pests whose roots interlace horizontally underground and which cannot, therefore, be eradicated from the matted rows. Too often, therefore, even in the neatest gardens, the strawberry bed is the place where vegetable evil triumphs.

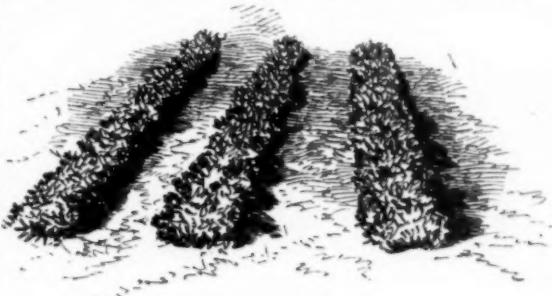
In direct contrast with the above is the "hill system." This, in brief, may be suggested by saying that the strawberry plants are set out three feet—more or less—apart, and treated like hills of corn, with the exception that the ground is kept level, or should be. They are often so arranged that the cultivator can pass between them each way, thus obviating nearly all necessity for hand work. When carried out to such an extent, I consider this plan more objectiona-

ble than the former, especially at the north. Modifications of this system often work well. In the first place, when the plants are so distant from each other much of the ground is left unoccupied and unproductive. In the second place, the fruit grower is at the mercy of the strawberry's worst enemy, the *Lachnostenra*, or white grub. Few fields in our region are wholly free from them, and a few of the voracious pests would leave the ground bare, for they devour the roots all summer long. In the third place, where so much of the ground is unoccupied the labor of mulching, so that the soil can be kept moist and the fruit clean, is very great.

In small garden-plots, when the plants can be set only two feet apart each way, the results of this system are often most admirable. The entire spaces between them can be kept mellow and loose, and therefore moist. There is room to dig out and eradicate the roots of the worst weeds. By frequently raking the ground over, the annual weeds do not get a chance to start. In the rich soil the plants make great, bushy crowns that nearly touch each other, and as they begin to blossom the whole space between them can be mulched with straw, grass, etc. The runners can easily be cut away when

large, beautiful fruit, will be most satisfactory. Moreover, the berries, being exposed on all sides to the sun, will be of the best flavor.

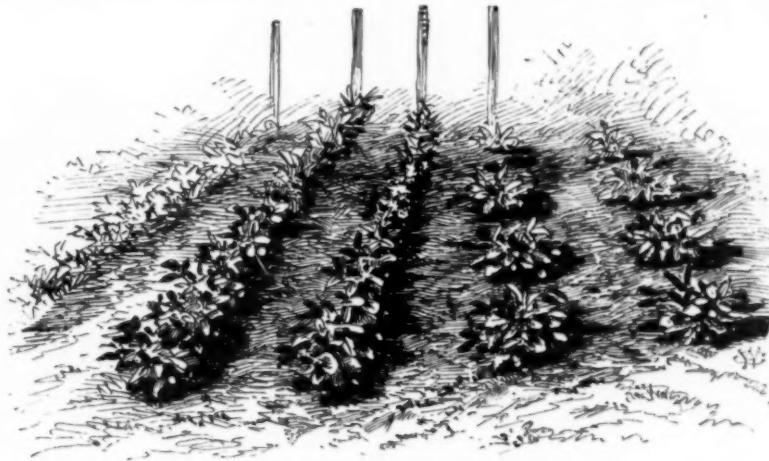
In the south the hill system is the only one that can be adopted to advantage. There the plants are set in the summer and autumn, and the crop is taken from them the following spring. Therefore, each plant



MATTED BED SYSTEM.

must be kept from running and be stimulated to do its best within a given space of time. In the south, however, the plants are set but one foot apart in the rows and thus little space is lost.

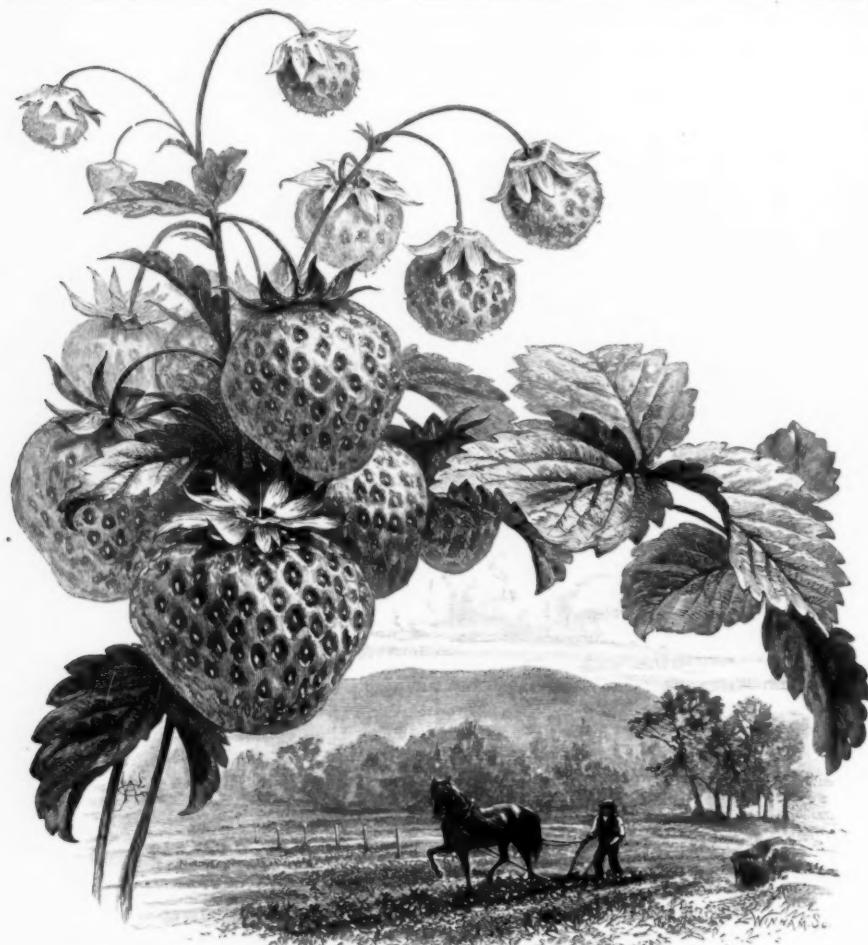
I am satisfied that the method best adapted to our eastern and western conditions is what is termed the "narrow row system." The plants are set one foot from each other in line, and not allowed to make



NARROW ROW AND HILL SYSTEMS.

the plants are thus isolated. Where there are not many white grubs in the soil, the hill system is well adapted to meet garden culture, and the result, in a prolonged season of

a single runner. In good soil they will touch each other after one year's growth, and make a continuous bushy row. The spaces between the rows may be two and a



THE FOREST ROSE STRAWBERRY.

CULTIVATION BY HORSE-POWER.

half to three feet. Through these spaces, the cultivator can be run as often as you please, and the ground can be thus kept clean, mellow, and moist. The soil can be worked—not deeply of course—within an inch or two of the plants, and thus but little space is left for hand-weeding. I have found this latter task best accomplished by a simple tool made of a fork-tine, thus: **T**. This can be thrust deeply between the plants without disturbing many roots, and the most stubborn weed can be pried out. Under this system the ground is occupied to the fullest extent that is profitable. The berries are exposed to light and air on either side and mulch can be applied with the least de-

gree of trouble. The feeding ground for the roots can be kept mellow by horse-power; if irrigation is adopted the spaces between the rows form the natural channels for the water. Chief of all, it is the most successful way of fighting the white grub. These enemies are not found scattered evenly through the soil, but abound in patches. Here they can be dug out if not too numerous, and the plants allowed to run and fill up the gaps. To all intents and purposes the narrow-row system is hill culture with the evils of the latter subtracted. Even where it is not carried out accurately, and many plants take root in the rows, most of them will become large, strong, and pro-

ductive under the hasty culture which destroys the greater number of the side-runners.

Where this system is fairly tried the improvement in the quality, size, and, therefore, measuring bulk of the crop, is astonishing. This is especially true of some varieties like the Duchess, which even in a matted bed tends to stool out into great bushy plants. The cut on page 349 shows how enormously productive it becomes under

fore, every runner that a plant makes means so much less and so much smaller fruit from that plant. Remove the runners as they appear, and the life of the plant goes to make vigorous foliage and a correspondingly large fruit-bud. Moreover, a plant thus curbed abounds in vitality and does not throw down its burden of prematurely ripe fruit after a few hot days. It works evenly and continuously as strength only can, and leis-



THREE ROWS, ILLUSTRATING EARLY SPRING WORK.

this system. Doctor Thurber, editor of the "American Agriculturist," unhesitatingly pronounced it the most productive and best early variety in a specimen bed containing fifty different kinds. If given a chance to develop its stooling-out qualities, it is able to compete even with the Crescent and Wilson in productiveness. At the same time its fruit becomes large and as regular in shape as if turned with a lathe. Many who have never tried this system would be surprised to find what a change for the better it makes in the old popular kinds, like the Charles Downing, Kentucky, and Wilson. The Golden Defiance also, which is so vigorous in the matted beds that weeds stand but little chance before it, almost doubles in size and productiveness if restricted to a narrow row.

The following remarks will have reference to this system, as I consider it the best. We will start with plants that have just been set out. If fruit is our aim we should remember that the first and strongest impulse of each plant will be to propagate itself, but to the degree that it does so it lessens its own vitality and power to produce berries the following season. There-

urely perfects the last berry on the vines. You will often find blossoms and ripe fruit on the same plant—something rarely seen where the plants are crowded and the soil dry.

With these facts before us, the culture of strawberries is simple enough. A few days after planting, as soon as it is evident that they will live, stir the surface just about them *not more than half an inch* deep. Insist on this; for most workmen will half hoe them out of the ground. After the plants become well rooted, keep the ground mellow and clean as you would any other hoed crop, using horse-power as far as possible, since it is the cheapest and most effective. If the plants have been set out in spring, take off the fruit buds as soon as they appear. Unless the plants are very strong, and are set out very early, fruiting the same year means feebleness and often death. If berries are wanted within a year the plants must be set in summer or autumn. Then they can be permitted to bear all they will the following season. A child with a pair of shears or a knife, not too dull, can easily keep a large garden plot free from runners, unless there are long periods of neglect.

If the ground were poor, or one were de-

sious of large fruit, it would be well to give a liberal autumn top-dressing of fine compost or any well-rotted fertilizer not containing crude lime. Bone-dust and wood ashes are excellent. Scatter this along the rows, and hoe it in the last time they are cultivated in the fall. When the ground begins to freeze, protect the plants for the winter by covering the rows lightly with straw, leaves, or—better than all—with light, strawy horse-manure, that has been piled up to heat and turned over once or twice, so that in its violent fermentation all grass seeds have been killed. Do not cover so heavily as to smother the plants, nor so lightly that the wind and rains will dissipate the mulch. Your aim is not to keep the plants from freezing, but from freezing and thawing with every alternation of our variable winters and springs. Moreover, the thawing out of the fruit-buds or crown, under the direct rays of the sun, injures them, I think. Most of the damage is done in February or March. The good gardener watches his plants, adds to the covering where it has been washed away or is insufficient, and drains off puddles, which are soon fatal to all the plants beneath them. Wet ground, moreover, heaves ten times as badly as that which is dry. If one neglects to do these things, he may find half of the plants thrown out of the ground, after a day or two of alternate freezing and thawing. Good drainage alone, with three or four inches of covering of light material, can prevent this, although some varieties, like the Golden Defiance, seem to resist the heaving action of frost remarkably. Never cover with hot, heavy manure, nor deeply with leaves, as the rains beat these down too flatly. Let the winter mulch not only cover the row, but reach a foot on either side.

As the weather begins to grow warm in March, push aside the covering a little from the crown of the plants, so as to let in air. If early fruit is desired, the mulch can be raked aside and the ground worked between the rows, as soon as danger of severe frosts is over. If late fruit is wanted, let in air to the crown of the plants, but leave the mulch on the ground, which is thus shielded from the sun, warm showers, and the south wind, for two or three weeks.

I have now reached a point at which I differ from most horticultural writers. As a rule it is advised that there be no spring cultivation of bearing plants. It has been said, that merely pushing the winter mulch aside sufficiently to let the new growth come through is all that is needful. I admit that

the results are often satisfactory under this method, especially if there has been deep thorough culture in the fall, and if the mulch between and around the plants is very abundant. At the same time I have so often seen unsatisfactory results that I take a decided stand in favor of spring cultivation, if done properly and *sufficiently early*. I think my reasons will commend themselves to practical men. Even where the soil has been left mellow by fall cultivation, the beating rains and the weight of melting snows pack the earth. All loamy land settles and tends to grow hard after the frost leaves it. While the mulch checks this tendency, it cannot wholly prevent it. As a matter of fact, the spaces between the rows are seldom thoroughly loosened late in the fall. The mulch too often is scattered over a comparatively hard surface, which by the following June has become so solid as to suffer disastrously from drought in the blossoming and bearing season. I have seen well mulched fields with their plants faltering and wilting, unable to mature the crop because the ground had become so hard that an ordinary shower could make but little impression. Moreover, even if kept moist by the mulch, land long shielded from sun and air tends to become sour, heavy, and devoid of that life which gives vitality and vigor to the plant. The winter mulch need not be laboriously raked from the garden bed or field and then carted back again. Begin on one side of a plot and rake toward the other until three or four rows and spaces between them are bare; then fork the spaces or run the cultivator—often the subsoil plow—deeply through them, and then immediately, before the moist, newly made surface dries, rake the winter mulch back into its place as a summer mulch. Then take another strip and treat it in like manner, until the generous impulse of spring air and sunshine has been given to the soil of the entire plantation.

The cut on page 353, giving a section of my specimen bed, shows one row still under its winter covering, one cultivated and ready for the summer mulch, and a third row with this applied and the plants ready for fruiting. A liberal coat of fine compost was forked in also at the time, and the resulting crop was enormous. This spring cultivation should be done early—as soon as possible after the ground is dry enough to work. The roots of a plant or tree should never be seriously disturbed in the blossoming or bearing period, and yet I would rather stir the sur-

face, even when my beds were in full bloom than leave it hard, baked, and dry. A liberal summer mulch under and around the plants not only keeps the fruit clean, but renders a watering much more lasting by shielding the soil from the sun. Never sprinkle the plants a little in dry weather. If you water at all soak the ground and *keep it moist all the time* till the crop matures.

When prize berries are sought, enormous fruit can be obtained by the use of liquid manure, but it should be applied with skill and judgment, or else its very strength may dwarf the plants. In this case, also, all the little green berries, save the three or four lowest ones, may be picked from the fruit truss, and the force of the plant will be expended in maturing a few mammoth specimens. Never seek to stimulate with plaster or lime. Other plants' meat is the strawberry's poison in respect to these two fertilizers.

Horse manure composted with muck, vegetable mold, wood ashes, bone meal, and best of all, the product of the cow-stable, are the best fertilizers for the strawberry. Give plenty of these before and after planting.

After the fruit is gathered the beds should not be left to weeds and drought. I would advise that the coarsest of the mulch be raked off and stored for winter covering, and then the remainder forked or cultivated into the soil as a fertilizer. Many advise a liberal manuring after the fruit is gathered. This is the English method and is all right in their humid climate, but dangerous in our land of hot suns and long droughts. Dark-colored fertilizers absorb and intensify the heat. A sprinkling of bone dust can be used to advantage as a summer stimulant, and stronger manures containing a larger per cent. of nitrogen can be applied just before the late fall rains.

YOUNG ARTISTS' LIFE IN NEW YORK.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB.

THE characteristics of the three leading art schools of the city,—the Art Students' League, the Academy of Design, and the Cooper Institute,—from the point of view of instruction, have already been described in this magazine.* Together, they may be looked upon as constituting three departments of a university, which holds out to the country at large, for all preliminary art studies at least, excellent opportunities. A very considerable proportion of the fifteen hundred students entered on the rolls are from the distant interior, and the number daily increases. There are many cases where the opportunity to study has been earned and is maintained by teaching or some other form of laborious work. One young woman at the Cooper copies manuscript half the night, in order to draw by day. A cold boarding-house existence takes the place of pleasant homes; sometimes two young women form a partnership to share it in common; sometimes they board themselves. Perhaps it is a couple from the same town,—sisters or friends,—one pursuing art and the other music. The young men adapt

themselves to circumstances more easily, and even with hilarity. In one case, three are encamped together in a large chamber where, though the total expense of living for each is kept down to three dollars a week, they entertain their friends and hold sessions of a flourishing glee-club.

So much for the day classes. Among the members of the night classes some outside occupation for support is regularly to be expected. It is usually something allied to art. Here are engravers, decorators, draughtsmen, carvers of ships' figure-heads, and even of cigar figures; but dry-goods and grocer's clerks are not unknown, toiling diligently till the joyful day of their deliverance from trade.

The association of the sexes on terms of perfect equality gives American art-student life one of its distinctive aspects; it is gentle and courteous, perhaps even tame according to some ways of thinking, but free, at any rate, from the wild and brutal excesses too well authenticated of famous foreign *ateliers*.

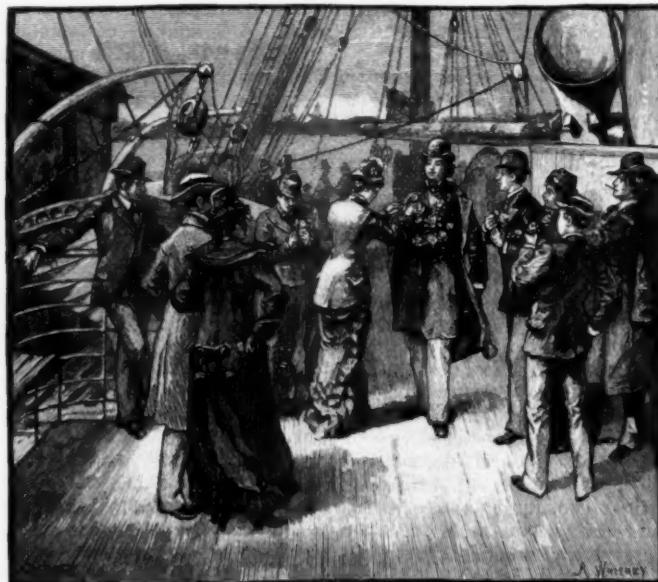
Glancing in at the Academy, one finds the students clustered together, in the order of proficiency, about the classic figures,—some

* See SCRIBNER for October, 1878.

around the masks and busts in the first alcove; others around the complicated groups in the third. There are reflective poses and moments of dreamy expression among the young workers at the easels, as they ponder subtleties of line and light and shade, of which the uninitiated have but a faint conception. In the hour of leisure at noon the beginner takes occasion to admire the genius of the delineator of the *Laocoön*, or the *Sileneus* and *Bacchus*, in the third alcove, and aspires to parallel achievements. The young women lunch together in little knots,

quiring the use of the "bean-blower," in a poetic design for *Harmony*, showing an angel with the long straight classic trumpet, and—"Wait till I sling in an eye," he says, as he finishes the drawing of a charming face.

The year closes at the Academy with a dancing reception, following the distribution of prizes. The preceding day, which sees the clearing away of easels and other incumbrances, and the waxing of the floor in a more or less amateurish fashion, is something of a romp. On the eventful evening,



OFF FOR EUROPE. (DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.)

spreading out the viands informally in their laps. The young men go out to struggle for precedence in a certain popular bakery with the students from the medical college. The latest picture at Schaus's or Goupil's is discussed, or the work of other schools shown at some recent exhibition. There is nothing heavily oppressive in the daily conduct of affairs, though the underlying purpose is serious. Indeed, the art-student is inclined to a practicality and sometimes to an incorrigible levity of speech which makes it appear to be his direct purpose to disillusionize those who may have been inclined to sentimentalize about his exceptional position in our common-place life. He is capable of in-

the business-like working-aprons and the smudges of charcoal, which are rather a frequent accompaniment even on very lady-like countenances, have disappeared. The votaries of a great ideal meet one another now in the ordinary guise of polite society, —as bright and decorous a company as could be desired. The festival of the modern young people, with all the gods of antiquity in their immortal youth assembled around to witness it, is not without a certain quaint, agreeable incongruity.

The Cooper Institute has the most of a certain school strictness and routine, the entirely self-supported League the least. There is a pervading feeling of responsi-



AT "THE STUDIO." (DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW.)

bility among the members of the latter which much more than takes the place of it. Evening receptions are held once a month,

having for their occasion some small timely exhibition of sketches. These are artistic *conversazioni*, with quite an impressive gravity of tone.

While the work pursued at the League is of the most advanced character of the three, there are also perhaps more amateurs engaged. And yet this is not wholly a safe word to use: it is not easy to gauge the secret ambitions that may be cherished. The word having been applied inadvertently to one whose profession in life as a married lady with pretty children and an agreeable household seemed so unmistakable that there could hardly be a doubt that painting was with her a diversion, she protested:

"But it is precisely as a married lady with pretty children and an agreeable household, and not as an artist, that I consider myself an amateur."

Social distinctions are not rigidly drawn in this little artistic world. Nothing is so leveling as community in a great idea. A rating on the basis of individual ability generally takes the place of the ordinary gauges to consideration. There are ornaments of fashionable circles who come down to the schools and studios and form friendships with a cordiality which must be attributed by their more conventional acquaintances to quite a hopeless bohemianism.

An improving diversion outside the schools is the social sketch clubs, which from time to time flourish and fall into decadence. A congenial circle meets one evening



THE ARTIST IN BLACK EYES. (DRAWN BY W. TABER.)

a week from eight o'clock till ten, at the houses of members in turn, or at some one which offers peculiar advantages; the model is placed in a corner, often on a small improvised platform, and the ordinary chan-

received. When the time arrives for one after another (as it arrives now with increasing frequency) to carry his cherished dream into effect, it is the cause of a decided ripple of excitement. Contemplative glances rest upon him during the few remaining days of his stay. When he comes to remove his properties and it is known that he appears for the last time, he is surrounded by an envious and admiring throng. In cases of especial regard the parting is more friendly and longer deferred. A merry party of both sexes is found awaiting the student among the boxes, bales, and hogsheads at the steamer pier. Perhaps it is a promising boy, whose family, making his talent the principal object of their care, go with him, to keep a home for him during his years of study. The fellows shake him heartily by the hand. All wave and shout parting injunctions to him. "There's Jim!" he cries at the last audible moment from the taffrail, half hidden behind a great blue handkerchief and a brandished sketch-book, singling out some particular character for recognition as they fade away. Then letters come back from him, profusely illustrated with the humors of the voyage, and, later, accounts of the Beaux Arts

and the studio of the great master in which he has found a place.

As interesting—or perhaps even more interesting—a graduate, is the one who feels sufficiently strong to venture on the experiment of a studio. Usually it is a cheap and bare little place to begin with. He does not cut loose from the schools all at once, but frequents the more important life-classes, giving himself, on his occasional visits, airs of monumental importance, which the others are far from considering unwarranted. They are glad to visit him. They regard the modest details of his establishment respectfully, and are eagerly interested in his early methods of getting a living, for they desire to know what they have to look forward to when the case becomes their own.

Though there is no more delicate and charming sentiment than that which is the offspring of American life at its best, a strong practical vein is manifest in the American type of art-student. He has no traditions—no long hair and cloaks to adopt, and he has



BARGAINING FOR A "SHANGHAI." (DRAWN BY H. P. WOLCOTT.)

deliers serve well enough for purposes of illumination. Others hold morning sessions of three hours. At one which we have particularly in mind there were sometimes volunteer but generally paid models—make-believe fishermen, brigands, sultanas and dairy-maids, and real newsboys, coachmen, flower-girls and walking advertisements. At the ruling rates of payment for this kind of professional service,—fifty and seventy-five cents an hour,—the assessment of cost was not over ten cents to each person. The treasurer was inflexible in the collection of his dues, and there was often a humorous pretense of evading them. Often, when the last farthing was in, a collation appeared which would have defrayed the expenses of the club for several seasons.

The trip to Europe, for study in the great schools, is an almost universal ideal. Its advantages, the choice of the place, the cost at which it can be done, are topics of unfailing interest. Details of notable economies in living, often fabulous, are especially well



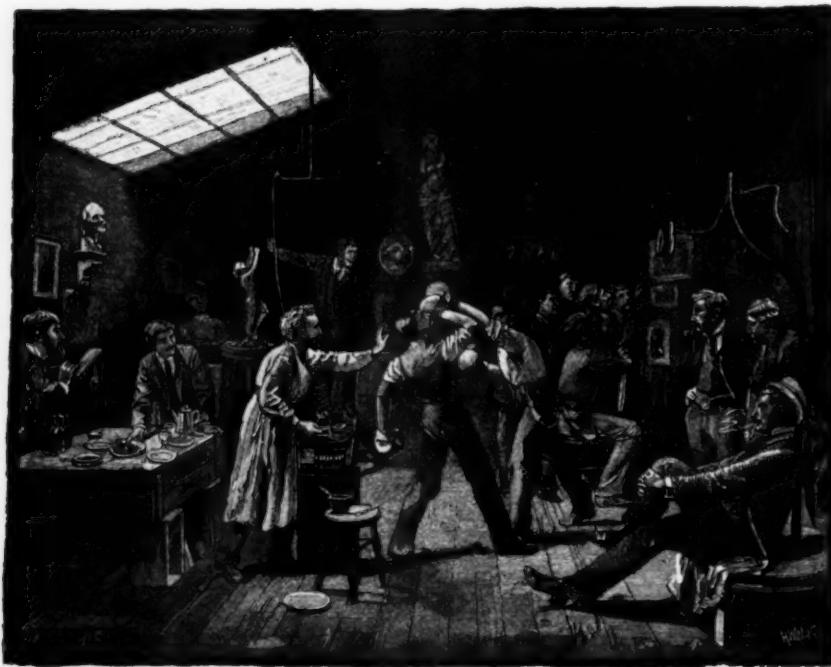
A DISCOUNT TO THE PROFESSION. (DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.)

never been encouraged to feel that it is the business of any government or princely patron to take care of him. He is not, perhaps, quite enough given to seeking out romantic

and original experiences, though this is a trait not to be over encouraged. He has not discovered, for instance, the picturesque capabilities of New York, which has a glow



"YOUR WASHING, MUM." (DRAWN BY S. G. McCUTCHEON.)



THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB IN EARLY TIMES. (DRAWN BY WILL H. LOW.)

of color and an irregularity of outline with which neither London nor Paris can compare; for New York has made more of the arrangements for purely modern life than any other city in the world. Brow-beaten as the student naturally is by the traditional American reverence for foreign parts, perhaps it would not be fair to expect the discovery from this source. It is rather from the returned proficients, who have seen and know, that it is to be looked for.

These new-comers, mustering now in large force and strengthened by constant arrivals, must be counted the most prominent element in the artist life of the city. It is not only in the schools, where they occupy the professorships and control the coming generation, but in all the movements, formal and informal, without. The older men of the Academy are no longer an active social factor of artist life. Ten years ago a long tableful of them, with Page at the head, was still dining at an Italian restaurant in Third avenue, whither they resorted for the speech and cheap wine that gave them reminis-

cences of their days of travel in diligences across complicated frontiers. The restaurant-keeper prospered, and has arrived at imposing brown-stone elegance; but long before this they ceased to follow him. The Palette Club, an association of artists and laymen which comprised many of the older men and became possessed of a handsome club-house, has also declined as a place of artistic resort, and is now said to contain laymen only.

A similar tableful of artists dines together to-day, but it is made up entirely of the young men of the new movement. They are graduates of Paris and Munich, and are the main supporters of the new "American Art Association." They have lived long enough in Europe to see something of its commonplace side, and are content to discuss it chiefly from the point of view of its comparative practical advantages. They are not led by sentimental considerations to a French or German place, but choose a comfortable American restaurant. Their talk, when it is not jocose, is of a practical character by preference. They discuss technical

points, the manner of this and that artist, new methods of laying paint with a palette knife instead of brush, and the disproportion in this country of the artist's expenses to his returns. The newest arrival complains that he finds \$400 and \$600 the ruling rates for studios, while he could have had the best in Munich for less than \$200. On the whole, they are a superior group of fellows

admission, has been formed by a group of the strongest men. It holds its meetings for the present in an upper room of a *restaurant*, whose keeper has some natural taste for pictures, and calls his place by the appropriate title of "The Studio." In its newest infancy yet, the society looks forward to permanent quarters, and in time to a building of its own, which it shall decorate and fill



A MODERN MEETING OF THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB. (DRAWN BY H. P. SHARE.)

as they sit around their long table, with good heads, capable of thought on a higher order of matters as well. Some current circumstance, one of the conflicting newspaper articles on their recent doings, turns the talk with a pleasant animation to theory and original speculation. Their position as pioneers in a new period of art development, and the prospective results, are touched upon. The American subject, the simple, the nude, the historical in art, such a one's new propositions in perspective, all come in for a share of attention with the coffee and cigars. A new Art Club to which a certain standard of ability is made a condition of

with a collection of costumes and rich properties after the style of the agreeable "Paint-Box" (the *Malkasten*) of Düsseldorf.

It is agreeable to note how reconciled the returned art students are on the whole, with a considerable touch of surprise, to what they find in this country. They were birds of passage in spirit, as any one may know who has attended at all to the manner of their departure. They said farewell to Europe with the air of the performance of a disagreeable duty, and scarcely made it a secret that they should be back again, if things were not very much to their liking. But they find a congenial circle,

a general appreciation of them and their work, employment and a prospect of fair rewards for those who may be thought by a fair construction worthy of them. Since they went away, household art has invaded every furniture shop and there is a curiosity shop in nearly every street. There are plenty of the best modern pictures in the new world, and not a few excellent old ones. They discover with delight a magnificent Velasquez at the rooms of the Historical Society, and at the Metropolitan Museum a Franz Hals not surpassed in all Europe. Moreover, during winter and spring four important exhibitions follow one another in immediate succession. They make charming places of their studios in Tenth street or the Christian Association building, bestowing in them their tapestries and carved chests, which have an added preciousness in their new situation. If

place for the location of his romance of "Cecil Dreeme." The chapel has been divided by a floor at half its height, and this again by a few partitions. In the spacious upper chambers thus formed, which command picturesque views of Washington Square, the Hudson River and the New Jersey hills beyond, the ribs and pendentives of the vaulted roof still show, with a most ancient and baronial effect.

Scattered irregularly throughout the town are the studios of the beginners,—and of many who began long enough ago, heaven knows,—a great obscure body, full of aspiration, recognized failures and whimsical vicissitudes of fortune, between the student class and that of established reputation. Penetrating through the yard of an ordinary house in Fourth street, one encounters Michael Angelo's "Moses," and finds sculptors upstairs in an out-building. Others occupy a



AN ARTIST IN ROCKS. (DRAWN BY W. H. SHELTON.)

something odd in the way of a studio be demanded, it may be found in the old-fashioned Tudor pile known as the University building, more singular now than when Winthrop found it an appropriate

loft over a frame-maker's. Three others are in a cheap flat with a work-room in common. Another uses the parlor of the flat occupied by his indulgent family, in an up-town street, and keeps his mother and a small

servant-maid posing while the household matters wait.

For the most part, however, the studios are on Broadway. Few of the older business

night on trestles. Coffee is drunk from a tomato can. A chop or steak is cooked by lowering it down with a wire through the top of an ordinary cylinder stove. The



A MARINE ARTIST'S STUDIO. (DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.)

buildings of the great thoroughfare from Houston street up but would yield to the search some obscure door in the upper regions bearing the title Artist. They are often the dingy quarters, with splintered, acid-stained floors, abandoned by photographers. There are rarely side windows, and the sole view is of the sky. The studio of the poorer class is sleeping room, and generally more or less kitchen as well. Disregard of conventional forms sometimes reaches the point of actual squalor. Here in one costing fifteen dollars a month, three persons are sleeping, two on a lounge—which also serves as a coal box—and one on a shelf conveniently placed at

collection of dust-covered clothing, old boots and shoes, withered ferns, half dry sketches, plaster busts, groceries, books, and oil-cans, presided over by a battered lay figure in a Roman toga and slouch hat, would do little violence to the ideal of symmetry in a rag and bottle shop. It is a veritable *vie de Bohème* that goes on. Such a fellow is said to have reduced to a nicety the art of renovating a linen front with Chinese white instead of sending it to the laundry. Landlords are regarded in an odious light, and if possible locked out. One, who would be put off no longer, was paid his rent in busts of Evangeline, which even the amiable Longfellow had

repudiated. Pictures are made a medium of exchange with the butcher and the tailor. If fortune be propitious the bohemian luxuriates at boarding-houses and restaurants, whose walls he becomingly adorns. At other times he takes but a single meal or only mush and milk. There are boasts to be heard of having lived on two dollars and even one dollar a week in times much more expensive than the present. Such straits are often the result of an aversion to regular labor, or of such an improvidence that it amounts to choice. The proceeds of an important commission may be spent in a preliminary dinner of rejoicing and another of thanksgiving at its completion before they are received. But often enough the pinching is a genuine necessity. An artist of known standing, proud and unable to turn with facility in new directions, found himself reduced by the failure of the Sixpenny Savings Bank during the absence of his friends in the country, to a summer of scarcely more than bread and water. Then there are the strangers from the west and south, friendless, large-bearded Germans newly arrived in the country, and the tribe of incapables, persisting in this art against the most glaring evidence of incapacity,—pathetic martyrs to mediocrity.

The range of expedients for subsistence during the time the great projects which are to bring fame and fortune are matured is widely varied. Illustration takes the first place. It is more easy of access than formerly, when drawing on wood must be done in a formal way and was a kind of



AN ANIMAL ARTIST'S STUDIO. (DRAWN BY J. E. KELLY.)

trade in itself. On the other hand the standard of performance has greatly advanced, and those who are able to meet the enlightened taste of the time are already on the high road to everything desirable. By a kind of anomaly it is the testimony of publishers that more wretched comic cuts are sent in by the distressed class than anything else. The weekly story papers are one resource. There are those again who debase excellent talents, on the pitiful plea that some other will if they do not, to the service of the licentious *flash* journals. In another line, "real oil portraits" have been offered in the Bowery for \$10. The crayon portrait was long a standing resource for keeping struggling artists alive, but the market is said to be much broken of late. An enterprising fellow carries on his campaign by making tours in the country, lettering rocks and fences with patent medicine advertisements. Another, "the black-eye artist," has developed a novel industry, especially lucrative about election times, in giving an innocent and normal appearance to faces damaged in rough-and-tumble encounters.

To the "shanghai," however, must be assigned the place of honor among the makeshifts of an impecunious, commonplace, and not very conscientious class of



"DECAY." (BASS-RELIEF SKETCH IN CLAY BY WALTER CLARK.)

artists. The "shanghai" is the glaring daub required by some frame-makers for cheap auctions. They are turned out at so much by the day's labor, or at from \$12 to \$24 a dozen, by the piece. All the skies

do?" or "How would that do?" Obliged to return at last unsuccessful, he smeared out the sketches with his elbow and grumbled roundly at such a case of disgusting obduracy.



THE ILLUSTRATOR ILLUSTRATED. (DRAWN BY GEORGE INNESS, JR.)

are painted at once, then all the foregrounds. Sometimes the patterns are stenciled. The dealer attaches the semblance of some well-known name, of which there are several, and without initials. The sonorous auctioneer cries aloud: "This work of art is an original of Kenstett, gentlemen, and now can I believe my ears that I am offered but a hundred dollars for it?"

Among this impecunious class, the proper bearing to be observed toward the patron, the desirability of social and commercial arts for advancement, are frequent subjects of thought. It is told of one that he followed a half-would-be purchaser down four flights of stairs, arguing all the way. At every few steps he paused to make charcoal sketches on the wall, saying: "How would this

The relations with the model class would furnish an interesting chapter in itself. The want which was long the chief drawback of American artists is now fairly supplied. Prices are no longer exorbitant. There are attempts, nevertheless, to secure material out of the regular routine, and, by the impecunious, at the lowest plausible rates. In these excursions novel and humorous experiences are encountered. Orphan asylums and old ladies' homes are visited for pleasing heads. A Crosby street tenement house furnishes available Italians. The chance subject is often alarmed, and finds it difficult to understand the purpose in hand. "Is it paint me yer afther?" said a brawny laborer from the street-cleaning department; "and would it come off, I dunno?"

It ought to be rather better known that there is no other city where the woman student can pursue advanced studies in art with so few embarrassments as in New York. She certainly cannot in the very different social customs prevailing at Paris and Munich, or in the murky gloom of the Slade and South Kensington schools of London, where four or five hours of daylight in the winter is the maximum allowance. Here, too, studio life for women has come to be a somewhat recognized mode of existence. It is understood now by the landlord, the butcher, the baker, and the milkman. There are usually two inmates, for protection and companionship; but the erection of a suitable studio building for women artists would be a genuine and amiable field for philanthropy. It should have ample household

she maintains that the only difference between her domestic economy and that of the world at large is that she washes her dishes after dark. Everything is neat and compact as in the cabin of a ship. I have no idea that the one my lodging gives me an opportunity of observing at a distance, decorating Egyptian vases in a dim interior, and sometimes coming to the window to water a box of geraniums, would like to be thought of as a Hilda. Her residence is in one of the most formal and decorous of the up-town buildings suitable for the purpose; and it is fire-proof shutters on a court she throws open in the morning, instead of coming to feed circling white doves from a battlemented tower.

A peculiar line of characters appear in the studios of the lady artist. She is apt to



"SILENCE": STUDIES BY MEMBERS OF THE SALMAGUNDI.

conveniences, for nobody is less bohemian in her own feelings than the woman artist. She has nothing in common with the disorder of her masculine *confrère*. She keeps house, it is true, in a small compass; but

be more infested by bores, from the book-agent to the idle visitor, than a man, because they are less afraid of her. The expressman and the emissaries who bring provisions have more or less of a patronizing air. A

sign-painter who lettered the door of one made a discount in the bill in consideration of fellowship in "the profession." One well-known visitor is a hard-featured, most respectable old lady, who makes it her pride that she washes only for art and the church. It is apparent that she secretly looks upon her own profession as superior to either; yet she sometimes consents to serve as a model.

An association for mutual aid and comfort, known as the Woman's Art Society, numbers sixty members. It has been the occasion of the relief of many cases of obscure and painful hardship. The woman artist has her full share of trials in the beginning also. Prosaic advertisers bring orders for designs for the Eugenia skirt or Centennial blacking, instead of commissions for high art. The popular taste has much increased the demand for decorated fans, lamp-shades, patterns for embroidery, and tiles for furniture. At the same time a great influx of new-comers and the enterprise of amateurs working for pocket-money, leaves less of a resource in this direction than might be imagined.

In 1872 a knot of rather the most irregular young fellows of the irregular kind described was in the habit of gathering at the studio of a *confrière*, now a successful sculptor. He did his own cooking, like the others, but it was genuine cooking. It reached lofty flights of soups and oyster-pie undreamed of by the rest. Neither improvident nor niggardly, he had something like a tangible hospitality regularly to offer. Once a dance was given at which a paid fiddler was employed. A sort of sketch class was formed in time which brought in all kinds of random subjects from the street. Some minor actors and newspaper men who had come once were pleased to return again to the evening assemblies. Fencing and boxing went on in one corner and declaiming in another, while the fine arts pursued their way as best they could.

The five original members increased to twenty. The plan first adopted is still pursued: designs are prepared on a given subject and brought down to a meeting each week for display and criticism.

The boisterous early surroundings were adverse, however, and after the first year, upon the departure for Europe of some of

the leading spirits, the club suspended. Three years ago, several of these having returned, it was reorganized on a much more serious basis, and became the Salmagundi club, brought favorably into public notice by its recent "Black and White" exhibitions. It has gathered in now some thirty members, and includes an array of talent of no common order. The work shows a vast improvement over that of the early period, yet so great is the range of subject for which illustration is required by the increasing demand, that it will be long before the occupation of the club is gone.

The Salmagundi convenes at nine of Friday nights at the studio of a young marine painter in Astor Place. The appurtenances are somewhat dingy, and there is a mellow atmosphere of smoke in the room. A long table, spread with a white cloth and having shining pots of chocolate and coffee upon it, makes a cheerful high light in the center. A mixture of the two, the Italian *mischio*, has been adopted as a happy solution of



"SILENCE." (BASS-RELIEF SKETCH IN CLAY BY J. LAUBER.)

the refreshment problem. The pots are the peculiar emblem of the club.

The members are gathered from occupations, each of which would furnish an entertaining special study. The marine painter has lately been daring shipwreck on the



"SILENCE." (BASS-RELIEF IN CLAY BY J. S. HARTLEY.)

coast of Labrador, and his room is full of trophies of the sea. The specialty of this one is animals in quiet pastures; of that, men and animals in violent action. The latter keeps a bull-dog to worry the garments used in his military pieces into semblance of having passed through a campaign. He resorts to stable-yards to perfect the details of the motion he has first noticed in the street or the park. The illustrated paper artist is there, too. His is a career of universal adventure. He takes down the leading points of a fire at night, with the end walls tumbling uncomfortably near him. He is waist-deep in snow at the Port Jervis ice-gorge, or in water at the Mill River disaster. There are labor-saving inventions to help him, but this merely increases the scale of his rapidity. It is necessary now that the cut of the boat-race or the inauguration ceremonies should be on the news-stands the day the event occurs. By an occasional inadvertence it is there the day before!

With such experiences to draw from, it would seem that the designs need not lack variety. The easy traditions of the past are continued in an absence of formality in the proceedings. Red-tapeism is made odious. Public sentiment was at one time opposed to a president, a constitution, or even a title. The official business consists merely in balloting for the choice of the next week's subject. Suggestions are handed in and

recorded on a list, which the chairman reads as a preliminary. "Yes or No," "Spring," "Idolatry," "Silence," "Blood," "Home-ward-Bound," give an idea of their character and scope. "The Lay of the Forsaken Heart," attributed to a diffident member, has long been passed without adoption, and is now cursorily disposed of as "the Lay." A member with an especial *penchant* for horrors is distinguished as "Calamity"

The submitted designs, tacked upon the wall, are turned to with a lively attention. The remaining possibilities in the theme, after each has drawn from it what seemed to him its most striking aspect, are a matter of general curiosity and an enlarging experience on each occasion. The sketches are of all shapes and sizes. Careful finish is not a requirement, the conception being the important thing. They are done in chalk and charcoal, distemper, oil, pencil, India ink, pen and ink, any and every material, but not often in colors. Among the most interesting is the manner in which the ideas of the sculptor first take form. On another evening of the week the designs are placed before the Art Students' League, for a formal exposition by a professor of the principles of design exhibited in them. With all this the once happy-go-lucky Salmagundi Club may well flatter itself on having become one of the most improving agencies in the whole artistic community.

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER XIV.

BEFORE SUNSET.

IN old times, most of the sidewalks of New Orleans not in the heart of town were only a rough, rank turf, lined on the side next the ditch with the gunwales of broken-up flat-boats—ugly, narrow, slippery objects. As Aurora—it sounds so much pleasanter to anglicize her name—as Aurora gained a corner where two of these gunwales met, she stopped and looked back to make sure that Clotilde was not watching her. That others had noticed her here and there she did not care; that was something beauty would have to endure, and it only made her smile to herself.

"Everybody sees I am from the country—walking on the street without a waiting-maid."

A boy passed, hushing his whistle, and gazing at the lone lady until his turning neck would twist no farther. She was so dewy fresh! After he had got across the street he turned to look again. Where could she have disappeared?

The only object to be seen on the corner from which she had vanished, was a small, yellow-washed house much like the one Aurora occupied, as it was like hundreds that then characterized and still characterize the town, only that now they are of brick instead of adobe. They showed in those days, even more than now, the wide contrast between their homely exteriors and the often elegant apartments within. However, in this house the front room was merely neat. The furniture was of rude, heavy pattern, Creole-made, and the walls were unadorned; the day of cheap pictures had not come. The lofty bedstead which filled one corner was spread and hung with a blue stuff showing through a web of white needlework. The brazen feet of the chairs were brightly burnished, as were the brass mountings of the bedstead and the brass globes on the cold andirons. Curtains of blue and white hung at the single window. The floor, from habitual scrubbing with the common weed which politeness has to call

Helenium autumnale, was stained a bright, clean yellow. On it were here and there in places, white mats woven of bleached palmetto-leaf. Such were the room's appointments; there was but one thing more,—a singular bit of fantastic carving,—a small table of dark mahogany supported on the upward-writhing images of three scaly serpents.

Aurora sat down beside this table. A dwarf Congo woman, as black as soot, had ushered her in, and, having barred the door, had disappeared, and now the mistress of the house entered.

February as it was, she was dressed—and looked comfortable—in white. That barbaric beauty which had begun to bud twenty years before was now in perfect bloom. The united grace and pride of her movement was inspiring but—what shall we say?—feline? It was a femininity without humanity,—something that made her, with all her superness, a creature that one would want to find chained. It was the woman who had received the gold from Frowenfeld—Palmyre Philosophe.

The moment her eyes fell upon Aurora her whole appearance changed. A girlish smile lighted up her face, and as Aurora rose up reflecting it back, they simultaneously clapped hands, laughed and advanced joyously toward each other, talking rapidly without regard to each other's words.

"Sit down," said Palmyre, in the plantation French of their childhood, as they shook hands.

They took chairs and drew up face to face as close as they could come, then sighed and smiled a moment, and then looked grave and were silent. For in the nature of things, and notwithstanding the amusing familiarity common between Creole ladies and their domestics, the unprotected little widow should have had a very serious errand to bring her to the voudou's house.

"Palmyre," began the lady, in a sad tone.

"Momselle Aurore."

"I want you to help me." The former

mistress not only cast her hands into her lap, lifted her eyes supplicatingly and dropped them again, but actually locked her fingers to keep them from trembling.

"Momselle Aurore—" began Palmyre, solemnly.

"Now, I know what you are going to say—but it is of no use to say it; do this much for me this one time and then I will let you dou alone as much as you wish—forever!"

"You have not lost your purse again?"

"Ah! foolishness, no."

Both laughed a little, the philosophie feebly and Aurora with an excited tremor.

"Well?" demanded the quadroon, looking grave again.

Aurora did not answer.

"Do you wish me to work a spell for you?"

The widow nodded, with her eyes cast down.

Both sat quite still for some time; then the philosophie gently drew the landlord's letter from between Aurora's hands.

"What is this?" She could not read in any language.

"I must pay my rent within nineteen days."

"Have you not paid it?"

The delinquent shook her head.

"Where is the gold that came into your purse? All gone?"

"For rice and potatoes," said Aurora, and for the first time she uttered a genuine laugh, under that condition of mind which Latins usually substitute for fortitude. Palmyre laughed too, very properly.

Another silence followed. The lady could not return the quadroon's searching gaze.

"Momselle Aurore," suddenly said Palmyre, "you want me to work a spell for something else."

Aurora started, looked up for an instant in a frightened way, and then dropped her eyes and let her head droop, murmuring:

"No, I do not."

Palmyre fixed a long look upon her former mistress. She saw that though Aurora might be distressed about the rent, there was something else,—a deeper feeling, impelling her upon a course the very thought of which drove the color from her lips and made her tremble.

"You are wearing red," said the philosophie.

Aurora's hand went nervously to the red ribbon about her neck.

"It is an accident; I had nothing else convenient."

"Miché Agoussou loves red," persisted Palmyre. (Monsieur Agoussou is the demon upon whom the voudous call in matters of love.)

The color that came into Aurora's cheek ought to have suited Monsieur precisely.

"It is an accident," she feebly insisted.

"Well," presently said Palmyre, with a pretense of abandoning her impression, "then you want me to work you a spell for money, do you?"

Aurora nodded, while she still avoided the quadroon's glance.

"I know better," thought the philosophie.

"You shall have the sort you want."

The widow stole an upward glance.

"Oh!" said Palmyre, with the manner of one making a decided digression, "I have been wanting to ask you something. That evening at the pharmacy—was there a tall handsome gentleman standing by the counter?"

"He was standing on the other side."

"Did you see his face?"

"No; his back was turned."

"Momselle Aurore," said Palmyre, dropping her elbows upon her knees and taking the lady's hand as if the better to secure the truth, "was that the gentleman you met at the ball?"

"My faith!" said Aurora, stretching her eyebrows upward. "I did not think to look. Who was it?"

But Palmyre Philosophie was not going to give more than she got, even to her old-time Momselle; she merely straightened back into her chair with an amiable face.

"Who do you think he is?" persisted Aurora, after a pause, smiling downward and toying with her rings.

The quadroon shrugged.

They both sat in reverie for a moment—a long moment for such sprightly natures—and Palmyre's mien took on a professional gravity. She presently pushed the landlord's letter under the lady's hands as they lay clasped in her lap, and a moment after drew Aurora's glance with her large, strong eyes and asked:

"What shall we do?"

The lady immediately looked startled and alarmed and again dropped her eyes in silence. The quadroon had to speak again.

"We will burn a candle."

Aurora trembled.

"No," she succeeded in saying.

"Yes," said Palmyre, "you must get your rent money." But the charm which she

was meditating had no reference to rent money. "She knows that," thought the voudou.

As she rose and called her Congo slave-woman, Aurora made as if to protest further; but utterance failed her. She clenched her hands and prayed to Fate for Clotilde to come and lead her away as she had done at the apothecary's. And well she might.

The articles brought in by the servant were simply a little pound-cake and cordial, a tumbler half filled with the *sirup naturelle* of the sugar-cane, and a small piece of candle of the kind made from the fragrant green wax of the candleberry myrtle. These were set upon the small table, the bit of candle standing, lighted, in the tumbler of sirup, the cake on a plate, the cordial in a wine-glass. This feeble child's play was all; except that as Palmyre closed out all daylight from the room and received the offering of silver that "paid the floor" and averted *guillons* (interferences of outside imps), Aurora,—alas! alas!—went down upon her knees with her gaze fixed upon the candle's flame, and silently called on Assonquer (the imp of good fortune) to cast his snare in her behalf around the mind and heart of—she knew not whom.

By and by her lips, which had moved at first, were still and she only watched the burning wax. When the flame rose clear and long it was a sign that Assonquer was enlisted in the coveted endeavor. When the wick sputtered, the devotee trembled in fear of failure. Its charred end curled down and twisted away from her and her heart sank; but the tall figure of Palmyre for a moment came between, the wick was snuffed, the flame tapered up again and for a long time burned a bright, tremulous cone. Again the wick turned down, but this time toward her,—a propitious omen,—and suddenly fell through the expended wax and went out in the sirup.

The daylight, as Palmyre let it once more into the apartment, showed Aurora sadly agitated. In evidence of the innocence of her fluttering heart, guilt, at least for the moment, lay on it, an appalling burden.

"That is all, Palmyre, is it not? I am sure that is all—it must be all. I cannot stay any longer. I wish I was with Clotilde; I have staid too long."

"Yes; all for the present," replied the quadroon. "Here, here is some charmed basil; hold it between your lips as you walk—"

"But I am going to my landlord's office!"

"Office? Nobody is at his office now; it is too late. You would find that your landlord had gone to dinner. I will tell you, though, where you *must* go. First go home; eat your dinner; and this evening [the Creoles never say afternoon], about a half-hour before sunset, walk down Royale to the lower corner of the Place d'Armes, pass entirely around the square and return up Royale. Never look behind until you get into your house again."

Aurora blushed with shame.

"Alone?" she exclaimed, quite unnerved and tremulous.

"You will seem to be alone; but I will follow behind you when you pass here. Nothing shall hurt you. If you do that, the charm will certainly work; if you do not—"

The quadroon's intentions were good. She was determined to see who it was that could so infatuate her dear little Momselle; and, as on such an evening as the present afternoon promised to merge into, all New Orleans promenaded on the Place d'Armes and the levee, her charm was a very practical one.

"And that will bring the money, will it?" asked Aurora.

"It will bring anything you want."

"Possible?"

"These things that *you* want, Momselle Aurore, are easy to bring. You have no charms working against you. But, oh! I wish to God I could work the *curse* I want to work!" The woman's eyes blazed, her bosom heaved, she lifted her clenched hand above her head and looked upward, crying: "I would give this right hand off at the wrist to catch Agricola Fusilier where I could work him a curse! But I shall; I shall some day be revenged!" She pitched her voice still higher. "I cannot die till I have been! There is nothing that could kill me, I want my revenge so bad!" As suddenly as she had broken out, she hushed, unbarred the door, and with a stern farewell smile saw Aurora turn homeward.

"Give me something to eat, *chéria*," cried the exhausted lady, dropping into Clotilde's chair and trying to die.

"Ah! *maman*, what makes you look so sick?"

Aurora waved her hand contemptuously and gasped.

"Did you see him? What kept you so long—so long?"

"Ask me nothing; I am so enraged with disappointment. He was gone to dinner!"

"Ah! my poor mother!"

"And I must go back as soon as I can take a little *sieste*. I am determined to see him this very day."

"Ah! my poor mother!"

CHAPTER XV.

ROLLED IN THE DUST.

"No, Frowenfeld," said little Doctor Keene, speaking for the after-dinner loungers, "you must take a little human advice. Go, get the air on the Plaza. We will keep shop for you. Stay as long as you like and come home in any condition you think best." And Joseph, tormented into this course, put on his hat and went out.

"Hard to move as a cow in the moonlight," continued Doctor Keene, "and knows just about as much of the world. He wasn't aware, until I told him to-day, that there are two Honoré Grandissimes." [Laughter.]

"Why did you tell him?"

"I didn't give him anything but the bare fact. I want to see how long it will take him to find out the rest."

The Place d'Armes offered amusement to every one else rather than to the immigrant. The family relation, the most noticeable feature of its well-pleased groups, was to him too painful a reminder of his late losses, and, after an honest endeavor to flutter out of the inner twilight of himself into the outer glare of a moving world, he had given up the effort and had passed beyond the square and seated himself upon a rude bench which encircled the trunk of a willow on the levee.

The negress, who, resting near by with a tray of cakes before her, has been for some time contemplating the three-quarter face of her unconscious neighbor, drops her head at last with a small, Ethiopian, feminine laugh. It is a self-confession that, pleasant as the study of his countenance is, to resolve that study into knowledge is beyond her powers; and very pardonably so it is, she being but a *marchande des gâteaux* (an itinerant cake-vender) and he, she concludes, a man of parts. There is a purpose, too, as well as an admission, in the laugh. She would like to engage him in conversation. But he does not notice. Little supposing he is the object of even a cake-merchant's attention, he is lost in idle meditation.

One would guess his age to be as much

as twenty-six. His face is beardless, of course, like almost everybody's around him, and of a German kind of seriousness. A certain diffidence in his look may tend to render him unattractive to careless eyes, the more so since he has a slight appearance of self-neglect. On a second glance, his refinement shows out more distinctly, and one also sees that he is not shabby. The little that seems lacking is woman's care, the brush of attentive fingers here and there, the turning of a fold in the high-collared coat, and a mere touch on the neckerchief and shirt-frill. He has a decidedly good forehead. His blue eyes, while they are both strong and modest, are noticeable, too, as betraying fatigue, and the shade of gravity in them is deepened by a certain worn look of excess—in books; a most unusual look in New Orleans in those days, and pointedly out of keeping with the scene which was absorbing his attention.

You might mistake the time for mid-May. Before the view lies the Place d'Armes in its green-breasted uniform of new spring grass crossed diagonally with white shell walks for facings, and dotted with the *élite* of the city for decorations. Over the line of shade-trees which marks its farther boundary, the white-topped twin turrets of St. Louis Cathedral look across it and beyond the bared site of the removed battery (built by the busy Carondelet to protect Louisiana from herself and Kentucky, and razed by his immediate successors) and out upon the Mississippi, the color of whose surface is beginning to change with the changing sky of this beautiful and now departing day. A breeze, which is almost early June, and which has been hovering over the bosom of the great river and above the turf-covered levee, ceases, as if it sank exhausted under its burden of spring odors, and in the profound calm the cathedral bell strikes the sunset hour. From its neighboring garden, the convent of the Ursulines responds in a tone of devoutness, while from the parapet of the less pious little Fort St. Charles, the evening gun sends a solemn ejaculation rumbling down the "coast"; a drum rolls, the air rises again from the water like a flock of birds, and many in the square and on the levee's crown turn and accept its gentle blowing. Rising over the levee willows, and sinking into the streets,—which are lower than the water,—it flutters among the balconies and in and out of dim Spanish arcades, and finally drifts away toward that part of the sky

where the sun is sinking behind the low, unbroken line of forest. There is such seduction in the evening air, such sweetness of flowers on its every motion, such lack of cold, or heat, or dust, or wet, that the people have no heart to stay in-doors; nor is there any reason why they should. The levee road is dotted with horsemen, and the willow avenue on the levee's crown, the whole short mile between Terre aux Bœufs gate on the right and Tchoupitoulas gate on the left, is bright with promenaders, although the hour is brief and there will be no twilight; for, so far from being May, it is merely that same nineteenth of which we have already spoken,—the nineteenth of Louisiana's delicious February.

Among the throng were many whose names were going to be written large in history. There was Casa Calvo,—Sebastian de Casa Calvo de la Puerta y O'Farril, Marquis of Casa Calvo,—a man then at the fine age of fifty-three, elegant, fascinating, perfect in Spanish courtesy and Spanish diplomacy, rolling by in a showy equipage surrounded by a clanking body-guard of the Catholic king's cavalry. There was young Daniel Clark, already beginning to amass those riches which an age of litigation has not to this day consumed; it was he whom the French colonial prefect, Laussat, in a late letter to France, had extolled as a man whose "talents for intrigue were carried to a rare degree of excellence." There was Laussat himself, in the flower of his years, sour with pride, conscious of great official insignificance and full of petty spites—he yet tarried in a land where his beautiful wife was the "model of taste." There was that convivial old fox, Wilkinson, who had plotted for years with Miro and did not sell himself and his country to Spain because—as we now say—"he found he could do better;" who modestly confessed himself in a traitor's letter to the Spanish king as a man "whose head may err, but whose heart cannot deceive!" and who brought Governor Gayoso to an early death-bed by simply outdrinking him. There also was Edward Livingston, attorney-at-law, inseparably joined to the mention of the famous Batture cases—though that was later. There also was that terror of colonial speculators, the old ex-Intendant Morales, who, having quarreled with every governor of Louisiana he ever saw, was now snarling at Casa Calvo from force of habit.

And the Creoles—the Knickerbockers of Louisiana—but time would fail us. The

Villeres and Destrehaus—patriots and patriots' sons; the De la Chaise family in mourning for young Auguste La Chaise of Kentuckian-Louisianian-San Domingan history; the Livaudaises, *père et fils*, of Haunted House fame, descendants of the first pilot of the Belize; the pirate brothers Lafitte, moving among the best; Marigny de Mandeville, afterward the marquis member of Congress; the Davezacs, the Mossys, the Boulignys, the Labatuts, the Bringiers, the De Trudeaus, the De Macartys, the De la Houssayes, the De Lavilleœuvres, the Grandprés, the Forstalls; and the proselyted Creoles: Etienne de Boré (he was the father of all such as handle the sugar-kettle); old man Pétot, who became mayor; Madame Pontalba and her unsuccessful suitor, John McDonough; the three Girods, the two Gaviers, or the lone Julian Poydras, godfather of orphan girls. Besides these, and among them as shining fractions of the community, the numerous representatives of the not only noble, but noticeable and ubiquitous, family of Grandissime: Grandissimes simple and Grandissimes compound; Brahmins, Mandarins and Fusiliers. One, 'Polyte by name, a light, gay fellow, with classic features, hair turning gray, is standing and conversing with this group here by the mock-cannon inclosure of the grounds. Another, his cousin, Charlie Mandarin, a tall, very slender, bronzed gentleman in a flannel hunting-shirt and buckskin leggings, is walking, in moccasins, with a sweet lady in whose tasteful attire feminine scrutiny, but such only, might detect economy, but whose marked beauty of yesterday is retreating and re-appearing in the flock of children who are noisily running round and round them, nominally in the care of three fat and venerable black nurses. Another, yonder, Théophile Grandissime, is whipping his stockings with his cane, a lithe youngster in the height of the fashion (be it understood the fashion in New Orleans was five years or so behind Paris), with a joyous, noble face, a merry tongue and giddy laugh, and a confession of experiences which these pages, fortunately for their moral tone, need not recount. All these were there and many others.

This throng, shifting like the fragments of colored glass in the kaleidoscope, had its far-away interest to the contemplative Joseph. To them he was of little interest, or none. Of the many passers, scarcely an occasional one greeted him, and such only with an extremely polite and silent dignity which seemed to him like saying something

of this sort: "Most noble alien, give you good-day—stay where you are. Profoundly yours—"

Two men came through the Place d'Armes on conspicuously fine horses. One it is not necessary to describe. The other, a man of perhaps thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, was extremely handsome and well dressed, the martial fashion of the day showing his tall and finely knit figure to much advantage. He sat his horse with an uncommon grace, and, as he rode beside his companion, spoke and gave ear by turns with an easy dignity sufficient of itself to have attracted popular observation. It was the apothecary's unknown friend. Frowenfeld noticed them while they were yet in the middle of the grounds. He could hardly have failed to do so, for some one close beside his bench in undoubted allusion to one of the approaching figures exclaimed:

"Here comes Honoré Grandissime."

Moreover, at that moment there was a slight unwonted stir on the Place d'Armes. It began at the farther corner of the square, hard by the Principal, and spread so quickly through the groups near about, that in a minute the entire company were quietly made aware of something going notably wrong in their immediate presence. There was no running to see it. There seemed to be not so much as any verbal communication of the matter from mouth to mouth. Rather a consciousness appeared to catch noiselessly from one to another as the knowledge of human intrusion comes to groups of deer in a park. There was the same elevating of the head here and there, the same rounding of beautiful eyes. Some stared, others slowly approached, while others turned and moved away; but a common indignation was in the breast of that thing dreadful everywhere, but terrible in Louisiana, the Majority. For there, in the presence of those good citizens, before the eyes of the proudest and fairest mothers and daughters of New Orleans, glaringly, on the open Plaza, the Creole whom Joseph had met by the graves in the field, Honoré Grandissime, the uttermost flower on the topmost branch of the tallest family tree ever transplanted from France to Louisiana, Honoré,—the worshiped, the magnificent,—in the broad light of the sun's going down, rode side by side with the Yankee governor and was not ashamed!

Joseph, on his bench, sat contemplating the two parties to this scandal as they came

toward him. Their horses' flanks were damp from some pleasant gallop, but their present gait was the soft, mettlesome movement of animals who will even submit to walk if their masters insist. As they wheeled out of the broad diagonal path that crossed the square, and turned toward him in the highway, he fancied that the Creole observed him. He was not mistaken. As they seemed about to pass the spot where he sat, M. Grandissime interrupted the governor with a word and turning his horse's head, rode up to the bench, lifting his hat as he came.

"Good-evening, Mr. Frhownfeld."

Joseph, looking brighter than when he sat unaccosted, rose and blushed.

"Mr. Frhownfeld, you know my uncle ve'y well, I believe—Agricole Fusilier—long beard?"

"Oh! yes, sir, certainly."

"Well, Mr. Frhownfeld, I shall be much obliged if you will tell him—that is, should you meet him this evening—that I wish to see him. If you will be so kind?"

"Oh! yes, sir, certainly."

Frowenfeld's diffidence made itself evident in this reiterated phrase.

"I do not know that you will see him, but if you should, you know—"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

The two paused a single instant, exchanging a smile of amiable reminder from the horseman and of bashful but pleased acknowledgment from the one who saw his precepts being reduced to practice.

"Well, good-evening, Mr. Frhownfeld."

M. Grandissime lifted his hat and turned. Frowenfeld sat down.

"*Bou zou, Miché Honoré!*" called the *machande*.

"*Comment to yé, Clemence?*"

The merchant waved his hand as he rode away with his companion.

"*Beau Miché, là,*" said the *machande*, catching Joseph's eye.

He smiled his ignorance and shook his head.

"Dass on fine gen'leman," she repeated.

"*Mo pa'lé Anglé,*" she added, with a chuckle.

"You know him?"

"Oh! yass, sah; Mawse Honoré knows me, yass. All de gen'lemens knows me. I sell de *calas*; mawnin's sell *calas*, evenin's sell *zinzer-cake*. You know me" (a fact which Joseph had all along been aware of).

"Dat me w'at pass in rue Royale ev'y mawnin' holl'in' '*Bé calas tous chauds*,' an' singin'; don't you know?"

The enthusiasm of an artist overcame any timidity she might have been supposed to possess, and, waiving the formality of an invitation, she began, to Frowenfeld's consternation, to sing, in a loud, nasal voice.

But the performance, long familiar, attracted no public attention, and he for whose special delight it was intended had taken an attitude of disclaimer and was again contemplating the quiet groups of the Place d'Armes and the pleasant hurry of the levee road.

"Don't you know?" persisted the woman. "Yass, sah, dass me; I's Clemence."

But Frowenfeld was looking another way.

"You know my boy," suddenly said she.

Frowenfeld looked at her.

"Yass, sah. Dat boy w'at bring you de box of basilic lass Chrisnius; dass my boy."

She straightened her cakes on the tray and made some changes in their arrangement that possibly were important.

"I learned to speak English in Fijinny. Bawn dah."

She looked steadily into the apothecary's absorbed countenance for a full minute, then let her eyes wander down the highway. The human tide was turning cityward. Presently she spoke again.

"Folks comin' home a'ready, yass."

Her hearer looked down the road.

Suddenly a voice that, once heard, was always known,—deep and pompous, as if a lion roared,—sounded so close behind him as to startle him half from his seat.

"Is this a corporeal man, or must I doubt my eyes? Hah! Professor Frowenfeld!" it said.

"Mr. Fusilier!" exclaimed Frowenfeld in a subdued voice, while he blushed again and looked at the new-comer with that sort of awe which children experience in a menagerie.

"Citizen Fusilier," said the lion.

Agricola indulged to excess the grim hypocrisy of brandishing the catch-words and phrases of new-fangled reforms; they served to spice a breath that was strong with the praise of the "superior liberties of Europe,"—to wit, those old, cast-iron tyrannies which America was settled to get rid of.

Frowenfeld smiled amusedly and apologetically at the same moment.

"I am glad to meet you. I——"

He was going on to give Honoré Grandissime's message, but was interrupted.

"My young friend," rumbled the old man in his deepest key, smiling emotionally and holding and solemnly continuing to shake Joseph's hand, "I am sure you are. You ought to thank God that you have my acquaintance."

Frowenfeld colored to the temples.

"I must acknowledge——" he began.

"Ah!" growled the lion, "your beautiful modesty leads you to misconstrue me, sir. You pay my judgment no compliment. I know your worth, sir; I merely meant, sir, that in me—poor, humble me—you have secured a sympathizer in your tastes and plans. Agricola Fusilier, sir, is not a cock on a dunghill, to find a jewel and then scratch it aside."

The smile of diffidence, but not the flush, passed from the young man's face, and he sat down forcibly.

"You jest," he said.

The reply was a majestic growl.

"I never jest!" The speaker half sat down, then straightened up again. "Ah, the Marquis of Casa Calvo!—I must bow to him, though an honest man's bow is more than he deserves."

"More than he deserves?" was Frowenfeld's query.

"More than he deserves!" was the response.

"What has he done? I have never heard——"

The denunciator turned upon Frowenfeld his most royal frown, and retorted with a question which still grows wild in Louisiana:

"What"—he seemed to shake his mane—"what has he *not* done, sir?" and then he withdrew his frown slowly, as if to add, "You'll be careful next time how you cast doubt upon a public official's guilt."

The marquis's cavalcade came briskly jingling by. Frowenfeld saw within the carriage two men, one in citizen's dress, the other in a brilliant uniform. The latter leaned forward, and, with a cordiality which struck the young spectator as delightful, bowed. The immigrant glanced at Citizen Fusilier, expecting to see the greeting returned with great haughtiness; instead of which that person uncovered his leonine head, and, with a solemn sweep of his cocked hat, bowed half his length. Nay, he more than bowed, he bowed down—so that the action hurt Frowenfeld from head to foot.

"What large gentleman was that sitting on the other side?" asked the young man,

as his companion sat down with the air of having finished an oration.

"No gentleman at all!" thundered the citizen. "That fellow" (beetling frown) "that *fellow* is Edward Livingston."

"The great lawyer?"

"The great villain!"

Frowenfeld himself frowned.

The old man laid a hand upon his junior's shoulder and growled benignantly:

"My young friend, your displeasure delights me!"

The patience with which Frowenfeld was bearing all this forced a chuckle and shake of the head from the *marchande*.

Citizen Fusilier went on speaking in a manner that might be construed either as address or soliloquy, gesticulating much and occasionally letting out a fervent word that made passers look around and Joseph inwardly wince. With eyes closed and hands folded on the top of the knotted staff which he carried but never used, he delivered an apostrophe to the "spotless soul of youth," enticed by the "spirit of adventure" to "launch away upon the unplowed sea of the future!" He lifted one hand and smote the back of the other solemnly, once, twice, and again, nodding his head faintly several times without opening his eyes, as who should say, "Very impressive; go on," and so resumed; spoke of this spotless soul of youth searching under unknown latitudes for the "sunken treasures of experience"; indulged, as the reporters of our day would say, in "many beautiful flights of rhetoric," and finally depicted the loathing with which the spotless soul of youth "recoils!"—suiting the action to the word so emphatically as to make a pretty little boy who stood gaping at him start back—"on encountering in the holy chambers of public office the vultures hatched in the nests of ambition and avarice!"

Three or four persons lingered carelessly near by with ears wide open. Frowenfeld felt that he must bring this to an end, and, like any young person who has learned neither deceit nor disrespect to seniors, he attempted to reason it down.

"You do not think many of our public men are dishonest!"

"Sir!" replied the rhetorician, with a patronizing smile, "h-you must be thinking of France!"

"No, sir; of Louisiana."

"Louisiana! Dishonest? All, sir, all. They are all as corrupt as Olympus, sir!"

"Well," said Frowenfeld, with more feel-

ing than was called for, "there is one who, I feel sure, is pure. I know it by his face!"

The old man gave a look of stern interrogation.

"Governor Claiborne."

"Ye-e-e g-hods! Claiborne! *Claiborne!* Why, he is a Yankee!"

The lion glowered over the lamb like a thunder-cloud.

"He is a Virginian," said Frowenfeld.

"He is an American, and no American can be honest!"

"You are prejudiced," exclaimed the young man.

Citizen Fusilier made himself larger.

"What is prejudice? I do not know."

"I am an American myself," said Frowenfeld, rising up with his face burning.

The citizen rose up also, but unruffled.

"My beloved young friend," laying his hand heavily upon the other's shoulder, "you are not. You were merely born in America."

But Frowenfeld was not appeased.

"Hear me through," persisted the flatterer. "You were merely born in America. I, too, was born in America; but will any man responsible for his opinion mistake me—Agricola Fusilier—for an American?"

He clutched his cane in the middle and glared around, but no person seemed to be making the mistake to which he so scornfully alluded, and he was about to speak again when an outcry of alarm coming simultaneously from Joseph and the *marchande* directed his attention to a lady in danger.

The scene, as afterward recalled to the mind of the un-American citizen, included the figures of his nephew and the new governor returning up the road at a canter; but, at the time, he knew only that a lady of unmistakable gentility, her back toward him, had just gathered her robes and started to cross the road, when there was a general cry of warning, and the *marchande* cried "*garde choul!*" while the lady leaped directly into the danger and his nephew's horse knocked her to the earth!

Though there was a rush to the rescue from every direction, she was on her feet before any one could reach her, her lips compressed, nostrils dilated, cheek burning, and eyes flashing a lady's wrath upon a dismounted horseman. It was the governor. As the crowd had rushed in, the startled horses, from whom the two riders had instantly leaped, drew violently back, jerking their masters with them and leav-

ing only the governor in range of the lady's angry eye.

"Mademoiselle!" he cried, striving to reach her.

She pointed him in gasping indignation to his empty saddle, and, as the crowd farther separated them, waved away all permission to apologize and turned her back.

"Hah!" cried the crowd, echoing her humor.

"Lady," interposed the governor, "do not drive us to the rudeness of leaving—"

"Animal, vous!" cried half a dozen, and the lady gave him such a look of scorn that he did not finish his sentence.

"Open the way, there," called a voice in French.

It was Honoré Grandissime. But just then he saw that the lady had found the best of protectors, and the two horsemen, having no choice, remounted and rode away. As they did so, M. Grandissime called something hurriedly to Frowenfeld, on whose arm the lady hung, concerning the care of her; but his words were lost in the short yell of derision sent after them by the crowd.

Old Agricola, meanwhile, was having a trouble of his own. He had followed Joseph's wake as he pushed through the throng; but as the lady turned her face he wheeled abruptly away. This brought again in view the bench he had just left, whereupon he, in turn, cried out, and, dashing through all obstructions, rushed back to it, lifting his ugly staff as he went and flourishing it in the face of Palmyre Philosophie.

She stood beside the seat with the smile of one foiled and intensely conscious of peril, but neither frightened nor suppliant, holding back with her eyes the execution of Agricola's threat against her life.

Presently she drew a soft step backward, then another, then a third, and then turned and moved away down the avenue of willows, followed for a few steps by the lion and by the laughing comment of the *marchante*, who stood looking after them with her tray balanced on her head.

"Ya, ya! ye connais voudou bien!" *

The old man turned to rejoin his companion. The day was rapidly giving place to night and the people were withdrawing to their homes. He crossed the levee, passed through the Place d'Armes and on into the city without meeting the object of his search. For Joseph and the lady had hurried off together.

* "They're up in the voudou arts."

As the populace floated away in knots of three, four and five, those who had witnessed mademoiselle's (?) mishap told it to those who had not; explaining that it was the accursed Yankee governor who had designedly driven his horse at his utmost speed against the fair victim (some of them butted against their hearers by way of illustration); that the fiend had then maliciously laughed; that this was all the Yankees came to New Orleans for, and that there was an understanding among them—"Understanding, indeed!" exclaimed one, "They have instructions from the President!"—that unprotected ladies should be run down wherever overtaken. If you didn't believe it you could ask the tyrant, Claiborne, himself; he made no secret of it. One or two—but they were considered by others extravagant—testified that, as the lady fell, they had seen his face distorted with a horrid delight, and had heard him cry: "Daz de way to knog 'em!"

"But how came a lady to be out on the levee, at sunset, on foot and alone?" asked a citizen, and another replied—both using the French of the late province:

"As for being on foot"—a shrug. "But she was not alone; she had a *milatraise* behind her."

"Ah! so; that was well."

"But—ha, ha!—the *milatraise*, seeing her mistress out of danger, takes the opportunity to try to bring the curse upon Agricola Fusilier by sitting down where he had just risen up, and had to get away from him as quickly as possible to save her own skull."

"And left the lady?"

"Yes; and who took her to her home at last, but Frowenfeld, the apothecary!"

"Ho, ho! the astrologer! We ought to hang that fellow."

"With his books tied to his feet," suggested a third citizen. "It is no more than we owe to the community to go and smash his show-window. He had better behave himself. Come, gentlemen, a little tafia will do us good. When shall we ever get through these exciting times?"

CHAPTER XVI.

STARLIGHT IN THE RUE CHARTRES.

"Oh! M'sieur Frowenfel', tague me ad home!"

It was Aurora, who caught the apothecary's arm vehemently in both her hands

with a look of beautiful terror. And whatever Joseph's astronomy might have previously taught him to the contrary, he knew by his senses that the earth thereupon turned entirely over three times in two seconds.

His confused response, though unintelligible, answered all purposes, as the lady found herself the next moment hurrying across the Place d'Armes close to his side, and as they by-and-by passed its farther limits she began to be conscious that she was clinging to her protector as though she would climb up and hide under his elbow. As they turned up the rue Chartres she broke the silence.

"Oh!—h!"—breathlessly,—“h!—M'sieur Frowenfel’—you walkin' so faz!"

“Oh!” echoed Frowenfeld, “I did not know what I was doing."

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed the lady, “me, too, juz de sem lag you! *attendez*; wait."

They halted; a moment's deft manipulation of a veil turned it into a wrapping for her neck.

“Sieur Frowenfel', oo dad man was? You know 'im?"

She returned her hand to Frowenfeld's arm and they moved on.

“The one who spoke to you, or—you know the one who got near enough to apologize is not the one whose horse struck you!"

“I din know. Bud oo dad odder one? I saw h-only 'is back, bud I thing it is de sem —."

She identified it with the back that was turned to her during her last visit to Frowenfeld's shop; but finding herself about to mention a matter so nearly connected with the purse of gold, she checked herself; but Frowenfeld, eager to say a good word for his acquaintance, ventured to extol his character while he concealed his name.

“While I have never been introduced to him, I have some acquaintance with him, and esteem him a noble gentleman."

“W'ere you meet him?"

“I met him first," he said, “at the graves of my parents and sisters."

There was a kind of hush after the mention, and the lady made no reply.

“It was some weeks after my loss," resumed Frowenfeld.

“In wad *cimetière* dad was?"

“In no cemetery—being Protestants, you know —."

“Ah, yes, sir!" with a gentle sigh.

“The physician who attended me pro-

cured permission to bury them on some private land below the city.”

“Not in de groun'?"*

“Yes; that was my father's expressed wish when he died."

“You 'ad de fivver? Oo nurse you w'en you was sick?"

“An old hired negress."

“Dad was all?"

“Yes."

“Hm-m-m!" she said, piteously, and laughed in her sleeve.

Who could hope to catch and reproduce the continuous lively thrill which traversed the frame of the escaped book-worm as every moment there was repeated to his consciousness the knowledge that he was walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm—at least, that he was, at her instigation, killing time along the dim, ill-lighted *trottoirs* of the rue Chartres, with Aurora listening sympathetically at his side. But let it go; also the sweet broken English with which she now and then interrupted him; also the inward, hidden sparkle of her dancing Gallic blood; her low, merry laugh; the roguish mental reservations that lurked behind her graver speeches; the droll bravados she uttered against the powers that be, as with timid fingers he brushed from her shoulder a little remaining dust of the late encounter;—these things, we say, we let go,—as we let butterflies go rather than pin them to paper.

They had turned into the rue Bienville, and were walking toward the river, Frowenfeld in the midst of a long sentence, when a low cry of tearful delight sounded in front of them, some one in long robes glided forward, and he found his arm relieved of its burden and that burden transferred to the bosom and passionate embrace of another—we had almost said a fairer—Creole. amid a bewildering interchange of kisses and a pelting shower of Creole French.

A moment after, Frowenfeld found himself introduced to “my dotter, Clotilde,” who all at once ceased her demonstrations of affection and bowed to him with a majestic sweetness, that seemed one instant grateful and the next, distant.

“I can hardly understand that you are not sisters," said Frowenfeld, a little awkwardly.

“Ah! *ecoutez*!" exclaimed the younger.

“Ah! *par exemple*!" cried the elder, and

* Only Jews and paupers are buried in the ground in New Orleans.

they laughed down each other's throats, while the immigrant blushed.

This encounter was presently followed by a silent surprise when they stopped and turned before the door of No. 19, and Frowenfeld contrasted the women with their painfully humble dwelling. But therein is where your true Creole was, and still continues to be, properly, yea, delightfully un-American; the outside of his house may be as rough as the outside of a bird's nest; it is the inside that is for the birds; and the front room of this house, when the daughter presently threw open the batten shutters of its single street door, looked as bright and happy, with its candelabras glittering on the mantle, and its curtains of snowy lace, as its bright-eyed tenants.

"Sieur Frowenfel', if you pliz to come in," said Aurora, and the timid apothecary would have bravely accepted the invitation, but for a quick look which he saw the daughter give the mother; whereupon he asked, instead, permission to call at some future day, and received the cordial leave of Aurora and another bow from Clotilde.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT NIGHT.

DO WE not fail to accord to our nights their true value? We are ever giving to our days the credit and blame of all we do and mis-do, forgetting those silent, glimmering hours when plans—and sometimes plots—are laid; when resolutions are formed or changed; when heaven, and sometimes heaven's enemies, are invoked; when anger and evil thoughts are recalled, and sometimes hate made to inflame and fester; when problems are solved, riddles guessed, and things made apparent in the dark, which day refused to reveal. Our nights are the keys to our days. They explain them. They are also the days' correctors. Night's leisure untangles the mistakes of day's haste. We should not attempt to comprise our pasts in the phrase, "in those days"; we should rather say "in those days and nights."

That night was a long-remembered one to the apothecary of the rue Royale. But it was after he had closed his shop, and in his back room sat pondering the unusual experiences of the evening, that it began to be, in a higher degree, a night of events to most of those persons who had a part in its earlier incidents.

That Honoré Grandissime whom Frowenfeld had only this day learned to know as the Honoré Grandissime and the young governor-general were closeted together.

"What can you expect, my-de-seh?" the Creole was asking, as they confronted each other in the smoke of their choice tobacco. "Rhememba, they ah citizens by compulsion. You say yo' best and wisest law is that one prohibiting the slave-trade; my-de-seh, I assu'e you, privately, I agrhee with you; but they abhaw yo' law!

"Yo' prhincipal dangeh—at least, I mean difficulty—is this: that the Louisianais themselves, some in pu'e lawlessness, some through loss of office, some in a vague hope of prheserhving the old condition of things, will not only hold off frhom all pa'ticipation in yo' gove'nment, but will make all sympathy with it, all advocacy of its prhinciples, and especially all office-holding under-h it, odious—disreputable—infamous. You may find yo'self constrained to fill yo' offices with men who can face down the contumely of a whole people. You know what such men generhally ah. One out of a hundrhed may be a morhal he-rho—the ninety-nine will be scamps; and the morhal he-rho will most likely get his brhains blown out ea'ly in the day.

"Count O'Reilly, when he established the Spanish powah heah thirty-five yea's ago, cut a simila' knot with the executiona's swode; but, my-de-seh, you ah heah to establish a *frhee-ee* gove'nment; and how can you make it *frhee-a* than the people wish it? There-h is yo' rhiddle! They hold off and say, 'Make yo' gove'nment as *frhee* as you can, but do not ask us to help you'; and befo' you know it you have no rhetaine's but a gang of shameless mehcenaries, who will deshet you wheneva the indignation of this people ovabances their-h indolence; and you will fall the victim of what you may call *ow* mutinous patriotism."

The governor made a very quiet, unapreciative remark about a "patriotism that lets its government get choked up with corruption and then blows it out with gunpowder!"

The Creole shrugged.

"And rhepeats the operation indefinitely," he said.

The governor said something often heard, before and since, to the effect that communities will not sacrifice themselves for mere ideas.

"My-de-seh," replied the Creole, "you speak like a trhue Anglo-Saxon; but, seh!

how many, many communities have committed suicide. And this one?—why, it is just the kind to do it!"

"Well," said the governor, smilingly, "you have pointed out what you consider to be the breakers, now can you point out the channel?"

"Channel? There-h is none! And you, nor-h I, cannot dig one. Two grheat fo'ces may ultimately do it, Religion and Education—as I was telling you I said to my young frieind, the apothecary,—but still I am frhee to say what would be my first and prhincipal step, if I was in yo' place—as I thank God I am not."

The listener asked him what that was.

"Wherehever-h I could find a Creole that I could ventu'e to trhust, my-de-seh, I would put him in office. Neva mind a little political heterodoxy, you know; almost any man can be trhusted to shoot away frhom the unifo'm he has on. And then——"

"But," said the other, "I have offered you——"

"Oh!" replied the Creole, like a true merchant, "me, I am too busy; it is impossible! But, I say, I would compel, my-de-seh, this people to govern themselves!"

"And pray, how would you give a people a free government and then compel them to administer it?"

"My-de-seh, you should not give one poo' Crheole the puzzle which belongs to yo' whole Congrhess; but you may depend on this, that the worst thing for-h all pahies—and I say it only because it is worst for-h all—would be a feeble and dilatory punishment of bad faith."

When this interview finally drew to a close the governor had made a memorandum of some fifteen or twenty Grandissimes, scattered through different cantons of Louisiana, who, their kinsman Honré thought, would not decline appointments.

Certain of the Muses were abroad that night. Faintly audible to the apothecary of the rue Royale through that deserted stillness which is yet the marked peculiarity of New Orleans streets by night, came from a neighboring slave-yard the monotonous chant and machine-like tune-beat of an African dance. There our lately met *marchande* (albeit she was but a guest, fortified against the street-watch with her master's written "pass") led the ancient Calinda dance and that well-known song of derision, in whose ever-multiplying stanzas

the helpless satire of a feeble race still continues to celebrate the personal failings of each newly prominent figure among the dominant caste. There was a new distich to the song to-night, signifying that the pride of the Grandissimes must find his friends now among the Yankees:

"Miché Hon'ré, allé! h-allé!
Trové to zamis parmi les Yankis.
Dancé calinda, bou-joum! bou-joum!
Dance calinda, bou-joum! bou-joum!"

Frowenfeld, as we have already said, had closed his shop, and was sitting in the room behind it with one arm on his table and the other on his celestial globe, watching the flicker of his small fire and musing upon the unusual experiences of the evening. Upon every side there seemed to start away from his turning glance the multiplied shadows of something wrong. The melancholy face of that Honré Grandissime, his landlord, at whose mention Dr. Keene had thought it fair to laugh without explaining; the tall, bright-eyed *milatraise*; old Agricola; the lady of the basil; the newly-identified merchant friend, now the more satisfactory Honré—they all came before him in his meditation, provoking among themselves a certain discord, faint but persistent, to which he strove to close his ear. For he was brain-weary. Even in the bright recollection of the lady and her talk he became involved among shadows, and going from bad to worse, seemed at length almost to gasp in an atmosphere of hints, allusions, faint unspoken admissions, ill-concealed antipathies, unfinished speeches, mistaken identities and whisperings of hidden strife. The cathedral clock struck twelve and was answered again from the convent tower; and as the notes died away he suddenly became aware that the weird, drowsy throb of the African song and dance had been swinging drowsily in his brain for an unknown lapse of time.

The apothecary nodded once or twice, and thereupon rose up and prepared for bed, thinking to sleep till morning.

Aurora and her daughter had long ago put out their chamber light. Early in the evening the younger had made favorable mention of retiring, to which the elder replied by asking to be left awhile to her own thoughts. Clotilde, after some tender protestations, consented, and passed through the open door that showed, beyond it, their couch. The air had grown just cool and

humid enough to make the warmth of one small brand on the hearth acceptable, and before this the fair widow settled herself to gaze beyond her tiny, slippers feet into its wavering flame, and think. Her thoughts were such as to bestow upon her face that enhancement of beauty that comes of pleasant reverie, and to make it certain that that little city afforded no fairer sight,—unless, indeed, it was the figure of Clotilde just beyond the open door, as in her white night-dress enriched with the work of a diligent needle, she knelt upon the low *prie-Dieu* before the little family altar, and committed her pure soul to the Divine keeping.

Clotilde could not have been many minutes asleep when Aurora changed her mind and decided to follow. The shade upon her face had deepened for a moment into a look of trouble; but a bright philosophy, which was part of her paternal birthright, quickly chased it away, and she passed to her room, disrobed, lay softly down beside the beauty already there and smiled herself to sleep,—

“Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.”

But she also wakened again, and lay beside her unconscious bed-mate, occupied with the company of her own thoughts. “Why should these little concealments ruffle my bosom? Does not even Nature herself practice wiles? Look at the innocent birds; do they build where everybody can count their eggs? And shall a poor human creature try to be better than a bird? Didn’t I say my prayers under the blanket just now?”

Her companion stirred in her sleep, and she rose upon one elbow to bend upon the sleeper a gaze of ardent admiration. “Ah, beautiful little chick! how guileless! indeed, how deficient in that respect!” She sat up in the bed and hearkened; the bell struck for midnight. Was that the hour? The fates were smiling! Surely M. Assonquer himself must have waked her to so choice an opportunity. She ought not to despise it. Now, by the application of another and easily wrought charm, that dark first hour of the morning would have, as it were, its colors set.

The night had grown much cooler. Stealthily, by degrees, she rose and left the couch. The openings of the room were a window and two doors, and these, with much caution, she contrived to open without noise. None of them exposed her to

the possibility of public view. One door looked into the dim front room; the window let in only a flood of moonlight over the top of a high house, which was without openings on that side; the other door revealed a weed-grown back yard and that invaluable protector, the cook’s hound, lying fast asleep.

In her night-clothes as she was, she stood a moment in the center of the chamber, then sank upon one knee, rapped the floor gently but audibly thrice, rose, drew a step backward, sank upon the other knee, rapped thrice, rose again, stepped backward, knelt the third time, the third time rapped, and then, rising, murmured a vow to pour upon the ground next day an oblation of champagne—then closed the doors and window and crept back to bed. Then she knew how cold she had become. It seemed as though her very marrow was frozen. She was seized with such an uncontrollable shivering that Clotilde presently opened her eyes, threw her arm about her mother’s neck, and said:

“Ah! my sweet mother, are yo’ so cold?”

“The blanket was all off of me,” said the mother, returning the embrace, and the two sank into unconsciousness together.

Into slumber sank almost at the same moment Joseph Frowenfeld. He awoke, not a great while later, to find himself standing in the middle of the floor. Three or four men had shouted at once, and three pistol-shots, almost in one instant, had resounded just outside his shop. He had barely time to throw himself into half his garments when the knocker sounded on his street-door, and when he opened it Agricola Fusilier entered, supported by his nephew Honoré on one side and Doctor Keene on the other. The latter’s right hand was pressed hard against a bloody place in Agricola’s side.

“Give us plenty of light, Frowenfeld,” said the doctor, “and a chair and some lint, and some Castile soap, and some towels and sticking-plaster, and anything else you can think of. Agricola’s about scared to death — ”

“Professor Frowenfeld,” groaned the aged citizen, “I am basely and mortally stabbed!”

“Right on, Frowenfeld,” continued the doctor, “right on into the back room. Fasten that front door. Here, Agricola, sit down here. That’s right, Frow, stir up

a little fire. Give me—never mind, I'll just cut the cloth open."

There was a moment of silent suspense while the wound was being reached, and then the doctor spoke again.

"Just as I thought; only a safe and comfortable gash that will keep you in-doors a while with your arm in a sling. You are more scared than hurt, I think, old gentleman."

"You think an infernal falsehood, sir!"

"See here, sir," said the doctor, without ceasing to ply his dexterous hands in his art, "I'll jab these scissors into your back if you say that again."

"I suppose," growled the "citizen," "it is just the thing your professional researches have qualified you for, sir!"

"Just stand here, Mr. Frowenfeld," said the little doctor, settling down to a professional tone, "and hand me things as I ask for them. Honoré, please hold this arm; so." And so, after a moderate lapse of time, the treatment that medical science of those days dictated was applied—whatever that was. Let those who do not know give thanks.

M. Grandissime explained to Frowenfeld what had occurred.

"You see, I succeeded in meeting my uncle, and we went together to my office. My uncle keeps his accounts with me. Sometimes we look them over. We staid until midnight; I dismissed my carriage. As we walked homewards we met some friends coming out of the rooms of the Bagatelle Club; five or six of my uncles and cousins, and also Docta Keene. We all fell a-talking of my grhandfatha's *fête de grhandpère* of next month, and went to have some coffee. When we separated, and my uncle and my cousin Achille Grhandissime, and Docta Keene and myself came down Rhoyal street, out from that dark alley behind yo' shop jumped a little man and stuck my uncle with a knife. If I had not caught his arm he would have killed my uncle."

"And he escaped," said the apothecary.

"No, sir!" said Agricola, with his back turned.

"I think he did. I do not think he was struck."

"And Mr. ——, your cousin?"

"Achille? I have sent him for a carriage."

"Why, Agricola," said the doctor, snipping the loose ravelings from his patient's bandages, "an old man like you should not have enemies."

"I am *not* an old man, sir!"

"I said *young* man."

"I am not a *young* man, sir!"

"I wonder who the fellow was," continued Doctor Keene, as he re-adjusted the ripped sleeve.

"That is *my* affair, sir; I know who it was."

And yet she insists," M. Grandissime was asking Frowenfeld, standing with his leg thrown across the celestial globe, "that I knocked her down intentionally?"

Frowenfeld, about to answer, was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"That is my cousin, with the carriage," said M. Grandissime, following the apothecary into the shop.

Frowenfeld opened to a young man,—a rather poor specimen of the Grandissime type, deficient in stature but not in stage manner.

"*Est il mort?*" he cried at the threshold.

"Mr. Frowenfeld, let me make you acquainted with my cousin, Achille Grhandissime."

Mr. Achille Grandissime gave Frowenfeld such a bow as we see now only in pictures.

"Ve'y 'appe to meek yo' acquaintenz!"

Agricola entered, followed by the doctor, and demanded in indignant thunder-tones, as he entered:

"Who—ordered—that—carriage?"

"I did," said Honoré. "Will you please get it into at once?"

"Ah! dear Honoré!" exclaimed the old man, "always too kind! I go in it purely to please you."

Good-night was exchanged; Honoré entered the vehicle and Agricola was helped in. Achille touched his hat, bowed and waved his hand to Joseph, and shook hands with the doctor, and saying, "Well, good-night, Doctor Keene," he shut himself out of the shop with another low bow. "Think I am going to shake hands with an apothecary?" thought M. Achille.

Doctor Keene had refused Honoré's invitation to go with them.

"Frowenfeld," he said, as he stood in the middle of the shop wiping a ring with a towel and looking at his delicate, freckled hand, "I propose, before going to bed with you, to eat some of your bread and cheese. Aren't you glad?"

"I shall be, Doctor," replied the apothecary.

cary, "if you will tell me what all this means."

"Indeed I will not,—that is, not to-night. What? Why, it would take until breakfast to tell what 'all this means,'—the story of that pestiferous darky, Bras-Coupé, with the rest? Oh, no, sir. I would sooner not have any bread and cheese. What on earth has waked your curiosity so suddenly, anyhow?"

"Have you any idea who stabbed Citizen Fusilier?" was Joseph's response.

"Why, at first I thought it was the other Honoré Grandissime; but when I saw how small the fellow was, I was at a loss, completely. But, whoever it is, he has my bullet in him, whatever Honoré may think."

"Will Mr. Fusilier's wound give him much trouble?" asked Joseph, as they sat down to a luncheon at the fire.

"Hardly; he has too much of the blood of Lufki-Humma in him. But I need not say that; for the Grandissime blood is just as strong. A wonderful family, those Grandissimes! They are an old, illustrious line,

and the strength that was once in the intellect and will is going down into the muscles. I have an idea that their greatness began, hundreds of years ago, in ponderosity of arm,—of frame, say,—and developed, from generation to generation, in a rising scale, first into fineness of sinew, then, we will say, into force of will, then into power of mind, then into subtleties of genius. Now they are going back down the incline. Look at Honoré; he is high up on the scale, intellectual and sagacious. But look at him physically, too. What an exquisite mold! What compact strength! I should not wonder if he gets that from the Indian Queen. What endurance he has! He will probably go to his business by and by and not see his bed for seventeen or eighteen hours. He is the flower of the family, and possibly the last one. Now, old Agricola shows the downward grade better. Seventy-five, if he is a day, with, maybe, one-fourth the attainments he pretends to have, and still less good sense; but strong—as an orang-outang. Shall we go to bed?"

(To be continued.)

THE ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA.

ALTHOUGH the term "Acadian" is strictly appropriate only to the descendants of the Canadians and exiles from Acadie, who were among the early permanent settlers of Louisiana, it may frequently be heard applied to all the humbler classes of French origin throughout the state. Among themselves they are "*Créole Français*"; and Acadian—or rather its corruption "*Cajun*," as they pronounce it—is regarded as implying contempt. Indeed, the educated classes habitually designate those whom they regard as their social inferiors by the objectionable epithet. With the lower orders it is bandied from one to another in the same spirit; and none are so humble as not to feel the implied insult. If the situation is favorable, a fist fight is the result, the contest being spiced with such volleys of oaths as, were they translatable, would excite the envy of the most accomplished blasphemer of a western mining town.

These peculiar people are often spoken of as "passing away." This may be true of certain localities. On the Missis-

sippi River, for instance, where they once owned large and valuable tracts of land, they have mostly yielded before the more enterprising, energetic American, the uneducated class moving to the interior, and, as it were, finding their level among their own kind, while the more intelligent that remain are rapidly becoming Americanized—losing their distinctive characteristics through English education, social intercourse, and intermarriages with their American compatriots. But go back from the Mississippi and other navigable streams and from the various towns of importance, to the smaller bayous, where steamboats never come; to the extensive prairies where the whistle of the engine has not yet been heard, and you find genuine Acadians everywhere, unchanged, too, in character and mode of living from what they were fifty—perhaps one hundred—years ago. In fact, the first vital element of change, in the direction of progress,—education,—is lacking. In many of their settlements there are no schools whatever. Now and then a child of the more

prosperous class is sent off for a few months or, perhaps, for a year, to a Roman Catholic school. He who reads without very much halting and can write, or make others believe he can, is considered well-educated, and, with the requisite amount of shrewdness, may become an oracle in politics, and especially in business affairs, the calculations of which are "carried in the head," after the early manner of Daniel Drew.

The language here is French, corrupted more or less into a patois. This is particularly the case in settlements remote from the public highways of commerce. Take, for instance, Prairie Gros Chevreuil on the upper Têche,—that is the unnavigable portion of Bayou Têche near its source. A ride of some fifteen miles from the old town of Opelousas brings you to the farms extending along the banks of that quiet stream and stretching back from it over "the prairies of fair Opelousas." Embowered in groves of china trees you will find comfortable homes, which are always built in the same plain cottage style, weather-boarded without and plastered within, and with the inevitable *galerie* or porch in front. They vary in nothing but size. Here there are no deserted farms, no land thrown out for lack of labor, as in many parts of the South since the late war. Here, secluded from the great, busy world, not separated by natural barriers of mountains or seas, but held aloof by their own inertness, the French tongue has with most of the inhabitants degenerated into a dialect that a Parisian would be puzzled to understand. In their own opinion, however, they speak the genuine French. Why should they not, indeed? Are they not French? To be sure, they live in the Union, but as for being Americans—*parbleu!* that is quite another thing. And no one seeing them in their own homes will feel disposed to contradict them. Of Americans, as a class, they have not the highest opinion. Southerners as well as Northerners are "Yankees," unless regarded with exceptional favor. If one of their own people is shrewd or tricky in business transactions, he is unceremoniously designated a "Yankee."

Not being a migratory people, their sections are densely settled; what may originally have been a large plantation is often divided and subdivided among children and grandchildren during the life of its first proprietor until further partition is impracticable. Parents willingly sacrifice their own comfort to keep their children near them; and

the parental affection that prompts this sacrifice is filially reciprocated. The children mature and marry early, settling down on their *terrain* contentedly, be it small or otherwise, with no expectation or desire of ever leaving it, and the only subsequent improvements likely to be made are the addition of shed rooms to accommodate the rapidly increasing progeny. A girl of twelve years may take upon herself the responsibilities of wedded life with a helpmate but little older, and following the usages of their elders, these two will address and speak of each other as "*mon vieux*," "*ma vieille*" ("old man," "old woman") with a naïveté that is truly refreshing. Grand-parents who have not reached the age of thirty are not infrequent among these people.

Without overtasking themselves,—the Acadian who overworks is indeed a *rara avis*,—the most thrifty keep their places in good order, raising small crops of corn, cotton, tobacco, peas and potatoes; and highland rice, also, if the soil is favorable. Creole ponies, horned cattle and hogs, swell their possessions, and contribute to their social dignity. Add to these the *calèche* in which the family rides, and the summit of worldly grandeur is attained. By the by, the *calèche* is very unique, and merits more than a passing notice. This vehicle is of domestic manufacture; it is two wheeled, hoodless, and springless; the body is of wood, rudely fashioned after the pattern of the old-time gig, and the seats are apparently intended for two persons, but on emergency they develop a capacity for accommodating a dozen. Whether the occupants shrink to suit its dimensions, or it expands to accommodate theirs, tradition saith not. Imagine Materfamilias, crowned with an enormous sunbonnet, in the center of the seat, with children crowded in at each side, more children at her back, still more between the seat and the low dashboard, and with the baby on her lap, guarded by maternal arms which are at the same time extended to hold the reins! "*Allons!*!" The reins are lustily flapped at regular intervals, and the respectable, sedate family horse, in no wise hurried thereby, moves on in a regular jog-trot; at each forward movement the shafts fly far up above his withers, and all the clustered heads in the *calèche* are simultaneously thrown back to be jerked as suddenly forward when the shafts fall into position. Above all, the big sunbonnet flops up and down like the limp wings of some huge bird; ludicrous as it may seem, the unaccustomed spectator is

seized with the fancy that those devoted heads must eventually yield to the oft-repeated jerks and come tumbling to the ground. This primitive vehicle is not the only article of domestic make. Baskets,

stuffed with bandanna handkerchiefs, material for "Sunday shirts," calico and cheap muslins or delaines for Sunday dresses, the "Cajun" creates an immense sensation in the family and neighborhood on his return



ACADIAN GIRL.

buckets, brooms, split-bottomed and raw-hide seated chairs, besides neat, substantial specimens of cabinet ware, are common articles of manufacture. Fine, durable halters and bridle-reins are twisted of horse-hair, and tobacco is put up *en perique*. This last is the leaf tobacco rolled up in the form of a cigar, but solid and large, the average weight being three pounds. With some of the wife's choicest cottonade, it is taken by the head of the family to town, for sale or barter. These articles, being of superior quality, are easily disposed of at remunerative prices. His saddle-bags being

home. Whatever else may be needed for clothing is usually of home manufacture. The housewife usually makes palmetto hats, and spins, knits, dyes thread and weaves cloth for household use and personal wear. Domestic needs being thus to a great extent supplied among themselves, debt and its consequent embarrassments are almost unknown.

The lives of these people, from generation to generation, are a mere repetition of the same round of simple pleasures and easy work. Their want of ambition—their indifference to the higher social and political

distinctions—are often commended by those who know but little of them and like to point a moral. But the "Cajun" has his ambitions, though on so insignificant a scale as to appear almost ludicrous to those accustomed to greater things. In his little world, the lofty honors of a coroner or justice of the peace are as eagerly sought and as highly estimated, as are the most prominent political positions in other quarters. Elections are attended with great excitement. Primed with their favorite tafia, or cheap whisky which they call "rote gote,"—rot-gut,—the voters are noisy and turbulent. Free fights are the order of the day; but, to their credit be it said, no weapons are used except such as are furnished by nature. To give his foe a black eye, or to make him cry "*Assez!*" is sufficient glory for the Acadian. Clannish in the extreme, the mutual relationship of candidate and voter generally outweighs personal merit and party principle; and, being almost interminably interlinked by marriages, there are few eligible aspirants who cannot claim a large number of voters on that score. Still, though blood may be thicker than water, it yields to whisky. The candidate who treats most liberally, both at home and at the *boutique*, may safely count on being elected.

The *boutique*, where these political ebullitions usually occur, is the only permanent place of resort for the transaction of public business and for public amusement. It is the rendezvous of a crowd that never entirely disperses until late in the night. There the men congregate seven days in the week; in greater numbers on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, to play cards and keno for small stakes,—usually not more than five cents,—to drink liquor, and to arrange for races, cock-fights, and Saturday night balls. The *boutique* proper is a stuffy little store, where cheap crockery, hardware, and out-of-date prints, muslins, and delaines are temptingly displayed to the admiring eyes of Acadian womankind; and where coffee, flour, and such delicacies as herring, stale brown sugar, and molasses appeal strongly, in more senses than one, to the longing appetites of all, irrespective of age or sex. But the backbone of the stock in trade is always whisky. With its addenda, the *boutique* is a rather complex institution. Extending from one side is a comparatively pretentious wing, that reminds one of an overgrown, conceited youth looking down upon his venerable parent as something of

an old fogey. This addition is commonly used as a gambling saloon. But it is also, at intervals, the office of the Justice of the Peace, who is clothed in the awful majesty of the law and inspired with the solemn conviction that the welfare of the nation depends to a great extent upon his official dignity. Here, too, on Saturday nights, the Acadian beauty and chivalry meet, and spend the hours dancing gracefully to the harmonious strains of the violin. Candles, in pendent tin candlesticks, shed their rays on the festive scene; and on grand occasions, which demand unusual splendor, others stuck in bottles enhance the brilliancy of the spectacle. Immediately back of the *boutique* is the family room, which is always filled to its utmost capacity; yet somehow, as with the calèche, there is always room for the frequent additions.

The sanctum of the *boutique*, however, is an apartment partitioned off in a way not to render it too conspicuous to outsiders. Fast young men, and delinquent Benedicts, when desirous of secrecy, retire to this room. Seated at little cypress tables, with wine glasses, a carafe of spirits, and little piles of half-dimes beside them, they feel secure, for mine host is guard upon honor against all intrusion. Not that gambling is anyway worse than any other harmless amusement! Perish the mere supposition! But if a man will leave his work for more than a few hours on week-days, or risk more money than he can afford, a little privacy is desirable. On Sunday now, and to venture only what he can spare—*eh bien!* that is another thing. What can be better than a little game to pass the time! The Acadians are pre-eminently gregarious, social and communicative, and the traditional skelton in the closet is with them an impossibility. All their joys and sorrows are discussed with the utmost frankness.

Balls are attended by young and old of both sexes. Cards and keno, horse-races and cock-fights are proper for the most respectable citizen. Their enjoyment is a matter of taste, not a question of ethics. No woman, however, is ever present at the last two entertainments. Sunday, after mass, is devoted to pleasure. Every family makes or receives visits. Numbers gather at certain houses famed for hospitality. A collation in the morning is indispensable, whether the guests be few or many. Pancakes, with molasses or honey, are handed round. If such dainties are not at com-

mand, sweet-potatoes, baked as only the Acadian housewife can bake them, are quite the rule. Coffee is always served. Not to offer some refreshment would be as unpardonable a breach of hospitality on the

and kirtle of blue. For the *grande toilette*, a dainty pink, blue or green sun-bonnet crowns her demurely coquettish head; and the *robe de l'indienne*, with closely fitting bodice and long, flowing skirts, adorns her lithe, graceful form. The *camisol*—loose gown—is the approved fashion for elderly women; for men the blouse has the preference.

"Cajun" etiquette is somewhat arbitrary. At all social gatherings, public or private, the men and women sit apart. Only during the dancing is there any freedom of intercourse; even then the girls must be sedate, speak only when spoken to, and keep their eyes modestly lowered. I once heard an Acadian woman remark, "It ess permet de *les Americaine* to look at de mans in de face, *mais nos demoiselles!*" finishing off with a significant shrug of her shoulders. On entering a room where there is company, one must shake hands with every person in turn, whether acquainted or not. No one rises for the ceremony except, perhaps, the host or hostess. For a woman, old or young, married or single, to ride, walk, or be entirely alone for a few moments with any member of the opposite sex except father, son, or husband is a gross breach of the proprieties of which the worst may be, and is pretty certain to be, said. Nothing less than the direst extremity will make it excusable for even brother and sister, uncle and niece, to go anywhere together without the company of a third person. The only female who with safety can defy these established "usages" is that personage of supreme importance and assured privileges, the Acadian "Sairey Gamp." As may be imagined, lovers have a difficult time of it under so many restrictions. The wooing must be done at balls or in the presence of the family. Flirting being impracticable, it is always understood that the wooper means marriage, and consequently he eagerly avails himself of the few privileges deemed by the rural Mrs. Grundy consistent with the proprieties. These usually begin with prancing, *cáracoling* and racing his horse on the road in front of his "belle's" dwelling-place. He repeats the performance as often as possible, and enjoys it immensely. The more spectators, the greater his delight. The sweets of courtship are necessarily expended on the old folks. Macaboy snuff *à la vanille*, a bottle of anissette, etc., for *maman* go far toward making the course of true love run smooth. With the old gentleman, tact at losing half-



A YOUNG MATRON.

part of the hostess, as for the host to omit bringing forward his carafe of tafia or whisky. Then follows dinner, which begins with gumbo and ends with black coffee. Peanuts, pop-corn or pecans help to kill time in the afternoon. All this is a matter of course, and churlish indeed must be the family that does not entertain with equal bounty the respectable stranger, or the most shiftless wretch, that may enter the gates. Longfellow says of "Acadie, home of the happy,"—

"Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's."

To some extent this applies to their descendants. But the modern *Evangeline* has discarded the picturesque Norman cap

dimes at play is equally effective, always provided the lover comes under that comprehensive descriptive "*bon garçon*." While thus courting the parents, he avails himself of every opportunity to make "sweet eyes" at the daughter, and, after a few weeks of such wooing, proposes. The ball-room is generally the place; when the pleasurable excitement of the waltz has reached its climax, while her slender waist

daughters are admirably wise in their generation, and it is not surprising that there are very few single persons of either sex among them. From early childhood, the boy is taught to look forward to the time when he shall be a man and marry a pretty girl. The ambition increases with his growth, and he seldom makes a mercenary match. If a man has the hardihood to prefer a single life, he must bear chaffing and taunts of



CUPID ON HORSEBACK.

is encircled by his arm, and her head almost leans upon his shoulder, then comes the opportunity. If the coy maid favors his suit, he instantly seeks the approval of her parents. With that, one might think the affair settled. But no; he must obtain the permission of the numerous relatives of the bride-elect, even to the cousins, who may be of no special importance. Dressed in his nattiest suit, he proudly prances around on the grand tour, and formally asks the consent of each in turn. Advanced from the dubious position of suitor to that of *fiancé*, he and his betrothed are still under a strict surveillance that is anything but agreeable; so he naturally hastens the wedding-day that is to convert the tantalized lover into the proud and happy husband. Verily, for a simple people these parents of marriageable

lack of manliness, from his best friends. On the other hand, a man of family may attain a degree of importance that no bachelor may hope for. Weddings are occasions of general rejoicing. "No feasting and dancing—no wedding." We once asked an Acadian, who always scented the aroma of bridal banquets from afar, about a wedding which, uninvited, he had ridden many miles to attend.

"Wedding? *Ma foi!* All nonsense—no feexes at all!" replied the disappointed gourmand.

In this case the bride was in mourning. The family lived in a more intelligent community, else she would not have had the courage to have been married at a time when gayeties are prohibited.

Among the amusements of this people,



A PATRIARCH.

it would scarcely be amiss to class cases of dangerous illness and funerals, so much substantial enjoyment do they manage to get out of such events. If a person is pronounced to be in peril from some malady, men, women and children rush to the scene of suffering. Horses and calèches stand thickly around the front yard. Groups of men gossip on the galleries; the sick-room is filled with both sexes, sitting apart as usual, and all staring at the patient and keeping up an incessant talk in subdued tones. Squads of women discuss the symptoms of the sufferer, and criticise the physician's treatment. "He is French, true; but *mon Dieu!* what would you? even a French doctor cannot know everything," and they relate in turn marvelous cures performed by themselves with certain *tisanes* and cataplasms, and shake their heads wisely and sigh heavily over the hopeless condition of the sick one. Boys and girls, young men and

maidens, also make the most of the occasion by happening to meet in the back galleries, where they can throw "sheep's-eyes" at each other for one fleeting moment. Long tables are spread, one after another, with the best food which the afflicted family can offer, and coffee is served at intervals, both night and day. All this continues until the patient is restored; or until he or she is carried from the scene of decorous festivities to the grave. As may be imagined, few critical cases recover; around the bed of the dying there is no self-repression. Friends and relatives weep and lament in utter abandonment, imploring the sufferer not to leave them, and invoking all the saints in a manner most distressing even to the disinterested spectator. The priest comes, administers the last sacred rites and departs. The hapless mortal about to be ushered into eternity sees no one bending over him with calm re-assuring look, and hears no comforting, encouraging words. If the departing soul is conscious, what must it feel in this heart-rending tumult of woe?

When all is over, the corpse is arrayed as for a gala day, new shoes being indispensable. A crucifix is laid upon the breast,



AN ATTAKAPAS HERDSMAN.

lighted candles at the head and feet, a dish of holy water with a sprig of bay leaves, blessed on Palm Sunday, by the side. Every one who approaches dips the leaves in the water, and sprinkles the inanimate form, murmuring a prayer for the repose of the soul. The singing of indescribably mournful hymns is kept up during the night by some of the numerous watchers; and not until the last moment is the body placed in the coffin. The most violent demonstrations of grief attend this sad office. At the church, if the family can afford the expense, lighted candles are given to those in attendance, and are carried in the procession to the grave, where once more the loss of the dead is bewailed. All interments are in the consecrated ground of churches near or in the towns. The time for mourning their dead is regulated, as they will tell you, by their religion. For an infant, from one to three months; a child, a brother, sister, aunt or uncle, six months; father, mother, husband or wife, one year. Black is worn during the prescribed season, and all amusements are utterly foregone; music, either vocal or instrumental, is considered sacrilegious. No people exceed the Acadians in conforming to the letter of the law, whether social, civil or religious.

The Acadian woman is capricious and quick-tempered, yet amiable and warm-hearted; for her anger is soon expended and frankly deplored. Neat and industrious, she fills her rôle of housewife during the week and enjoys her gossip on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Gossip she must have; it is the spice of her uneventful life, the sole nutriment of her mental faculties; without it her existence would be dreary stagnation. The gossiping may often lean to censoriousness, yet if the tongue thoughtlessly wounds, the heart is pitiful and the hands are ever ready to minister to all physical necessities. But whatever she may be, she is always womanly and, with rare exceptions, virtuous.

Of Acadian virtues,—which are mostly passive,—hospitality and practical charity are the most prominent. To assist a neighbor, whether in want of sustenance or in want of help, either in farming or building, is nothing more than being "a good neighbor." The one who profits by his neighbor's extremity gains no social advancement with his ill-gotten wealth. They are not jealous, vindictive, nor greedy of wealth, and crime is almost unknown among them. Except for some poor fellow smuggling off a head or more of cattle, when the driver makes his annual tour

to buy up surplus stock for the New Orleans market, and for the brawls at the polls or at the places of amusement, the occupation of justice of the peace would soon be gone.

The men are successful and indefatigable hunters, experts in the piscatorial art, agile riders, graceful dancers, and inveterate gossips. The world at large has accorded the palm of excellence in the art of gossip to the fair sex; here, if impartial, it must bestow



AN ACADIAN BASKET MAKER.

it on the sterner one. The very prince of gossips, with whom nothing in the feminine line, to our knowledge, can compete, is usually some genial old fellow, who has handed over his possessions to his children for a consideration. Having nothing to do but to "distract" himself,—and we may safely add, his neighbors, also,—he is always going from place to place, and always gossiping. He attends all the weddings and funerals, nurses all the sick, and cures those who get well. Of such as give up the ghost,—why, he can tell you exactly by whose fault it occurred. But, look you! it must go no further.

The sole innovation—successfully introduced for an age into these self-isolated communities—is crinoline. Long after hoops

had "gone out" in the fashionable world, a merchant of New Orleans, by way of experiment, shipped a lot which he had on hand, to various remote hamlets. Great was the consternation among the simple folk of Prairie Gros Chevreuil, when they heard of the arrival of the obnoxious merchandise. Had they not seen them when they went to town to sell their cotton and their perique? A horror! A barbarism! Good enough certainly for the Americans, and such others as are in pitiable ignorance of propriety; but for themselves—God forbid! Men of family swore that they would not be disgraced by their women making *bizarre* fools of themselves. Excitement culminated at the following Saturday-night ball, when *Madame de la boutique* appeared on the scene in gloriously expanded skirts. For once the ever-ready oaths failed the men. They gazed in dumb, open-mouthed astonishment upon this audacious traitor to their sacred social traditions. Alas for their bravado! they gazed too long! Crinoline conquered. Madame was the belle of the ball. Not a man, married or single, who did not beg the honor of her hand for quadrille or waltz. Virtuous indignation swelled the breasts of the women. "That was always the way with the men. They were forever praising plain dress to their wives and daughters; but, *ma foi!* they liked gay birds best, after all." The sequel of this dramatic episode was enacted the following week. Early on Monday morning, women on horseback and in calèches might be seen wending their way toward the boutique; this continued day after day, until the supply of "oops"—it is the thing for them to quote English as for us to quote French—was exhausted. The New Orleans merchant doubtless plumed himself upon his astuteness, when, a few days later, an order came for another supply of these articles.

In organization, the genuine Acadian of Gros Chevreuil is inferior to his American compatriot. His average height is below the medium, and though generally well-proportioned he cannot be pronounced muscular; nor yet can he boast that vitality which sometimes proves an equivalent for physical vigor. He is generally lean in person, with a decided tendency to desiccation, that often leads to the remark, "Cajuns do not die like other people; they dry up and blow away." Not so the women, however. That *ne plus ultra* of maidenly beauty, slenderness of form, soon

expands in the matron into permanent portliness. But it is a notable fact that no matter how lowly the estate of the Acadian girl, she is seldom coarse featured, never angular in person, nor really awkward or uncouth in manner. Graceful in form and movement, she has besides the smoothest of black hair, and the brightest of liquid-jet eyes to contrast favorably with her olive-tinted complexion, making a pleasing *tout ensemble*. Although whatever may be correctly stated of the inhabitants of the Upper Têche is more or less applicable to all of the so-called "Cajuns," the inhabitants of the prairies are far superior in size, vigor and activity to the inland bayou Acadians. Whether of true Acadian descent or mixed with the old Spanish Creoles, as they are in some localities, they are notable in various degrees for their mental and physical inertia, and for their lack of enterprise. In the Atchafalaya region, on the Bayous Pierrepou, Gotell, Des Ours, etc., they live almost exclusively on fish and water-fowl, cultivating generally nothing more than a scant supply of corn and rice for home use. On Bayou du Large, in the La Fourche country, it is much the same; the men, however, devote much of their time to hunting, supplying adjacent towns and the New Orleans market with immense quantities of ducks and venison. In situations upon which the swamp encroaches, their time is about equally divided between fishing, eating, sleeping and shaking with ague.

Where the Prairie Gros Chevreuil borders on the great Cypress swamp, the deterioration of the Acadians, due to the intermarriage of near relatives, is disagreeably conspicuous. Attend mass in any one of their neighborhoods, as the writer has done, and the first thing that strikes you is the number of yellow-green eyes, with glittering white rays in the iris, as in those of the common black cat. If you are a stranger, all of those eyes stare at you. And such a stare!—so fixed, so blank, so uncanny, you must needs have strong nerves to overcome an unpleasant chilliness that creeps at the roots of your hair, and down your spine. When you rally from the repulsive fascination of such weird eyes, you perceive that most of them gleam from faces the profiles of which are almost right angles, the point of the nose being the vertex. The majority of the men are under-sized, and narrow shouldered, with corpulent bodies, "pipe-stem" arms and legs, and sallow, wrinkled faces. As among the "Catfish

Cajuns," the women are better developed, more intelligent and energetic than the men.

The finest specimens of Acadian physique are to be found among the herdsmen of the Attakapas prairies. Superb riders, generally tall and well formed, with the black hair and large black eyes of their race, they are certainly fine-looking fellows. Some of them have developed into first-class cattle thieves, and in a few instances

French *émigré* are often gifted. Of the various churches, only the Roman Catholic has had the *entrée* here. No other could possibly have its influence, which is illimitable among them. But so far its labors have been limited to religious instruction and to establishing expensive convents and colleges in adjacent towns. Supposing these people to be ambitious, not many can afford to send their children to those



A FIVE-ACRE DASH.

they have gone a degree beyond cattle stealing. However, one must admit that no people have furnished fewer criminals than the Acadians of interior Louisiana, who live out their simple lives without knowing the outside world or being known by it. Conclusions as to their capabilities as a race can be reached only by observing the results where they have had opportunities for developing their natural endowments of body and mind. None of them, in the most favorable circumstances, manifests the enterprise, strength of character, or intellect with which the descendants of the direct

institutions for more than a few months. Good, inexpensive schools in their midst are what they need. I have been informed that when free schools were established in the parishes of St. Martin's and St. Mary's, after the close of the war, many Acadian children at first attended, but were withdrawn by their parents upon the protest of the Roman Catholic clergy against such a course. It now remains to be seen whether the "spiritual mother" will do as much for the enlightenment of her untutored, docile children as the civil authorities are willing to do.

CONFIDENCE.

BY HENRY JAMES, JR.,

Author of "The American," "The Europeans," "Daisy Miller," Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

BERNARD sat reflecting for a long time; at first with a good deal of mortification—afterward with a good deal of bitterness. At last he felt angry; but he was not angry with himself. He was displeased with poor Gordon, and with Gordon's displeasure. He was uncomfortable, and he was vexed at his discomfort. It formed, it seemed to him, no natural part of his situation; he had had no glimpse of it in the book of fate when he registered on a fair blank page his betrothal to a charming girl. That Gordon should be surprised—and even a little shocked and annoyed—this was his right and his privilege; Bernard had been prepared for that, and had determined to make the best of it. But it must not go too far; there were limits to the morsel of humble pie that he was disposed to swallow. Something in Gordon's air and figure, as he went off in a huff, looking vicious and dangerous—yes, that was positively his look—left a sinister impression on Bernard's mind, and, after a while, made him glad to take refuge in being angry. One would like to know what Gordon expected, *par exemple*. Did he expect Bernard to give up Angela simply to save him a shock; or to back out of his engagement by way of an ideal reparation? No, it was too absurd, and if Gordon had a wife of his own, why in the name of justice should not Bernard have one?

Being angry was a relief, but it was not exactly a solution, and Bernard, at last, leaving his place, where for an hour or two he had been absolutely unconscious of everything that went on around him, wandered about for some time in deep restlessness and irritation. At one moment he thought of going back to Gordon's hotel, to see him and explain. But then he became aware that he was too angry for that—to say nothing of Gordon's being too angry also; and, moreover, that there was nothing to explain. He was to marry Angela Vivian; that was a very simple fact—it needed no explanation. Was it so wonderful, so inconceivable, an accident so unlikely to happen? He went, as he always did on Sunday, to dine with Mrs. Vivian, and it seemed to him that he perceived in the two ladies

some symptoms of a discomposure which had the same origin as his own. Bernard, on this occasion, at dinner, failed to make himself particularly agreeable; he ate fast—as if he had no idea what he was eating, and talked little; every now and then his eyes rested for some time upon Angela, with a strange, vaguely excited expression, as if he were looking her over and trying to make up his mind about her afresh. This young lady bore his inscrutable scrutiny with a good deal of superficial composure; but she was also silent, and she returned his gaze, from time to time, with an air of unusual anxiety. She was thinking, of course, of Gordon, Bernard said to himself; and a woman's first meeting, in after years, with an ex-lover must always make a certain impression upon her. Gordon, however, had never been a lover, and if Bernard noted Angela's gravity it was not because he felt jealous. "She is simply sorry for him," he said to himself, and by the time he had finished his dinner it began to come back to him that he was sorry, too. Mrs. Vivian was probably sorry as well, for she had a slightly confused and preoccupied look—a look from which, even in the midst of his chagrin, Bernard extracted some entertainment. It was Mrs. Vivian's intermittent conscience that had been reminded of one of its lapses; her meeting with Gordon Wright had recalled the least exemplary episode of her life—the time when she whispered mercenary counsel in the ear of a daughter who sat, grave and pale, looking at her with eyes that wondered. Mrs. Vivian blushed a little now, when she met Bernard's eyes; and to remind herself that she was after all a superior woman, talked as much as possible about superior and harmless things—the beauty of the autumn weather, the pleasure of seeing French papas walking about on Sunday with their progeny in their hands, the peculiarities of the pulpit-oratory of the country as exemplified in the discourse of a Protestant *pasteur* whom she had been to hear in the morning.

When they rose from table and went back into her little drawing-room, she left her daughter alone for a while with Bernard. The two were standing together before the

fire ; Bernard watched Mrs. Vivian close the door softly behind her. Then, looking for a moment at his companion :

" He is furious ! " he announced at last.

" Furious ? " said Angela. " Do you mean Mr. Wright ? "

" The amiable, reasonable Gordon. He takes it very hard."

" Do you mean about me ? " asked Angela.

" It's not with you he's furious, of course ; it is with me. He won't let me off easily."

Angela looked for a moment at the fire.

" I am very sorry for him," she said, at last.

" It seems to me I am the one to be pitied," said Bernard ; " and I don't see what compassion you, of all people in the world, owe him."

Angela again rested her eyes on the fire ; then presently, looking up :

" He liked me very much," she remarked.

" All the more shame to him ! " cried Bernard.

" What do you mean ? " asked the girl, with her beautiful stare.

" If he liked you, why did he give you up ? "

" He didn't give me up."

" What do you mean, please ? " asked Bernard, staring back at her.

" I sent him away—I refused him," said Angela.

" Yes ; but you thought better of it, and your mother had persuaded you that if he should ask you again, you had better accept him. Then it was that he backed out—in consequence of what I said to him on his return from England."

She shook her head slowly, with a strange smile.

" My poor Bernard, you are talking very wildly. *He did* ask me again."

" That night ? " cried Bernard.

" The night he came back from England—the last time I saw him, until to-day."

" After I had denounced you ? " our puzzled hero exclaimed, frowning portentously.

" I am sorry to let you know the small effect of your words ! "

Bernard folded his hands together—almost devoutly—and stood gazing at her with a long, inarticulate murmur of satisfaction.

" Ah ! then, I didn't injure you—I didn't deprive you of a chance ? "

" Oh, sir, the intention on your part was the same ! " Angela exclaimed.

" Then all my uneasiness, all my remorse, were wasted ? " he went on.

But she kept the same tone, and its tender archness only gave a greater sweetness to his sense of relief.

" It was a very small penance for you to pay."

" You dismissed him definitely, and that was why he vanished ? " asked Bernard, wondering still.

" He gave me another 'chance,' as you elegantly express it, and I declined to take advantage of it."

" Ah, well, now," cried Bernard, " I am sorry for him ! "

" I was very kind—very respectful," said Angela. " I thanked him from the bottom of my heart ; I begged his pardon very humbly for the wrong—if wrong it was—that I was doing him. I didn't in the least require of him that he should leave Baden at seven o'clock the next morning. I had no idea that he would do so, and that was the reason that I insisted to my mother that we ourselves should go away. When we went I knew nothing about his having gone, and I supposed he was still there. I didn't wish to meet him again."

Angela gave this information slowly, softly, with pauses between the sentences, as if she were recalling the circumstances with a certain effort, and meanwhile Bernard, with his transfigured face and his eyes fixed upon her lips, was moving excitedly about the room.

" Well, he can't accuse me, then," he broke out again. " If what I said had no more effect upon him than that, I certainly did him no wrong."

" I think you are rather vexed he didn't believe you," said Angela.

" I confess I don't understand it. He had all the air of it. He certainly had not the air of a man who was going to rush off and give you the last proof of confidence."

" It was not a proof of confidence," said Angela. " It had nothing to do with me. It was as between himself and you ; it was a proof of independence. He did believe you, more or less, and what you said fell in with his own impressions—strange impressions that they were, poor man ! At the same time, as I say, he liked me, too ; it was out of his liking me that all his trouble came ! He caught himself in the act of listening to you too credulously—and that seemed to him unmanly and dishonorable. The sensation brought with it a reaction, and to prove to himself that in such a matter he could be influenced by nobody, he marched away, an hour after he had talked

with you, and, in the teeth of his perfect mistrust, confirmed by your account of my *déportements*—heaven forgive you both!—again asked me to be his wife. But he hoped I would refuse!"

"Ah," cried Bernard, "the recreant! He deserved—he deserved ——"

"That I should accept him," Angela asked, smiling still.

Bernard was so much affected by this revelation, it seemed to him to make such a difference in his own responsibility and to lift such a weight off his conscience, that he broke out again into the liveliest ejaculations of relief.

"Oh, I don't care for anything, now, and I can do what I please! Gordon may hate me and I shall be sorry for him; but it's not my fault, and I owe him no reparation. No, no; I am free!"

"It's only I who am not, I suppose," said Angela, "and the reparation must come from me! If he is unhappy, I must take the responsibility."

"Ah, yes, of course," said Bernard, kissing her.

"But why should he be unhappy?" asked Angela. "If I refused him, it was what he wanted."

"He is hard to please," Bernard rejoined. "He has got a wife of his own."

"If Blanche doesn't please him, he is certainly difficult," and Angela mused a little. "But you told me the other day that they were getting on so well."

"Yes, I believe I told you," Bernard answered, musing a little too.

"You are not attending to what I say."

"No, I am thinking of something else—I am thinking of what it was that made you refuse him that way, at the last, after you had let your mother hope." And Bernard stood there, smiling at her.

"Don't think any more; you will not find out," the girl declared, turning away.

"Ah, it was cruel of you to let me think I was wrong all these years," he went on; "and, at the time, since you meant to refuse him, you might have been more frank with me."

"I thought my fault had been that I was too frank."

"I was densely stupid, and you might have made me understand better."

"Ah," said Angela, "you ask a great deal of a girl!"

"Why have you let me go on so long thinking that my deluded words had had an effect upon Gordon—feeling that I had

done you a brutal wrong? It was real to me, the wrong—and I have told you of the pangs and the shame which, for so many months, it has cost me! Why have you never undeceived me until to-day, and then only by accident?"

At this question Angela blushed a little; then she answered, smiling:

"It was my vengeance."

Bernard shook his head.

"That won't do—you don't mean it. You never cared—you were too proud to care; and when I spoke to you about my fault, you didn't even know what I meant. You might have told me, therefore, that my remorse was idle, that what I said to Gordon had not been of the smallest consequence, and that the rupture had come from yourself."

For some time Angela said nothing, then at last she gave him one of the deeply serious looks with which her face was occasionally ornamented.

"If you want really to know, then,—can't you see that your remorse seemed to me connected in a certain way with your affection; a sort of guarantee of it? You thought you had injured some one or other, and that seemed to be mixed up with your loving me, and therefore I let it alone."

"Ah," said Bernard, "my remorse is all gone, and yet I think I love you about as much as ever! So you see how wrong you were not to tell me."

"The wrong to you I don't care about. It is very true I might have told you for Mr. Wright's sake. It would perhaps have made him appear better. But as you never attacked him for deserting me, it seemed needless for me to defend him."

"I confess," said Bernard, "I am quite at sea about Gordon's appearance in the matter. Is he looking better now—or is he looking worse? You put it very well just now; I was attending to you, though you said I was not. If he hoped you would refuse him, with whom is his quarrel at present? And why was he so cool to me for months after we parted at Baden? If that was his state of mind, why should he accuse me of inconsistency?"

"There is something in it, after all, that a woman can understand. I don't know whether a man can. He hoped I would refuse him, and yet when I had done so he was vexed. After a while his vexation subsided, and he married poor Blanche; but, on learning to-day that I had accepted you, it flickered up again. I suppose that was natural enough; but it won't be serious."

"What will not be serious, my dear?" asked Mrs. Vivian, who had come back to the drawing-room, and who, apparently, could not hear that the attribute in question was wanting in any direction, without some alarm.

"Shall I tell mamma, Bernard?" said Angela.

"Ah, my dear child, I hope it's nothing that threatens your happiness," mamma murmured, with gentle earnestness.

"Does it threaten our happiness, Bernard?" Angela went on, smiling.

"Let Mrs. Vivian decide whether we ought to let it make us miserable," said Bernard. "Dear Mrs. Vivian, you are a casuist, and this is a nice case."

"Is it anything about poor Mr. Wright?" the elder lady inquired.

"Why do you say 'poor' Mr. Wright?" asked Bernard.

"Because I am sadly afraid he is not happy with Blanche."

"How did you discover that—without seeing them together?"

"Well, perhaps you will think me very fanciful," said Mrs. Vivian; "but it was by the way he looked at Angela. He has such an expressive face."

"He looked at me very kindly, mamma," Angela observed.

"He regularly stared, my daughter. In any one else I should have said it was rude. But his situation is so peculiar; and one could see that he admired you still." And Mrs. Vivian gave a little soft sigh.

"Ah! she is thinking of the thirty thousand and a year," Bernard said to himself.

"I am sure I hope he admires me still," Angela cried, laughing. "There is no great harm in that."

"He was comparing you with Blanche—and he was struck with the contrast."

"It couldn't have been in my favor. If it's a question of being looked at, Blanche bears it better than I."

"Poor little Blanche!" murmured Mrs. Vivian, sweetly.

"Why did you tell me he was so happy with her?" Angela asked, turning to Bernard, abruptly.

Bernard gazed at her a moment, with his eyebrows raised.

"I never saw any one ask such sudden questions!" he exclaimed.

"You can answer me at your leisure," she rejoined, turning away.

"It was because I adored you," Bernard replied.

"You wouldn't say that at your leisure," said Angela.

Mrs. Vivian stood watching them.

"You, who are so happy together, you ought to think kindly of others who are less fortunate."

"That is very true, Mrs. Vivian; and I have never thought of any one so kindly as I have of Gordon for the last year."

Angela turned round again.

"Is Blanche so very bad, then?"

"You will see for yourself!"

"Ah, no," said Mrs. Vivian, "she is not bad; she is only very light. I am so glad she is to be near us again. I think a great deal can be done by association. We must help her, Angela. I think we helped her before."

"It is also very true that she is light, Mrs. Vivian," Bernard observed, "and if you could make her a little heavier, I should be tremendously grateful."

Bernard's prospective mother-in-law looked at him a little.

"I don't know whether you are laughing at me—I always think you are. But I shall not give up Blanche for that. I never give up any one that I have once tried to help. Blanche will come back to me."

Mrs. Vivian had hardly spoken when the sharp little vibration of her door-bell was heard in the hall. Bernard stood for a moment looking at the door of the drawing-room.

"It is poor Gordon come to make a scene!" he announced.

"Is that what you mean—that he opposed your marriage?" asked Mrs. Vivian, with a frightened look.

"I don't know what he proposes to do with Blanche," said Bernard, laughing.

There were voices in the hall. Angela had been listening.

"You say she will come back to you, mamma," she exclaimed. "Here she is arrived!"

At the same moment the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Wright appeared on the threshold with a gentleman behind her. Blanche stood an instant looking into the lighted room and hesitating—flushed a little, smiling, extremely pretty.

"May I come in?" she said, "and may I bring in Captain Lovelock?"

The two ladies, of course, advancing toward her with every demonstration of hospitality, drew her into the room, while Bernard proceeded to greet the captain, who came forward with a certain awkward and bashful majesty,

almost sweeping with his great stature Mrs. Vivian's humble ceiling. There was a tender exchange of embraces between Blanche and her friends, and the charming visitor, losing no time, began to chatter with her usual volubility. Mrs. Vivian and Angela made her companion graciously welcome; but Blanche begged they wouldn't mind him—she had only brought him as a watchdog.

"His place is on the rug," she said. "Captain Lovelock, go and lie down on the rug."

"Upon my soul, there is nothing else but rugs in these French places!" the captain rejoined, looking round Mrs. Vivian's *salon*. "Which rug do you mean?"

Mrs. Vivian had remarked to Blanche that it was very kind of her to come first, and Blanche declared that she could not have laid her head on her pillow before she had seen her dear Mrs. Vivian.

"Do you suppose I would wait because I am married?" she inquired, with a keen little smile in her charming eyes. "I am not so much married as that, I can tell you! Do you think I look much as if I were married, with no one to bring me here tonight but Captain Lovelock?"

"I am sure Captain Lovelock is a very gallant escort," said Mrs. Vivian.

"Oh, he was not afraid—that is, he was not afraid of the journey, though it lay all through those dreadful wild Champs Elysées. But when we arrived, he was afraid to come in—to come up here. Captain Lovelock is so modest, you know—in spite of all the success he had in America. He will tell you about the success he had in America; it quite makes up for the defeat of the British army in the Revolution. They were defeated in the Revolution, the British, weren't they? I always told him so, but he insists they were not. 'How do we come to be free, then?' I always ask him; 'I suppose you admit that we are free.' Then he becomes personal and says that I am free enough, certainly. But it's the general fact I mean; I wish you would tell him about the general fact. I think he would believe you, because he knows you know a great deal about history and all that. I don't mean this evening, but sometime when it is convenient. He didn't want to come in—he wanted to stay in the carriage and smoke a cigar; he thought you wouldn't like it,—his coming with me the first time. But I told him he needn't mind that, for I would certainly explain. I would be

very careful to let you know that I brought him only as a substitute. A substitute for whom? A substitute for my husband, of course. My dear Mrs. Vivian, of course I ought to bring you some pretty message from Gordon—that he is dying to come and see you, only that he had nineteen letters to write and that he couldn't possibly stir from his fireside. I suppose a good wife ought to invent excuses for her husband—ought to throw herself into the breach—isn't that what they call it? But I am afraid I am not a good wife. Do you think I am a good wife, Mr. Longueville? You once staid three months with us, and you had a chance to see. I don't ask you that seriously, because you never tell the truth. I always do; so I will say I am not a good wife. And then the breach is too big, and I am too little. Oh, I am too little, Mrs. Vivian; I know I am too little. I am the smallest woman living; Gordon can scarcely see me with a microscope, and I believe he has the most powerful one in America. He is going to get another here; that is one of the things he came abroad for; perhaps it will do better. I do tell the truth, don't I, Mrs. Vivian? I have that merit, if I haven't any other. You once told me so at Baden; you said you could say one thing for me, at any rate—that I didn't tell fibs. You were very nice to me at Baden;" Blanche went on, with her little intent smile, laying her hand in that of her hostess. "You see, I have never forgotten it. So, to keep up my reputation, I must tell the truth about Gordon. He simply said he wouldn't come—*voilà!* He gave no reason and he didn't send you any pretty message. He simply declined, and he went out somewhere else. So you see he isn't writing letters. I don't know where he can have gone; perhaps he has gone to the theater. I know it isn't proper to go to the theater on Sunday evening; but they say charity begins at home, and as Gordon's doesn't begin at home, perhaps it doesn't begin anywhere. I told him that if he wouldn't come with me I would come alone, and he said I might do as I chose—that he was not in a humor for making visits. I wanted to come to you very much; I had been thinking about it all day; and I am so fond of a visit like this in the evening, without being invited. Then I thought perhaps you had a *salon*—doesn't every one in Paris have a *salon*? I tried to have a *salon* in New York, only Gordon said it wouldn't do. He said it wasn't in our manners. Is this a *salon* to-

night, Mrs. Vivian? Oh, do say it is; I should like so much to see Captain Lovelock in a *salon*! By good fortune he happened to have been dining with us; so I told him he must bring me here. I told you I would explain, Captain Lovelock," she added, "and I hope you think I have made it clear."

The captain had turned very red during this wandering discourse. He sat pulling his beard and shifting the position which, with his stalwart person, he had taken up on a little gilded chair—a piece of furniture which every now and then gave a delicate creak.

"I always understand you well enough till you begin to explain," he rejoined, with a candid, even if embarrassed, laugh. "Then, by Jove, I'm quite in the woods. You see such a lot more in things than most people. Doesn't she, Miss Vivian?"

"Blanche has a fine imagination," said Angela, smiling frankly at the charming visitor.

When Blanche was fairly adrift upon the current of her articulate reflections, it was the habit of her companions—indeed, it was a sort of tacit agreement among them—simply to make a circle and admire. They sat about and looked at her—yawning, perhaps, a little at times, but on the whole very well entertained, and often exchanging a smiling commentary with each other. She looked at them, smiled at them each in succession. Every one had his turn, and this always helped to give Blanche an audience. Incoherent and aimless as much of her talk was, she never looked prettier than in the attitude of improvisation—or rather, I should say, than in the hundred attitudes which she assumed at such a time. Perpetually moving, she was yet constantly graceful, and while she twisted her body and turned her head, with charming hands that never ceased to gesticulate, and little, conscious, brilliant eyes that looked everywhere at once—eyes that seemed to chatter even faster than her lips—she made you forget the nonsense she poured forth, or think of it only as a part of her personal picturesqueness. The thing was a regular performance; the practice of unlimited chatter had made her perfect. She counted upon her audience and held it together, and the sight of half a dozen pairs of amused and fascinated faces led her from one piece of folly to another. On this occasion, her audience was far from failing her, for they were all greatly interested. Captain Lovelock's interest, as

we know, was chronic, and our three other friends were much occupied with a matter with which Blanche was intimately connected. Bernard, as he listened to her, smiling mechanically, was not encouraged. He remembered what Mrs. Vivian had said shortly before she came in, and it was not pleasant to him to think that Gordon had been occupied half the day in contrasting so noble a girl with this magnified butterfly. The contrast was sufficiently striking as Angela sat there near her, very still, bending her handsome head a little, with her hands crossed in her lap, and on her lips a kind but inscrutable smile. Mrs. Vivian was on the sofa next to Blanche, one of whose hands, when it was not otherwise occupied, she occasionally took into her own.

"Dear little Blanche!" she softly murmured, at intervals.

These few remarks represent a longer pause than Mrs. Wright often suffered to occur. She continued to deliver herself upon a hundred topics, and it hardly matters where we take her up.

"I haven't the least idea what we are going to do. I have nothing to say about it whatever. Gordon tells me every day I must decide, and then I ask Captain Lovelock what he thinks; because, you see, he always thinks a great deal. Captain Lovelock says he doesn't care a fig—that he will go wherever I go. So you see that doesn't carry us very far. I want to settle on some place where Captain Lovelock won't go, but he won't help me at all. I think it will look better for him not to follow us; don't you think it will look better, Mrs. Vivian? Not that I care in the least where we go—or whether Captain Lovelock follows us, either. I don't take any interest in anything, Mrs. Vivian; don't you think that is very sad? Gordon may go anywhere he likes—to St. Petersburg, or to Bombay."

"You might go to a worse place than Bombay," said Captain Lovelock, speaking with the authority of an Anglo-Indian rich in reminiscences.

Blanche gave him a little stare.

"Ah well, that's knocked on the head! From the way you speak of it, I think you would come after us; and the more I think of that, the more I see it wouldn't do. But we have got to go to some southern place, because I am very unwell. I haven't the least idea what's the matter with me, and neither has any one else; but that doesn't make any difference. It's settled that I am

out of health. One might as well be out of it as in it, for all the advantage it is. If you are out of health, at any rate you can come abroad. It was Gordon's discovery—he's always making discoveries. You see it's because I'm so silly ; he can always put it down to my being an invalid. What I should like to do, Mrs. Vivian, would be to spend the winter with you—just sitting on the sofa beside you and holding your hand. It would be rather tiresome for you ; but I really think it would be better for me than anything else. I have never forgotten how kind you were to me before my marriage—that summer at Baden. You were everything to me—you and Captain Lovelock. I am sure I should be happy if I never went out of this lovely room. You have got it so beautifully arranged—I mean to do my own room just like it when I go home. And you have got such lovely clothes. You never used to say anything about it, but you and Angela always had better clothes than I. Are you always so quiet and serious—never talking about *chiffons*—always reading some wonderful book ? I wish you would let me come and stay with you. If you only ask me, Gordon would be too delighted. He wouldn't have to trouble about me any more. He could go and live over in the Latin Quarter—that's the desire of his heart—and think of nothing but old bottles. I know it isn't very good manners asking for an invitation," Blanche went on, smiling with a gentler radiance ; "but when it's a question of one's health ! One wants to keep one's self alive—doesn't one ? One wants to keep one's self going. It would be so good for me, Mrs. Vivian ; it would really be very good for me !"

She had turned round more and more to her hostess as she talked ; and at last she had given both her hands to Mrs. Vivian, and sat looking at her with a singular mixture of earnestness and jocosity. It was hard to know whether Blanche was expressing a real desire or a momentary caprice, and whether this abrupt little petition was to be taken seriously, or treated merely as a dramatic pose in a series of more or less effective attitudes. Her smile had become almost a grimace, she was flushed, she showed her pretty teeth ; but there was a little passionate quiver in her voice.

" My dear child," said Mrs. Vivian, " we should be delighted to have you pay us a visit, and we should be so happy if we could do you any good. But I am afraid you would very soon get tired of us, and I

ought to tell you, frankly, that our little home is to be—a—broken up. You know there is to be a—a change," the good lady continued, with a hesitation which apparently came from a sense of walking on uncertain ground, while she glanced with a smile at Bernard and Angela.

Blanche sat there with her little excited, yet innocent—too innocent—stare ; her eyes followed Mrs. Vivian's. They met Bernard's for an instant, and for some reason, at this moment, Bernard flushed.

He rose quickly and walked away to the window, where he stood looking out into the darkness. " The devil—the devil ! " he murmured to himself ; she doesn't even know we are to be married—Gordon hasn't been able to trust himself to tell her ! " And this fact seemed pregnant with evidence as to Gordon's state of mind ; it did not appear to simplify the situation. After a moment, while Bernard stood there with his back turned—he felt rather awkward and foolish—he heard Blanche begin with her little surprised voice :

" Ah, you are going away ? You are going to travel ? But that's charming ; we can travel together. You are not going to travel ? What then are you going to do ? You are going back to America ? Ah, but you mustn't do that, as soon as I come abroad ; that's not nice or friendly, Mrs. Vivian, to your poor little old Blanche. You are not going back to America ? Ah, then, I give it up ! What's the great mystery ? Is it something about Angela ? There was always a mystery about Angela. I hope you wont mind my saying it, my dear ; but I was always afraid of you. My husband—he admires you so much, you know—has often tried to explain you to me ; but I have never understood. What are you going to do now ? Are you going into a convent ? Are you going to be—A-a-h ! "

And, suddenly, quickly, interrupting herself, Mrs. Wright gave a long wondering cry. Bernard heard her spring to her feet, and the two other ladies rise from their seats. Captain Lovelock got up as well ; Bernard heard him knock over his little gilded chair. There was a pause, during which Blanche went through a little mute exhibition of amazement and pleasure. Bernard turned round, to receive half a dozen quick questions.

" What are you hiding away for ? What are you blushing for ? I never saw you do anything like that before ! Why do you look so strange ? and what are you making

me say? Angela, is it true—is there something like that?" Without waiting for the answer to this last question, Blanche threw herself upon Mrs. Vivian. "My own Mrs. Vivian," she cried, "*is* she married?"

"My dear Blanche," said Bernard, coming forward, "has not Gordon told you? Angela and I are not married, but we hope to be before long. Gordon only knew it this morning; we ourselves have only known it a short time. There is no mystery about it, and we only want your congratulations."

"Well, I must say you have been very quiet about it," cried Blanche. "When I was engaged, I wrote you all a letter."

"By Jove, she wrote to me!" observed Captain Lovelock.

Angela went to her and kissed her.

"Your husband doesn't seem to have explained me very successfully!"

Mrs. Wright held Bernard's betrothed for a moment at arm's length, with both her hands, looking at her with eyes of real excitement and wonder. Then she folded her in a prolonged, an exaggerated embrace.

"Why didn't he tell me—why didn't he tell me?" she presently began. "He has had all day to tell me, and it was very cruel of him to let me come here without knowing it. Could anything be more absurd—more awkward? You don't think it's awkward—you don't mind it? Ah well, you are very good! But I like it, Angela—I like it extremely, immensely. I think it's delightful, and I wonder it never occurred to me. Has it been going on long? Ah, of course, it has been going on! Didn't it begin at Baden, and didn't I see it there? Do you mind my alluding to that? At Baden we were all so mixed up that one couldn't tell who was attentive to whom! But Bernard has been very faithful, my dear; I can assure you of that. When he was in America he wouldn't look at another woman. I know something about that! He staid three months in my house and he never spoke to me. Now I know why, Mr. Bernard; but you might have told me at the time. The reason was certainly good enough. I always want to know why, you know. Why Gordon never told me, for instance, that's what I want to know!"

Blanche refused to sit down again; she declared that she was so agitated by this charming news that she could not be quiet, and that she must presently take her departure. Meanwhile she congratulated each of her friends half a dozen times; she kissed

Mrs. Vivian again, she almost kissed Bernard; she inquired about details; she longed to hear all about Angela's "things." Of course they would stop for the wedding; but meantime she must be very discreet; she must not intrude too much. Captain Lovelock addressed to Angela a few fragmentary, but well-intentioned sentences, pulling his beard and fixing his eyes on the door-knob—an implement which presently turned in his manly fist, as he opened the door for his companion to withdraw. Blanche went away in a flutter of ejaculations and protestations which left our three friends in Mrs. Vivian's little drawing-room standing looking at one another as the door closed behind her.

"It certainly would have been better taste in him to tell her," said Bernard, frowning, "and not let other people see how little communication there is between them. It has mortified her."

"Poor Mr. Wright had his reasons," Mrs. Vivian suggested, and then she ventured to explain: "He still cares for Angela, and it was painful to him to talk about her marrying some one else."

This had been Bernard's own reflection, and it was no more agreeable as Mrs. Vivian presented it; though Angela herself seemed indifferent to it—seemed, indeed, not to hear it, as if she were thinking of something else.

"We must simply marry as soon as possible—to-morrow, if necessary," said Bernard, with some causticity. "That's the best thing we can do for every one. When once Angela is married, Gordon will stop thinking of her. He will never permit his imagination to hover about a married woman; I am very sure of that. He doesn't approve of that sort of thing, and he has the same law for himself as for other people."

"It doesn't matter," said Angela, simply.

"How do you mean, my daughter, it doesn't matter?"

"I don't feel obliged to feel so sorry for him now."

"Now? Pray, what has happened? I am more sorry than ever, since I have heard poor Blanche's dreadful tone about him."

The girl was silent a moment; then she shook her head, lightly.

"Her tone—her tone? Dearest mother, don't you see? She is intensely in love with him!"

This observation struck Bernard as ex-

tremely ingenious and worthy of his mistress's fine intelligence; he greeted it with enthusiasm, and thought of it for the next twelve hours. The more he thought of it the more felicitous it seemed to him, and he went to Mrs. Vivian's the next day almost for the express purpose of saying to Angela that, decidedly, she was right. He was admitted by his old friend, the little *femme de chambre*, who had long since bestowed upon him, definitively, her confidence; and as, in the ante-chamber he heard the voice of a gentleman raised and talking with some emphasis, come to him from the *salon*, he paused a moment, looking at her with an interrogative eye.

"Yes," said Mrs. Vivian's attendant, "I must tell Monsieur frankly that another gentleman is there. Moreover, what does it matter? Monsieur would perceive it for himself!"

"Has he been here long?" asked Bernard.

"A quarter of an hour. It probably doesn't seem long to the gentleman!"

"Is he alone with mademoiselle?"

"He asked for mademoiselle only. I introduced him into the *salon*, and mademoiselle, after conversing a little while with madame, consented to receive him. They have been alone together, as I have told monsieur, since about three o'clock. Madame is in her own apartment. The position of monsieur," added this discriminating woman, "certainly justifies him in entering the *salon*."

Bernard was quite of this opinion, and in a moment more he had crossed the threshold of the little drawing-room and closed the door behind him.

Angela sat there on a sofa, leaning back with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes fixed upon Gordon Wright, who stood square before her as if he had been making her a resolute speech. Her face wore a look of distress, almost of alarm; she kept her place, but her eyes gave Bernard a mute welcome. Gordon turned and looked at him slowly from head to foot. Bernard remembered, with a good deal of vividness, the last look his friend had given him in the Champs Elysées the day before; and he saw with some satisfaction that this was not exactly a repetition of that expression of cold horror. It was a question, however, whether the horror was changed for the better. Poor Gordon looked intensely sad and grievously wronged. The keen resentment had faded from his face, but an immense reproach was there—a heavy, help-

less, appealing reproach. Bernard saw that he had not a scene of violence to dread—and yet, when he perceived what was coming, he would almost have preferred violence. Gordon did not offer him his hand, and before Bernard had had time to say anything, began to speak again, as if he were going on with what he had been saying to Angela.

"You have done me a great wrong—you have done me a cruel wrong. I have been telling it to Miss Vivian; I came on purpose to tell her. I can't really tell her; I can't tell her the details; it's too painful! But you know what I mean! I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought of going away—but I couldn't do that. I must come and say what I feel. I can't bear it now."

This outbreak of a passionate sense of injury in a man habitually so undemonstrative, so little disposed to call attention to himself, had in it something at once of the touching and the terrible. Bernard, for an instant, felt almost bewildered; he asked himself whether he had not, after all, been a monster of duplicity. He was guilty of the weakness of taking refuge in what is called, I believe, in legal phrase, a side-issue.

"Don't say all this before Angela," he exclaimed, with a kind of artificial energy. "You know she is not in the least at fault, and that it can only give her pain. The thing is between ourselves."

Angela was sitting there, looking up at both the men.

"I like to hear it," she said.

"You have a singular taste!" Bernard declared.

"I know it's between ourselves," cried Gordon, "and that Miss Vivian is not at fault. She is only too lovely, too wise, too good! It is you and I that are at fault—horribly at fault! You see I admit it, and you don't. I never dreamed that I should live to say such things as this to you; but I never dreamed you would do what you have done! It's horrible, most horrible, that such a difference as this should come between two men who believed themselves—or whom I believed, at least—the best friends in the world. For it is a difference—it's a great gulf, and nothing will ever fill it up. I must say so; I can't help it. You know I don't express myself easily; so, if I break out this way, you may know what I feel. I know it is a pain to Miss Vivian, and I beg her to forgive me. She has so much to forgive that she can forgive that,

too. I can't pretend to accept it; I can't sit down and let it pass. And then, it isn't only my feelings; it's the right; it's the justice. I must say to her that you have no right to marry her; and beg of her to listen to me and let you go."

"My dear Gordon, are you crazy?" Bernard demanded, with an energy which, this time at least, was sufficiently real.

"Very likely I am crazy. I am crazy with disappointment and the bitterness of what I have lost. Add to that the wretchedness of what I have found."

"Ah, don't say that, Mr. Wright," said Angela.

He stood for an instant looking at her, but not heeding her words.

"Will you listen to me again? Will you forget the wrong I did you?—my stupidity and folly and unworthiness? Will you blot out the past and let me begin again. I see you as clearly now as the light of that window. Will you give me another chance?"

Gordon turned away her eyes and covered her face with her hands.

"You *do* pain me?" she murmured.

"You go too far," said Bernard. "To what position does your extraordinary proposal relegate your wife?"

Gordon turned his pleading eyes on his old friend without a ray of concession; but for a moment he hesitated.

"Don't speak to me of my wife. I have no wife."

"Ah, poor girl!" said Angela, springing up from the sofa.

"I am perfectly serious," Gordon went on, addressing himself again to her. "No, after all, I am not crazy; I see only too clearly—I see what *should* be; when people are that, you call them crazy. Bernard has no right—he must give you up. If you really care for him, you should help him. He is in a very false position; you shouldn't wish to see him in such a position. I can't explain to you—if it were even for my own sake. But Bernard must have told you; it is not possible that he has not told you?"

"I have told Angela everything, Gordon," said Bernard.

"I don't know what you mean by your having done me a wrong!" the girl exclaimed.

"If he has told you, then—I may say it!—in listening to him, in believing him."

"But you didn't believe me?" Bernard exclaimed, "since you immediately went and offered yourself to Miss Vivian?"

"I believed you all the same! When did I ever not believe you?"

"The last words I ever heard from Mr. Wright were words of the deepest kindness," said Angela.

She spoke with such a serious, tender grace, that Gordon seemed stirred to his depths again.

"Ah, give me another chance!" he moaned.

The poor girl couldn't help her tone, and it was in the same tone that she continued:

"If you think so well of me, try and be reasonable."

Gordon looked at her, slowly shaking his head.

"Reasonable—reasonable. Yes, you have a right to say that, for you are full of reason. But so am I. What I ask is within reasonable limits."

"Granting your happiness were lost," said Bernard,—"I say that only for the argument,—is that a ground for your wishing to deprive me of mine?"

"It is not yours—it is mine, that you have taken! You put me off my guard, and then you took it! Yours is elsewhere, and you are welcome to it!"

"Ah," murmured Bernard, giving him a long look and turning away, "it is well for you that I am willing still to regard you as my best friend!"

Gordon went on, more passionately, to Angela.

"He put me off my guard—I can't call it anything else. I know I gave him a great chance—I encouraged him, urged him, tempted him. But when once he had spoken, he should have stood to it. He shouldn't have had two opinions—one for me, and one for himself! He put me off my guard. It was because I still resisted him that I went to you again, that last time. But I was still afraid of you, and in my heart I believed him. As I say, I always believed him; it was his great influence upon me. He is the cleverest, the most intelligent, the most brilliant of men. I don't think that a grain less than I ever thought it," he continued, turning again to Bernard. "I think it only the more, and I don't wonder that you find a woman to believe it. But what have you done but deceive me? It was just my belief in your intelligence that re-assured me. When Miss Vivian refused me a second time, and I left Baden, it was at first with a sort of relief. But there came back a better feeling—a feeling faint compared to this feeling of today, but strong enough to make me uneasy and to fill me with regret. To quench my

regret, I kept thinking of what you had said, and it kept me quiet. Your word had such weight with me."

"How many times more would you have wished to be refused, and how many refusals would have been required to give me my liberty?" asked Bernard.

"That question means nothing, because you never knew that I had again offered myself to Miss Vivian."

"No; you told me very little, considering all that you made me tell you."

"I told you beforehand that I should do exactly as I chose."

"You should have allowed me the same liberty."

"Liberty!" cried Gordon. "Hadn't you liberty to range the whole world over? Couldn't he have found a thousand other women?"

"It is not for me to think so," said Angela, smiling a little.

Gordon looked at her a moment.

"Ah, you cared for him from the first!" he cried.

"I had seen him before I ever saw you," said the girl.

Bernard suppressed an exclamation. There seemed to flash through these words a sort of retrospective confession which told him something that she had never directly told him. She blushed as soon as she had spoken, and Bernard found a beauty in this of which the brightness blinded him to the awkward aspect of the fact she had just presented to Gordon. At this fact Gordon stood staring; then at last he apprehended it—largely.

"Ah, then, it had been a plot between you!" he cried out.

Bernard and Angela exchanged a glance of pity.

"We had met for five minutes, and had exchanged a few words before I came to Baden. It was in Italy—at Siena. It was a simple accident that I never told you," Bernard explained.

"I wished that nothing should be said about it," said Angela.

"Ah, you loved him!" Gordon exclaimed.

Angela turned away. She went to the window. Bernard followed her for three seconds with his eyes; then he went on—

"If it were so, I had no reason to suppose it. You have accused me of deceiving you, but I deceived only myself. You say I put you off your guard, but you should rather say you put me on mine. It was thanks to that that I fell into the most

senseless, the most brutal of delusions. The delusion passed away—it had contained the germ of better things. I saw my error, and I bitterly repented of it; and on the day you were married I felt free."

"Ah, yes, I have no doubt you waited for that!" cried Gordon. "It may interest you to know that my marriage is a miserable failure."

"I am sorry to hear it—but I can't help it."

"You have seen it with your own eyes. You know all about it, and I needn't tell you."

"My dear Mr. Wright," said Angela, pleadingly, turning round, "in heaven's name, don't say that!"

"Why shouldn't I say it? I came here on purpose to say it. I came here with an intention—with a plan. You know what Blanche is—you needn't pretend, for kindness to me, that you don't. You know what a precious, what an inestimable wife she must make me—how devoted, how sympathetic she must be, and what a household blessing at every hour of the day! Bernard can tell you all about us—he has seen us in the sanctity of our home." Gordon gave a bitter laugh and went on, with the same strange, serious air of explaining his plan. "She despises me, she hates me, she cares no more for me than for the button on her glove, by which I mean that she doesn't care a hundredth part as much. You may say that it serves me right, and that I have got what I deserve. I married her because she was silly. I wanted a silly wife; I had an idea you were too wise. Oh, yes, that's what I thought of you! Blanche knew why I picked her out, and undertook to supply the article required. Heaven forgive her! She has certainly kept her engagement. But you can imagine how it must have made her like me—knowing why I picked her out. She has disappointed me all the same. I thought she had a heart; but that was a mistake. It doesn't matter, though, because everything is over between us."

"What do you mean, everything is over?" Bernard demanded.

"Everything will be over in a few weeks. Then I can speak to Miss Vivian seriously."

"Ah! I am glad to hear this is not serious," said Bernard.

"Miss Vivian, wait a few weeks," Gordon went on. "Give me another chance then. Then it will be perfectly right; I shall be free."

"You speak as if you were going to put an end to your wife!"

"She is rapidly putting an end to herself. She means to leave me."

"Poor, unhappy man, do you know what you are saying?" Angela murmured.

"Perfectly. I came here to say it. She means to leave me, and I mean to offer her every facility. She is dying to take a lover, and she has got an excellent one waiting for her. Bernard knows whom I mean; I don't know whether you do. She was ready to take one three months after our marriage. It is really very good of her to have waited all this time; but I don't think she can go more than a week or two longer. She is recommended a southern climate, and I am pretty sure that in the course of another ten days I may count upon their starting together for the shores of the Mediterranean. The shores of the Mediterranean, you know, are lovely, and I hope they will do her a world of good. As soon as they have left Paris I will let you know; and then you will of course admit that, virtually, I am free."

"I don't understand you."

"I suppose you are aware," said Gordon, "that we have the advantage of being natives of a country in which marriages may be legally dissolved."

Angela stared; then, softly—

"Are you speaking of a divorce?"

"I believe that is what they call it," Gordon answered, gazing back at her with his densely clouded blue eyes. "The lawyers do it for you; and if she goes away with Lovelock, nothing will be more simple than for me to have it arranged."

Angela stared, I say; and Bernard was staring, too. Then the latter, turning away, broke out into a tremendous, irrepressible laugh.

Gordon looked at him a moment; then he said to Angela, with a deeper tremor in his voice:

"He was my dearest friend."

"I never felt more devoted to you than at this moment!" Bernard declared, smiling still.

Gordon had fixed his somber eyes upon Angela again.

"Do you understand me now?"

Angela looked back at him for some moments.

"Yes," she murmured at last.

"And will you wait, and give me another chance?"

"Yes," she said, in the same tone.

Bernard uttered a quick exclamation, but Angela checked him with a glance, and Gordon looked from one of them to the other.

"Can I trust you?" Gordon asked.

"I will make you happy," said Angela.

Bernard wondered what under the sun she meant; but he thought he might safely add:

"I will abide by her choice."

Gordon actually began to smile.

"It wont be long, I think; two or three weeks."

Angela made no answer to this; she fixed her eyes a little on the floor.

"I shall see Blanche as often as possible," she presently said.

"By all means! The more you see her the better you will understand me."

"I understand you very well now. But you have shaken me very much, and you must leave me. I shall see you also—often."

Gordon took up his hat and stick; he saw that Bernard did not do the same.

"And Bernard?" he exclaimed.

"I shall ask him to leave Paris," said Angela.

"Will you go?"

"I will do what Angela requests," said Bernard.

"You have heard what she requests; it's for you to come now."

"Ah, you must at least allow me to take leave!" cried Bernard.

Gordon went to the door, and when he had opened it he stood for a while, holding it and looking at his companions. Then—

"I assure you she wont be long!" he said to Angela, and rapidly passed out.

The others stood silent till they heard the outer door of the apartment close behind him.

"And now please to elucidate!" said Bernard, folding his arms.

Angela gave no answer for some moments; then she turned upon him a smile which appeared incongruous, but which her words presently helped to explain.

"He is intensely in love with his wife!"

CHAPTER XII.

THIS statement was very effective, but it might well have seemed at first to do more credit to her satiric powers than to her faculty of observation. This was the light in which it presented itself to Bernard; but, little by little, as she amplified the text, he

grew to think well of it, and at last he was quite ready to place it, as a triumph of sagacity, on a level with that other discovery which she had made the evening before, and with regard to which his especial errand to day had been to congratulate her afresh. It brought him, however, less satisfaction than it appeared to bring to his clever companion; for, as he observed plausibly enough, Gordon was quite out of his head, and, this being the case, of what importance was the secret of his heart?

"The secret of his heart and the condition of his head are one and the same thing," said Angela. "He is turned upside down by the complete misunderstanding that he has got into with his wife. She has treated him badly, but he has treated her wrongly. They are in love with each other, and yet they both do nothing but hide it. He is not in the least in love with poor me—not to-day any more than he was three years ago. He thinks he is, because he is full of sorrow and bitterness, and because the news of our engagement has given him a shock. But that's only a pretext—a chance to pour out the grief and pain which have been accumulating in his heart under a sense of his estrangement from Blanche. He is too proud to attribute his feelings to that cause, even to himself; but he wanted to cry out and say he was hurt, to demand justice for a wrong, and the revelation of the state of things between you and me—which of course strikes him as incongruous; we must allow largely for that—came to him as a sudden opportunity. No, no," the girl went on, with a generous ardor in her face, following further the train of her argument, which she appeared to find extremely attractive, "I know what you are going to say and I deny it. I am not fanciful, or sophistical, or irrational, and I know perfectly what I am about. Men are so stupid; it's only women that have real discernment. Leave me alone, and I shall do something. Blanche is silly, yes, very silly, but she is not so bad as her husband accused her of being, in those dreadful words which he will live to repent of. She is wise enough to care for him, greatly, at bottom, and to feel her little heart filled with rage and shame that he doesn't appear to care for her. If he would take her a little more seriously—it's an immense pity he married her *because* she was silly!—she would be flattered by it, and she would try and deserve it. No, no, no! she doesn't, in reality, care a straw for Captain Lovelock, I assure

you, I promise you she doesn't. A woman can tell. She's in danger, possibly, and if her present situation, as regards her husband, lasts, she might do something as horrid as he said. But she would do it out of spite—not out of affection for the captain, who must be got immediately out of the way. She only keeps him to torment her husband and make Gordon come back to her. She would drop him forever to-morrow." Angela paused a moment, reflecting, with a kindled eye. "And she shall!"

Bernard looked incredulous.

"How will that be, Miss Solomon?"

"You shall see when you come back."

"When I come back? Pray, where am I going?"

"You will leave Paris for a fortnight—as I promised our poor friend."

Bernard gave an irate laugh.

"My dear girl, you are ridiculous! Your promising it was almost as childish as his asking it."

"To play with a child you must be childish. Just see the effect of this abominable passion of love, which you have been crying up to me so! By its operation Gordon Wright, the most sensible man of our acquaintance, is reduced to the level of infancy! If you will only go away, I will manage him."

"You certainly manage me! Pray, where shall I go?"

"Wherever you choose. I will write to you every day."

"That will be an inducement," said Bernard. "You know I have never received a letter from you."

"I write the most delightful ones!" Angela exclaimed; and she succeeded in making him promise to start that night for London.

He had just done so when Mrs. Vivian presented herself, and the good lady was not a little astonished at being informed of his intention.

"You surely are not going to give up my daughter to oblige Mr. Wright?" she observed.

"Upon my word, I feel as if I were!" said Bernard.

"I will explain it, dear mamma," said Angela. "It is very interesting. Mr. Wright has made a most fearful scene; the state of things between him and Blanche is dreadful."

Mrs. Vivian opened her clear eyes.

"You really speak as if you liked it!"

"She does like it—she told Gordon so,"

said Bernard. "I don't know what she is up to! Gordon has taken leave of his wits; he wishes to put away his wife."

"To put her away?"

"To repudiate her, as the historians say!"

"To repudiate little Blanche!" murmured Mrs. Vivian, as if she were struck with the incongruity of the operation.

"I mean to keep them together," said Angela, with a firm decision.

Her mother looked at her with admiration.

"My dear daughter, I will assist you."

The two ladies had such an air of mysterious competence for the task they had undertaken that it seemed to Bernard that nothing was left to him but to retire into temporary exile. He accordingly betook himself to London, where he had social resources which would, perhaps, make exile endurable. He found himself, however, little disposed to avail himself of these resources, and he treated himself to no pleasures but those of memory and expectation. He ached with a sense of his absence from Mrs. Vivian's deeply familiar sky-parlor, which seemed to him for the time the most sacred spot on earth—if on earth it could be called—and he consigned to those generous postal receptacles, which ornament with their brilliant hue the London street-corners, an inordinate number of the most voluminous epistles that had ever been dropped into them. He took long walks, alone, and thought all the way of Angela, to whom, it seemed to him, that the character of ministering angel was extremely becoming. She was faithful to her promise of writing to him every day, and she was an angel who wielded—so at least Bernard thought, and he was fastidious about letters—a very clever pen. Of course she had only one topic—the success of her operations with regard to Gordon. "Mamma has undertaken Blanche," she wrote, "and I am devoting myself to Mr. Wright. It is really very interesting." She told Bernard all about it in detail, and he also found it interesting; doubly so, indeed, for it must be confessed that the charming figure of the mistress of his affections, attempting to heal a great social breach with her light and delicate hands, divided his attention pretty equally with the distracted, the distorted, the almost ludicrous image of his old friend.

Angela wrote that Gordon had come back to see her the day after his first visit, and had seemed greatly troubled on learn-

ing that Bernard had taken himself off. "It was because you insisted on it, of course," he said; "it was not from feeling the justice of it himself." I told him," said Angela, in her letter, "that I had made a point of it, but that we certainly ought to give you a little credit for it. But I couldn't insist upon this, for fear of sounding a wrong note and exciting afresh what I suppose he would be pleased to term his jealousy. He asked me where you had gone, and when I told him—'Ah, how he must hate me!' he exclaimed. 'There you are quite wrong,' I answered. 'He feels as kindly to you as—as I do.' He looked as if he by no means believed this; but, indeed, he looks as if he believed nothing at all. He is quite upset and demoralized. He staid half an hour and paid me his visit—trying hard to 'please' me again! Poor man, he is in a charming state to please the fair sex! But if he doesn't please me, he interests me more and more; I make bold to say that to you. You would have said it would be very awkward; but, strangely enough, I found it very easy. I suppose it is because I am so interested. Very likely it was awkward for him, poor fellow, for I can certify that he was not a whit happier at the end of his half-hour, in spite of the privilege he had enjoyed. He said nothing more about you, and we talked of Paris and New York, of Baden and Rome. Imagine the situation! I shall make no resistance whatever to it; I shall simply let him perceive that conversing with me on these topics does not make him feel a bit more comfortable, and that he must look elsewhere for a remedy. I said not a word about Blanche."

She spoke of her, however, the next time. "He came again this afternoon," she said in her second letter, "and he wore exactly the same face as yesterday—namely, a very unhappy one. If I were not entirely too wise to believe his account of himself, I might suppose that he was unhappy because Blanche shows symptoms of not taking flight. She has been with us a great deal—she has no idea what is going on—and I can't honestly say that she chatters any less than usual. But she is greatly interested in certain shops that she is buying out, and especially in her visits to her tailors. Mamma has proposed to her—in view of your absence—to come and stay with us, and she doesn't seem afraid of the idea. I told her husband to-day that we had asked her, and that we hoped he had no objection.

'None whatever; but she wont come.' 'On the contrary, she says she will.' 'She will pretend to up to the last minute; and then she will find a pretext for backing out.' 'Decidedly, you think very ill of her,' I said. 'She hates me,' he answered, looking at me strangely. 'You say that of every one,' I said. 'Yesterday you said it of Bernard.' 'Ah, for him there would be more reason!' he exclaimed. 'I wont attempt to answer for Bernard,' I went on, 'but I will answer for Blanche. Your idea of her hating you is a miserable delusion. She cares for you more than for any one in the world. You only misunderstand each other, and with a little good will on both sides you can easily get out of your tangle.' But he wouldn't listen to me; he stopped me short. I saw I should excite him if I insisted; so I dropped the subject. But it is not for long; he *shall* listen to me."

Later she wrote that Blanche had in fact "backed out," and would not come to stay with them, having given as an excuse that she was perpetually trying on dresses, and that at Mrs. Vivian's she should be at an inconvenient distance from the temple of these sacred rites and the high priest who conducted the worship. "But we see her every day," said Angela, "and mamma is constantly with her. She likes mamma better than me. Mamma listens to her a great deal and talks to her a little—I can't do either when we are alone. I don't know what she says—I mean what mamma says; what Blanche says I know as well as if I heard it. We see nothing of Captain Lovelock, and mamma tells me she has not spoken of him for two days. She thinks this is a better symptom, but I am not so sure. Poor Mr. Wright treats it as a great triumph that Blanche should behave as he foretold. He is welcome to the comfort he can get out of this, for he certainly gets none from anything else. The society of your correspondent is not that balm to his spirit which he appeared to expect, and this, in spite of the fact that I have been as gentle and kind with him as I know how to be. He is very silent—he sometimes sits for ten minutes without speaking; I assure you it isn't amusing. Sometimes he looks at me as if he were going to break out with that crazy idea to which he treated me the other day. But he says nothing, and then I see that he is not thinking of me—he is simply thinking of Blanche. The more he thinks of her the better."

"My dear Bernard," she began on an-

other occasion, "I hope you are not dying of *ennui*, etc. Over here things are going so-so. He asked me yesterday to go with him to the Louvre, and we walked about among the pictures for half an hour. Mamma thinks it a very strange sort of thing for me to be doing, and though she delights, of all things, in a good cause, she is not sure that this cause is good enough to justify the means. I admit that the means are very singular, and as far as the Louvre is concerned, they were not successful. We sat and looked for a quarter of an hour at the great Venus who has lost her arms, and he said never a word. I think he doesn't know what to say. Before we separated he asked me if I heard from you. 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'every day.' 'And does he speak of me?' 'Never!' I answered; and I think he looked disappointed." Bernard had, in fact, in writing to Angela, scarcely mentioned his name. "He had not been here for two days," she continued, at the end of a week; 'but last evening, very late —too late for a visitor, he came in. Mamma had left the drawing-room, and I was sitting alone; I immediately saw that we had reached a crisis. I thought at first he was going to tell me that Blanche had carried out his prediction; but I presently saw that this was not it; and, besides, I knew that mamma was watching her too closely. 'How can I have ever been such a dull-souled idiot?' he broke out, as soon as he had got into the room. 'I like to hear you say that,' I said, 'because it doesn't seem to me that you have been at all wise.' 'You are cleverness, kindness, tact, in the most perfect form!' he went on. As a veracious historian I am bound to tell you that he paid me a bushel of compliments, and thanked me in the most flattering terms for my having let him bore me so for a week. 'You have not bored me,' I said; 'you have interested me.' 'Yes,' he cried, 'as a curious case of monomania. It's a part of your kindness to say that; but I know I have bored you to death; and the end of it all is that you despise me. You can't help despising me; I despise myself. I used to think that I was a man, but I have given that up; I am a poor creature! I used to think I could take things quietly and bear them bravely. But I can't! If it were not for very shame I could sit here and cry to you.' 'Don't mind me,' I said; 'you know it is a part of our agreement that I was not to be critical.' 'Our agreement?' he repeated, vaguely. 'I see you have forgotten it,' I answered;

'but it doesn't in the least matter; it is not of that I wish to talk to you,—all the more that it hasn't done you a particle of good. I have been extremely nice with you for a week; but you are just as unhappy now as you were at the beginning. Indeed, I think you are rather worse.' 'Heaven forgive me, Miss Vivian, I believe I am!' he cried. 'Heaven will easily forgive you; you are on the wrong road. To catch up with your happiness, which has been running away from you, you must take another; you must travel in the same direction as Blanche; you must not separate yourself from your wife.' At the sound of Blanche's name he jumped up and took his usual tone; he knew all about his wife, and needed no information. But I made him sit down again, and I made him listen to me. I made him listen for half an hour, and at the end of the time he was interested. He had all the appearance of it; he sat gazing at me, and at last the tears came into his eyes. I believe I had a moment of eloquence. I don't know what I said nor how I said it; to what point it would bear examination, nor how, if you had been there, it would seem to you, as a disinterested critic, to hang together; but I know that after a while there were tears in my own eyes. I begged him not to give up Blanche; I assured him that she was not so foolish as she seems; that she was a very delicate little creature to handle, and that, in reality, whatever she did, she was thinking only of him. He had been all goodness and kindness to her, I knew that; but he had not, from the first, been able to conceal from her that he regarded her chiefly as a pretty kitten. She wished to be more than that, and she took refuge in flirting, simply to excite his jealousy and make him feel strongly about her. He has felt strongly, and he was feeling strongly now; he was feeling passionately—that was my whole contention. But he had perhaps never made it plain to those rather near-sighted little mental eyes of hers, and he had let her suppose something that couldn't fail to rattle in her mind and torment it. 'You have let her suppose,' I said, 'that you were thinking of me, and the poor girl has been jealous of me. I know it, but from nothing she herself has said. She has said nothing; she has been too proud and too considerate. If you don't think that's to her honor, I do. She has had a chance every day for a week, but she has treated me without a grain of spite. I have appreciated it, I have under-

stood it, and it has touched me very much. It ought to touch you, Mr. Wright. When she heard I was engaged to Mr. Longueville, it gave her an immense relief. And yet, at the same moment you were protesting, and denouncing, and saying those horrible things about her! I know how she appears—she likes admiration. But the admiration which of all in the world she would most delight in just now would be yours. She plays with Captain Lovelock as a child does with a wooden harlequin, she pulls a string and he throws up his arms and legs. She has about as much intention of eloping with him as a little girl might have of eloping with a pasteboard Jim Crow. If you were to have a frank explanation with her, Blanche would very soon throw Jim Crow out of the window. I very humbly entreat you to cease thinking of me. I don't know what wrong you have ever done me, or what kindness I have ever done you, that you should feel obliged to trouble your head about me. You see all I am—I tell you now. I am nothing in the least remarkable. As for your thinking ill of me at Baden, I never knew it nor cared about it. If it had been so, you see how I should have got over it. Dear Mr. Wright, we might be such good friends, if you would only believe me. She's so pretty, so charming, so universally admired. You said just now you had bored me, but it's nothing—in spite of all the compliments you have paid me—to the way I have bored you. If *she* could only know it—that I have bored you! Let her see for half an hour that I am out of your mind—the rest will take care of itself. She might so easily have made a quarrel with me. The way she has behaved to me is one of the prettiest things I have ever seen, and you shall see the way I shall always behave to her! Don't think it necessary to say out of politeness that I have not bored you; it is not in the least necessary. You know perfectly well that you are disappointed in the charm of my society. And I have done my best, too. I can honestly affirm that! For some time he said nothing, and then he remarked that I was very clever, but he didn't see a word of sense in what I said. 'It only proves,' I said, 'that the merit of my conversation is smaller than you had taken it into your head to fancy. But I have done you good, all the same. Don't contradict me; you don't know yet; and its too late for us to argue about it. You will tell me to-morrow.'"

Some three evenings after he received this last report of the progress of affairs in Paris, Bernard, upon whom the burden of exile sat none the more lightly as the days went on, turned out of the Strand into one of the theaters. He had been gloomily pushing his way through the various London densities—the November fog, the nocturnal darkness, the jostling crowd. He was too restless to do anything but walk, and he had been saying to himself, for the thousandth time, that if he had been guilty of a misdemeanor in succumbing to the attractions of the admirable girl who showed to such advantage in letters of twelve pages, his fault was richly expiated by these days of impatience and bereavement. He gave little heed to the play; his thoughts were elsewhere, and, while they rambled, his eyes wandered round the house. Suddenly, on the other side of it, he beheld Captain Lovelock, seated squarely in his orchestra-stall, but, if Bernard was not mistaken, paying as little attention to the stage as he himself had done. The captain's eyes, it is true, were fixed upon the scene; his head was bent a little, his magnificent beard rippled over the expanse of his shirt-front. But Bernard was not slow to see that his gaze was heavy and opaque, and that, though he was staring at the actresses, their charms were lost upon him. He saw that, like himself, poor Lovelock had matter for reflection in his manly breast, and he concluded that Blanche's ponderous swain was also suffering from a sense of disjunction. Lovelock sat in the same posture all the evening, and that his imagination had not projected itself into the play was proved by the fact that during the *entr'actes* he gazed with the same dull fixedness at the curtain. Bernard forbore to interrupt him; we know that he was not at this moment socially inclined, and he judged that the captain was as little so, inasmuch as causes, even more imperious than those which had operated in his own case, must have been at the bottom of his sudden appearance in London. On leaving the theater, however, Bernard found himself detained with the crowd in the vestibule near the door, which, wide open to the street, was the scene of agitation and confusion. It had come on to rain, and the raw dampness mingled itself with the dusky uproar of the Strand. At last, among the press of people, as he was passing out, our hero became aware that he had been brought into contact with Lovelock, who was walking

just beside him. At the same moment Lovelock noticed him—looked at him for an instant, and then looked away. But he looked back again the next instant, and the two men then uttered that inarticulate and inexpressive exclamation which passes for a sign of greeting among gentlemen of the Anglo-Saxon race, in their moments of more acute self-consciousness.

"Oh, are you here?" said Bernard. "I thought you were in Paris."

"No; I aint in Paris," Lovelock answered, with some dryness. "Tired of the beastly hole!"

"Oh, I see," said Bernard. "Excuse me while I put up my umbrella."

He put up his umbrella, and from under it, the next moment, he saw the captain waving two fingers at him out of the front of a hansom. When he returned to his hotel he found on his table a letter, superscribed in Gordon Wright's hand. This communication ran as follows:

"I believe you are making a fool of me. In heaven's name, come back to Paris! G. W."

Bernard hardly knew whether to regard these few words as a further declaration of war, or as an overture to peace; but he lost no time in complying with the summons they conveyed. He started for Paris the next morning, and in the evening, after he had removed the stains of his journey and swallowed a hasty dinner, he rang at Mrs. Vivian's door. This lady and her daughter gave him a welcome which—I will not say satisfied him, but which, at least, did something toward soothing the still unhealed wounds of separation.

"And what is the news of Gordon?" he presently asked.

"We have not seen him in three days," said Angela.

"He is cured, dear Bernard; he must be. Angela has been wonderful," Mrs. Vivian declared.

"You should have seen mamma with Blanche," her daughter said, smiling. "It was most remarkable."

Mrs. Vivian smiled, too, very gently.

"Dear little Blanche! Captain Lovelock has gone to London."

"Yes, he thinks it a beastly hole. Ah, no," Bernard added, "I have got it wrong."

But it little mattered. Late that night, on his return to his own rooms, Bernard sat gazing at his fire. He had not begun to undress. He was thinking of a good many things. He was in the midst of his reflec-

tions when there came a rap at his door, which the next moment was flung open. Gordon Wright stood there, looking at him—with a gaze which Bernard returned for a moment before bidding him to come in. Gordon came in and came up to him; then he held out his hand. Bernard took it with great satisfaction. His last feeling had been that he was very weary of this ridiculous quarrel, and it was an extreme relief to find it was over.

"It was very good of you to go to London," said Gordon, looking at him with all the old serious honesty of his eyes.

"I have always tried to do what I could to oblige you," Bernard answered, smiling.

"You must have cursed me over there," Gordon went on.

"I did, a little. As you were cursing me here, it was permissible."

"That's over now," said Gordon. "I came to welcome you back. It seemed to me I couldn't lay my head on my pillow without speaking to you."

"I am glad to get back," Bernard admitted, smiling still. "I can't deny that. And I find you as I believed I should." Then he added, seriously—"I knew Angela would keep us good friends."

For a moment Gordon said nothing. Then, at last he replied :

"Yes, for that purpose it didn't matter which of us should marry her. If it had been I," he added, "she would have made you accept it."

"Ah, I don't know!" Bernard exclaimed.

"I am sure of it," said Gordon, earnestly, —almost argumentatively. "She's an extraordinary woman."

"Keeping you good friends with me—that's a great thing. But it's nothing to her keeping you good friends with your wife."

Gordon looked at Bernard for an instant; then he fixed his eyes for some time on the fire.

"Yes, that is the greatest of all things. A man should value his wife. He should believe in her. He has taken her, and he should keep her—especially when there is a great deal of good in her. I was a great fool the other day," he went on. "I don't remember what I said. It was very weak."

"It seemed to me feeble," said Bernard. "But it is quite within a man's rights to be a fool once in a while, and you had never abused the license."

"Well, I have done it for a life-time—for a life-time." And Gordon took up his

hat. He looked into the crown of it for a moment, and then he fixed his eyes on Bernard's again. "But there is one thing I hope you won't mind my saying. I have come back to my old impression of Miss Vivian."

"Your old impression?"

And Miss Vivian's accepted lover frowned a little.

"I mean that she's not simple. She's very strange."

Bernard's frown cleared away in a sudden, almost eager smile.

"Say at once that you dislike her! That will do capitally."

Gordon shook his head, and he, too, almost smiled a little.

"It's not true. She's very wonderful. And if I did dislike her, I should struggle with it. It would never do for me to dislike your wife."

After he had gone, when the night was half over, Bernard, lying awake a while, gave a laugh in the still darkness, as this last sentence came back to him.

On the morrow he saw Blanche, for he went to see Gordon. The latter, at first, was not at home; but he had a quarter of an hour's talk with his wife, whose powers of conversation had apparently not been in the smallest degree affected by anything that had occurred.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit to London," she said. "Did you go to buy Angela a set of diamonds in Bond street? You didn't buy anything—you didn't go into a shop? Then pray what did you go for? Excuse my curiosity—it seems to me it's rather flattering. I never know anything unless I am told. I haven't any powers of observation. I noticed you went—oh, yes, I observed that very much; and I thought it very strange, under the circumstances. Your most intimate friend arrives in Paris, and you choose the next day to make a little tour! I don't like to see you treat my husband so; he would never have done it to you. And if you didn't stay for Gordon, you might have stayed for Angela. I never heard of anything so monstrous as a gentleman rushing away from the object of his affection, for no particular purpose that any one could discover, the day after she has accepted him. It was not the day after? Well, it was too soon, at any rate. Angela couldn't in the least tell me what you had gone for; she said it was for a 'change.' That was a charming reason! But she was very much ashamed of you—and so was I;

and at last we all sent Captain Lovelock after you to bring you back. You came back without him? Ah, so much the better; I suppose he is still looking for you, and, as he isn't very clever, that will occupy him for some time. We want to occupy him; we don't approve of his being so idle. However, for my own part, I am very glad you were away. I was a great deal at Mrs. Vivian's, and I shouldn't have felt nearly so much at liberty to go if I had known I should always find you there making love to Mademoiselle. It wouldn't have seemed to me discreet—I know what you are going to say—that it's the first time you ever heard of my wishing to avoid an indiscretion. It's a taste I have taken up lately—for the same reason you went to London—for a 'change.'" Here Blanche paused for an appreciable moment; and then she added: "Well, I must say, I have never seen anything so lovely as Mrs. Vivian's influence. I hope mamma wont be disappointed in it this time!"

When Bernard next saw the other two ladies, he said to them that he was surprised at the way in which clever women incurred moral responsibilities.

"We like them," said Mrs. Vivian. "We delight in them!"

"Well," said Bernard, "I wouldn't for the world have it on my conscience to have reconciled poor Gordon to Mrs. Blanche."

"You are not to say a word against Blanche, sir," Angela declared. "She's a little miracle."

"It will be all right, dear Bernard," Mrs. Vivian added, with soft authority.

"I have taken a great fancy to her," the younger lady went on.

Bernard gave a little laugh.

"Gordon is right in his ultimate opinion: you are very strange!"

"You may abuse me as much as you please; but I will never hear a word against Mrs. Gordon."

And she never would in future; though it is not recorded that Bernard availed himself in any special degree of the license offered him in conjunction with this warning.

Blanche's health within a few days had, according to her own account, taken a marvelous turn for the better; but her husband appeared still to think it proper that they should spend the winter beneath a brilliant sun, and he presently informed his friends that they had at last settled it between them that a voyage up the Nile must be for a thoroughly united couple, a very agreeable pastime. To perform this expedition advantageously they must repair to Cairo without delay, and for this reason he was sure that Bernard and Angela would easily understand their not making a point of waiting for the wedding. These happy people quite understood it. Their nuptials were to be celebrated with extreme simplicity. If, however, Gordon was not able to be present, he, in conjunction with his wife, presented Angela, as a bridal gift, with the most beautiful piece of jewelry the rue de la Paix could furnish; and on his arrival at Cairo, while he waited for his dragoman to give the signal for starting, he found time, in spite of the exactions of that large correspondence which has been more than once mentioned in the course of our narrative, to write Bernard the longest letter he had ever addressed to him. It reached him in the middle of his honeymoon.

THE END.

A MADONNA OF FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

No heavenly maid we here behold
Though round her head a ring of gold;
This baby, solemn-eyed and sweet,
Is human all from head to feet.

Together close her palms are prest
In worship of that godly guest:
But glad her heart and unafraid
While on her neck his hand is laid.

Two children happy, laughing, gay
Uphold the little child in play:
Not flying angels they, what though
Four wings from their four shoulders grow.

Fra Lippo, we have learned from thee
A lesson of humanity:
To every mother's heart forlorn,
In every house the Christ is born.

A REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSMAN ON HORSEBACK.

THE Honorable William Ellery mounted his horse at Dighton, Massachusetts, on the twentieth of October, 1777, proposing to ride nearly five hundred miles to York, Pennsylvania, where he was to resume his Congressional duties. He had gone home in July, to attend to his private affairs; and during his absence the Congress, which then sat continuously, had been driven from Philadelphia by the approach of the British; and it was now at York, where it remained until the following year.

William Ellery was now a man of nearly fifty years of age, having been born December 22, 1727. He had been chosen to Congress in May, 1776; had signed the great Declaration; and had, as he records, stood long by the secretary to watch the bearing of his fellow-signers. In return for his patriotic service, the British troops had hastened to burn his house at Newport, on their taking possession of Rhode Island, so that his family were now residing at Dighton, Massachusetts. It was from this village, therefore, that he and his son-in-law—the Honorable Francis Dana, of Massachusetts—were to ride together to the Congress, of which both were members. Mr. Dana was the father, ten years later, of Richard Henry Dana, the poet, lately deceased, whose long career thus nearly linked the present moment with that autumnal morning when his father and grandfather mounted their horses for their journey.

It was an important time in the history of the Revolution. The first flying rumors of Burgoyne's surrender were arriving; but an interest more absorbing must have been attached, in Mr. Ellery's mind, to an expedition just organized by General Spencer to drive the British from Rhode Island. The attempt was carried so far that the Continental troops were actually embarked in boats at Tiverton, when news came that the British were already warned, and the surprise had failed. The expedition was at once abandoned, much to the dissatisfaction of Congress; but all this was not foreseen by Mr. Ellery, who, as we shall see, was anxiously listening for the sound of cannon, and hoping for a military triumph that should almost eclipse that already won over Burgoyne.

We can fancy the two worthy gentlemen, booted and spurred, wearing the full-skirted

coat, the long waistcoat, and the small-clothes of the period, and bestriding their stout horses, after due inspection of girths and saddle-bags. With Mr. Dana's manservant riding soberly behind them, they "sat out," as the diary always phrases it, on their month's journey. They were to meet the accustomed perils by field and flood; to be detained for days by storms; to test severely the larders of their hosts; to be sometimes driven from their beds by cold and wet, or from the very house through exhaustion of fire-wood—all this in time of war, moreover, near the hostile lines, and in the occasional society of stragglers from either army. Such traveling was a good school for courage, endurance and patience; it brought public men into singularly close contact with their constituents; and afforded, on the whole, a manly and invigorating experience, though one that was often comfortless to the last degree. It moreover gave perpetual opening for unexpected acquaintance and odd adventure—opportunities never wasted upon a born humorist like William Ellery. He journeyed, we may be sure, with his eyes wide open; and by no means sheltered himself behind the immunities, if such there were, of a Congressman and a "signer." Indeed, he says of himself, when he had on one occasion to seek some special privilege of travel:

"Had I announced myself a member of Congress, who would have believed me?—for, setting aside my spectacles, there is, I am sure, no dignity in my person or appearance."

This modest self-depreciation is by no means justified by Mr. Ellery's portrait; but it at least enhances the symbolic value of his spectacles, and the appropriateness of their preservation among the relics now to be seen at Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The first and most elaborate of the traveling diaries opens as follows:

"Sat out from Dighton in Mass. Bay, in Company with the Honble Francis Dana Esq. Oct. 20th 1777 at half-past One, arrived at my good old Friend's Abraham Redwood Esq. in North Providence in the Evening; and was detained there (21st) the next Day by a Storm.

"22d.—Rode to Judge Greene's (Warwick) to dine, and reached Judge Potter's, So. Kingston, in ye Evening.

"23d.—Last Night it was said Cannon were heard towards Newport. Drank Tea with Mr. Champlin whose wife was ill of a Sore Throat.

"24th.—The Weather was lowering and that and the Prospect of hearing something of the Newport Expedition detained us at Judge Potter's. This Day had a Confirmation of the glorious News of the Surrender of the Col of the Queen's Light Dragoons with his whole army. Learns hence proud Mortals the ignominious end of the vain boaster. Gave a Spur to Spencer by letter.

"25th.—The Weather still lowering and wet, abode at Judge Potter's. Saw the New London Paper which certified the News of Burgoyne's Surrender. Not a word of the Newport Expedition.

"26th.—Still dark and lowering. The Weather unfit for journeying. Good Quarters in a Storm takes off its force and renders it less disagreeable. Remained still at Judge Potter's.

"27th.—The Storm brews, the Wind increasing, and the Rain—

"28th.—The Storm tremendous. F. D. in the Course of the last Six Days hath devoured Six Quarts of Apples and Milk.

"29th.—Storm abated, but the Weather still foul and unfit for traveling—more apples and milk.

"30th.—Fair Weather. We sat off.—Judge Potter accompanied us to Mr. Marchant's, and until the Road by Mr. Marchant's meets the great Country Road to Little Rest, where we parted.—Before we sat out left a letter for General Whipple and my Wife. Dined pretty well at Brown's a private house in Hopkinton about 13 or 14 miles from Judge Potter's. After dinner rode to Tyler's which is now a private house opposite to the Revd. Hart's Meeting House, drank a Dish of Coffee in the Evening and were waited upon by a good female Body, who was almost consumed with the Hysterics of Religion—*vide* Dr. Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History."

In spite of this disrespectful reference to religious hysterics, it seems that our travelers did not proceed upon their journey on Sunday.

"We spent the Sabbath at Hartford. In the afternoon heard Mr. Strong preach a good Sermon, and most melodious Singing. The Psalmody was performed in all its Parts, and Softness more than Loudness seemed to be the Aim of the Performers. In the Evening waited upon Gov. Trumbull and was pleased to find so much Quickness of apprehension in so old a Gentleman. Connecticut have collected, and ordered Taxes to the Amount of One hundred thousand Pounds more than they had issued. Brave Spirits!"

Governor Trumbull was revered as the only colonial governor who took the patriotic side; and is also likely to be held in permanent fame as the author of the phrase "Brother Jonathan." He was at this time but sixty seven; yet that may have seemed an advanced age to William Ellery, at fifty, since the latter could not have foreseen that he himself should live to be ninety-two, and should retain his "quickness of apprehension" to the last. After this burst of enthusiasm we are soon brought back to the question of the larder, always so important on a horseback journey.

"Nov. 3d.—Left Hartford and bated at Farmington, at Lewis' about 12 miles from Hartford; from thence rode to Yale's 12 miles, where Mr. F. D. dined on Three Pints of Milk and Cake lightened with Scraps, and W. E. dined on Bread and Milk Punch.—From thence rode through Herrington over the worst road I ever passed to Litchfield, where we lodged with Genl. Wolcott, and were kindly entertained. He had lately returned from the Northern Army, where he commanded a Number (300 I think) of Volunteers, which he had collected by his Influence. He gave us an account of the Surrendry of the menacing Meteor, which after a most portentous Glare had evaporated into Smoke (Gov. Livingston's Speech to the Assembly, Fishkill Papers, Sept. 4th) and gave it as his Opinion that the Army under Genl. Gates at the Time of ye Capitulation did not exceed 12,000 men."

Coming nearer the seat of war, our travelers felt its discomforts; first, in the ruinous condition of the bridges, and then in the presence of troops and in nocturnal alarms. The following extracts show these annoyances:

"Nov. 4th.—Left Litchfield about nine o'clock. * * * The Bridges along this road from Hartford are some of them entirely destroyed, and all of them out of repair, owing to the constant passing of heavy loaded wagons and the late heavy storm. On our way to Flower's we passed over Chepaug a long, crazy Bridge, and between Flower's and Camp's over Housatonic Bridge, which was held together by a few Wedges.—After we left Chepaug Bridge the Road to Camp's was good.

"Nov. 5th.—Rode to Danbury where we breakfasted at a private house, after having visited every Inn for Accommodations but in vain; some were crowded with Soldiers, and others void of every necessary article of Entertainment. Danbury is eleven miles from Camp's. We intended when we left Litchfield to have gone to Peekskill, and there to have crossed the North River; but, when we got to Danbury, were dissuaded from it by the Person at whose house we breakfasted; who told us that there were Tories and Horse-stealers on that Road. This account and it being late in the forenoon that it was impossible to reach Peekskill by Night, and not being able to procure a Lodging in Danbury, occasioned us to take the Fishkill Road; Accordingly we sat off, bated at the Foot of Quaker Hill, about 7 miles from Danbury, and reached Col. Ludington's 8 miles from the foregoing stage, at night. *Here mens meminisse horret!* We were told by our landlady the Colonel was gone to New Windsor, that there was a Guard on the Road between Fishkill and Peekskill, that one of the Guard had been killed about six miles off, and that a man not long before had been shot at on the Road to Fishkill, not more than 3 miles from their house; and that a Guard had been placed there for some time past and had been dismissed only three days. We were now in a doleful pickle, not a male in the house but Don Quixote and his man Sancho and poor Pill Garlick, and no Lodging for the first and

* Mr. Ellery gives the names of Don Quixote and Sancho to Judge Danna and his servant; and employs the name "Pill Garlick" or "Pil garlick" for himself. This last word has now passed out of use, but it is often employed in books of the last century as a substitute for the first person singular, especially in case of a lonely person or one growing old. Several derivations have been assigned for it; these may be found in Grose's Dictionary and Brewer's "Phrase and Fable."

last but in a lower room without any Shutters to the windows, or Locks to the Doors.—What was to be done? What could be done? In the first place we fortified our Stomachs with Beefsteak and Grogg, and then went to work to fortify ourselves against an attack.—The Knight of the woeful Countenance asked whether there were any Guns in the house. Two were produced. One of them in good order. Nails were fixed over the windows, the Guns placed in a corner of the room, a pistol under each of our pillows, and the Hanger against the bed-post; thus accoutred and prepared at all points, our heroes went to bed.—Whether the valiant knight slept a wink or not, Pill Garlick cannot say; for he was so overcome with fatigue and his animal Spirits were so solaced with the beef and Grogg, that every trace of fear was utterly erased from his imagination, and he slept soundly from Evening till Morning without any interruption, save that about midnight, as he fancieth, he was waked by his Companion with this interesting Question delivered with a tremulous voice: 'What noise is that?' He listened and soon discovered that the noise was occasioned by some rats gnawing the head of a bread-cask. After satisfying the Knight about the noise, He took his second and finishing nap."

The next day it snowed. The fire-wood at this house gave out, and they were forced to ride five miles in the storm to the next stopping-place. Then follows a picture of a rustic "interior," as quaint and homely, and almost as remote from the present New England, as if painted by Wilkie or Van Ostade:

"We were ushered into a room where there was a good fire, drank a dish of Tea, and were entertained during great part of the Evening with the Music of the Spinning-wheel and wool-cards, and the sound of the shoemaker's hammer; for Adriance had his shoemaker's bench, his wife her great wheel and their girl her wool-card in the room where we sat. This might be disagreeable to your delicate macaroni gentry; but by elevating our voices a little, we could and did keep up conversation amidst the music; and the reflection on the advantages resulting from Manufactures, joined to the good-nature of our landlord and his wife, made the evening pass off very agreeably."

The next extract gives us a glimpse of John Hancock, who had just resigned the presidency of Congress and was on his way home:

"Nov. 7th.—Breakfasted at Adriance's, and sat off for Fishkill where we arrived at noon. Could get no provender for our horses, but at the Contl [Continental, i. e. military] Stables. Waited upon Gen. Putnam who was packing up and just about setting off for White Plains. Chatted with him a while, and then put off for the Contl Ferry at the North River. (Fishkill is eleven miles from Adriance's and the Ferry six miles from Fishkill.) In our way to the Ferry we met President Hancock in a sulkey, escorted by one of his Secretaries and two or three other gentlemen, and one Light-horseman. This escort surprised us as it seemed inadequate to the purpose either of defence or parade. But our surprise was not of long continuance; for

we had not rode far before we met six or eight Light-horse-men on the canton, and just as we reached the Ferry a boat arrived with many more. These with the Light-horse-men and the gentlemen before mentioned made up the escort of Mr. President Hancock.—Who would not be a great man? I verily believe that the President, as he passed through the Country thus escorted, feels a more triumphant satisfaction than the Col. of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons attended by his whole army and an escort of a thousand Militia. We had a pleasant time across the Ferry, and jogged on to Major Dubois a Tavern about 9 or 10 miles from thence, where we put up for the night. We were well entertained, had a good dish of tea, and a good beef-steak. We had neither ate or drank before since we breakfasted. Dr. Cutter invited us to dine with him at Fishkill; but it was not then dinner time and we were anxious to pass Hudson and get on."

This allusion to Burgoyne is, of course, a sarcasm, the thousand militia-men being the Continental troops that escorted his army to its place of detention at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The next glimpse must be of the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania,—a haven of luxurious comfort to the unfortunate travelers of those days:

"Nov. 10th.—Breakfasted at Carr's, and rode 12 miles to Easton, where we baited. We passed the Delaware with Genl Fermoy without making ourselves known to him. From Easton we rode in the Rain to Bethlehem for the sake of good accommodation, and were invited by Mr. Edwine one of the Ministers of the Moravian Society who had been so kind as to show me the public buildings when I was at Bethlehem the last June. When Congress were here in their way to York; they ordered that the House of the single women should not be occupied by the Soldiery or in any way put to the use of the Army; and that as little disturbance as possible should be given to this peaceful Society, which Mr. Edwine took notice of with great gratitude.—A number of sick and wounded were here,* a considerable quantity of baggage and Guards;—and a number of Light-horse were at Nazareth, feeding on the hay and grain of the Society, which I found was disagreeable; but at the same time perceived that they did not choose to complain much lest their complaints should be thought to proceed not so much from their sufferings as from a dislike to the American Cause. This people, like the Quakers are principled against bearing Arms; but are unlike them in this respect, they are not against paying such taxes as Government may order them to pay towards carrying on War, and do not I believe, in a sly underhand way aid and assist the Enemy while they cry Peace, Peace, as the manner of some Quakers is, not to impeach the whole body of them.

"Nov. 11th.—Continued at Bethlehem, the weather

* One of these invalids was Lafayette, who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, and was taken to Bethlehem in the carriage of Henry Laurens on the removal of Congress. Pulaski afterward visited Lafayette at Bethlehem, and was subsequently presented with a banner by the Moravian sisterhood,—an incident well known through an early poem by Longfellow.

being very cold and the wind high, and our horses wanting rest, and to have their shoes repaired. Fared exceedingly well, drank excellent Madeira, and fine green tea, and ate a variety of well-cooked food of a good quality and lodged well.

Nov. 12th.—Baited at Snell's 9 miles, and ate a tolerable veal cutlet. Snell is a good Whig.

Then comes another picture of the discomforts of a late autumnal journey :

Nov. 12th.—The fore part of this day was filled with snow squalls, which proved peculiarly irksome to Mr. Dana's servant, whose Surtout was stolen from him the eveⁿg before at Johnston's by some Soldier. The afternoon was comfortable but the eveⁿg was windy and exceedingly cold. The room in which we sat and lodged admitted the cold air at a thousand chinks, and our narrow bed had on it only a thin rug and one sheet. We went to bed almost completely dressed, but even that would not do. It was so cold that I could not sleep. What would I not have given to have been by my fire-side. I wished a thousand times that the Old-Fellow had our landlady. Our fellow lodgers suffered as much as we did, and if they had read Tristam Shandy's chapter of curses, and had remembered it would have cursed her through his whole catalogue of curses. What added to the infamoussness of this Tavern was the extreme squalidness of the room, beds, and every utensil. I will conclude my story of this Sink of Filth and Abomination with a circumstance which, while it shows that our dirty landlady had some idea of neatness, must excite a contemptuous smile.—The table on which we were to breakfast was so inexpressibly nasty that we begged she would put a clean napkin on it, to which this *simplex munditiae* objected that the coffee might dirty the cloth.—I intended to have finished here; but the avarice of this Mass of Filth was as great as her sluttishness,—was so great that I cannot forbear noticing it. Notwithstanding we had nothing of her but a bit of a Hock of pork, boiled a second time, and some bread and butter (we found our own tea and coffee) and hay and oats for our horses; this Daughter of Lycurgus charged for Mr. Dana, myself and servant, thirty-eight shillings lawful money."

The next day Mr. Ellery met other eminent men, following in the steps of Hancock. The main work of the session being through, and military operations being almost closed by the approach of winter, Samuel Adams had for the first time received leave of absence from Congress, while John Adams had been appointed commissioner to France; and they journeyed homeward together:

Nov. 13th.—Met Mr. Samuel and Mr. John Adams about 9 miles from Levan's, and hard by a tavern.—They turned back to the Inn, where we chatted, and ate bread and butter together. They were to my great sorrow bound home. I could not but lament that Congress should be without their councils, and myself without their conversation."

It is rather tantalizing that these few lines should be the only record of this memorable chatting over bread and butter,

while so much more space is immediately given to one of those Fielding-like adventures which the gravest Congressman might then encounter on his travels :

"We reached Reading where we put up at one Hartman's near the Court House, in the middle of the afternoon. It was with great difficulty that we could get a lodging. We were obliged to lodge in a room with a curious crazy genius. We went to bed about nine O'clock; about half-past ten in came the Genius thundering. He stamped across the room several times, and then vociferated for the boot-jack. He pulled off his boots, hummed over a tune, lighted up his pipe, smoked a few whiffs, took his pen and ink and began to write, when there was a keen rapping at our chamber door. He turned his head toward the door and was silent. Immediately the door was forced open, and such a scene presented as would have intimidated any person of less heroism than F. D. and W. E. In rushed a Sergeant's Guard with fixed bayonets and arrested the Genius. All was confusion. There was 'Damn your blood Sir, what do you mean?' 'I arrest you sir; seize his papers,' 'Genl Mifflin'—'Warrant'—'Challenge'—'Let me put on my clothes. I'll go with you to Genl Mifflin'—'You shall go to a house twenty times as good for you. I'll take care of you.' After some time we found out that our cracked Genius had challenged Gen Mifflin, and therefore was arrested. They took him away, but he had not been gone long, before he returned to the House cursing and swearing, and was locked up in another Chamber. Two officers who were in bed in that chamber were obliged to decamp to make way for him and took his bed in our room."

"The knight of redoubted valor, had at his return got up, dressed himself, and told the officer of the Guard, that he had put the Genius into a passion, and that he must not be put into our room to disturb us, which occasioned his quarters being shifted. The two officers before mentioned told us that the Genius when he was enraged as he then was, was a ferocious creature and that we might expect that he would attempt to recover his old lodging before morning.—The landlady her daughter and maids were all roused and had got up; the landlord and Pill-Garlick kept snug in bed; all the females and the Knight were busily employed half an hour in putting the lock of our door in order. When that was effected the Knight put his pistols under his head, his hanger in the chair near the bed, and then came to bed. In the morning early the Genius rose, strutted about his prison and hummed over a tune in seeming good humor.—After some time he was discharged, came into our room, asked our pardon for the disturbance he had occasioned and offered us some of his loaf sugar to sweeten our tea. He then waited on Genl Mifflin, returned and said he was a clever fellow, but swore damn him that he would go and kill the Officer of the Guard if he could find him. Out he went, but what became of him I know not; for we set off, but I believe he killed nobody."

But the journey of our Congressman is fast drawing to a close, and soon ends as follows :

Nov. 14th.—Crossed the Schuylkill dined at Miller's near the town of Ephrata *al. dic. [ali] dicunt = alias*] Dunkard's Town and lodged at Letitz a little Moravian Settlement, where we lodged in Clover.

We lodged in Cabins about 3 feet wide, a straw bed was at the bottom, a feather bed on that, sheets, a thin soft feather bed supplied the place of blankets, and a neat calico coverlid covered all; and our lodging room was kept warm during the night by a neat earthen stove which in form resembled a case of Drawers.

"*Nov. 15th.*—Crossed Anderson's Ferry which is 17 miles from Letidz about noon, and in the afternoon reached Yorktown which is 10 miles from the Ferry, and so finished our Journey of four hundred and fifty miles."

In June, 1778, Mr. Ellery records another horseback journey. Congress had left Yorktown and returned to Philadelphia, just evacuated by the British; and this was the appearance of the country on the way:

"From Derby to Schuylkill the Fencing was destroyed and the fields lay entirely open; but as the stock had been removed by the Owners or taken by the enemy, the grass was luxuriant.—As I passed the Schuylkill the naked Chimneys of destroyed houses on my left expressed in emphatic language the barbarity of the British Officers & Soldiery. The city however was in a much better state than I expected to have found it. At Chester heard the glorious news of the defeat of Genl Clinton at Monmouth. I lodged at Philadelphia until the 10th of July when I sat out for Dighton in company with him. On the glorious fourth of July I celebrated in the city Tavern with my brother delegates of Congress and a number of other gentlemen amounting in the whole to about 80, the anniversary of Independency."

His description of this entertainment was quoted in this magazine for July, 1876, in an article entitled "The Story of the Signing."

He went from home to his Congressional duties that same autumn, leaving Dighton October 24, 1778. The opening of his diary on this occasion shows amusingly some of the inconveniences to be surmounted before setting off:

"Sat out from Dighton on a Journey to Philadelphia, arrived at Providence in the afternoon. The black man who had engaged to attend me on the Journey fell sick or pretended to be so. I sent an express to Dighton for a boy with whom I had talked about his going and had refused to take on account of this same black man. The Boy was now unwilling to go. I applied to Genl Sullivan who accommodated me with a Soldier of Jackson's regiment. The black fellow was a married man and alas and lack-a-day was under petticoat government and his sovereign wanted to keep him at home to wait upon her. If I had known previous to my engaging him that he had been under this kind of domination I should have consulted his Domina and procured her consent, before I had depended upon him, and not suffered this sad disappointment. Well—let the ambitious say what they please. Women have more to do with the government of this world than they are willing to allow. Oh! Eve—Eve!"

A little farther on we come to the more substantial discomfort of a storm, putting a stop to all travel, and giving opportunity for genial philosophizing by the fireside:

"*Oct. 31st.*—We were at Emmons' detained by a storm which has been brewing for more than a fortnight; but which, to our comfort, is like the dram which the Gentleman presented to the Rev^d Dr. Phillips of Long Island, the least, as he said, by the dram that ever I saw of its age in my life. This Mr. Phillips had been preaching in I know not and care not what Parish, and being much fatigued the Gent. with whom he dined, to refresh his spirits before dinner, presented him with a dram in a very small glass, observing at the same time that the dram was 10 years old. The arch priest wittily professed that it was the least of its age that he had ever seen in his life.—But as small as the storm is, it is large enough to detain us.—Mrs. Emmons our Landlady, is one of the most laughing creatures that ever I saw. She begins and ends everything she says, and she talks as much as most females, with a laugh which is in truth the silliest laugh that ever I heard.—As man hath been defined as a laughing animal as Laughter manifests a good disposition and tends to make one fat, I will not find fault with laughing, let Solomon & Chesterfield have said what they may have said agst it. Indeed the former says there is a time to laugh, but with the latter it is at no time admissible. However, Chesterfield when he condemns it hath the character of a courtier only in Idea, and does not regard common life. And Horace I think says, *Ride si sapi.*—The Spectator hath divided laughter into several species some of which he censures roundly; but doth not as I remember condemn seasonable, gentle laughter.—Therefore my pleasant Landlady, laugh on."

A little later he finds another landlady, as kind but less cheerful; and we have a glimpse at the standard of comfort then prevailing in Connecticut:

"*Nov. 1st.*—Passed Connecticut River and dined at Chidsey's on the middle road on the east skirt of Durham. Our Landlady was very kind and pleasant. Her cheese and butter were excellent; but alas! They had no Cyder; and in consequence of it she said with the tone of lamentation, that they should be quite lonesome this winter. The good people of Connecticut when they form the semicircle round the warm hearth, and the Tankard sparkles with Cyder, are as merry and as sociable as New Yorkers are when they tipple the mantling Madeira."

Then follows another graphic picture of a way-side interior:

"*Nov. 5th.*—Took the route through Paramus and breakfasted at a Dutchman's about 7 miles from Coes, and were well entertained. A little diverting affair took place here. The Children who had never before seen a Gentleman with a wig on, were it seems not a little puzzled with my friend's head-dress. They thought it was his natural hair, but it differed so much from mine and theirs in its shape that they did not know what to make of it. The little boy after viewing it some time with a curious eye asked his mother, in dutch, whether it would hurt my friend if he should pull his hair. The mother told

us what the boy had said; whereupon my friend took off his wig, put it on the head of the boy and led him to the looking-glass. The mixture of Joy and Astonishment in the boy's countenance on this occasion diverted us not a little. He would look with astonishment at Mr. Redwood's bare head, and then survey his own head, and the droll figure he made with the wig on made him and us laugh very heartily. It is not a little remarkable that children who had lived on a public road should have never before seen a wig."

That night he reaches Elizabethtown, N. J., where we have a glimpse at some of the mild relaxations of the Continental army:

"We lodged at one Smiths. A Detachment of the Army, under Ld. Stirling was here. The officers had a ball at Smiths, and kept up the dance 'till three o'clock in the morning. Drum, fife and fiddle, with an almost incessant saltation drove Morpheus from my Pillow."

"Lord Stirling" was General William Alexander, who had been an unsuccessful claimant for the earldom of Stirling. Later we are presented with some of the joys of travel, tempered with pensive moralizing:

"Nov. 9th.—We breakfasted at Gilchrists in Woodbury. In the way from Roxbury to Woodbury, about three or four miles from the former, the Eye is saluted with a beautiful Landscape. The side of a mountain in a semicircular form, from its gentle declivity presents a charming variety of fields and woods and buildings. In a word it yields a more beautiful prospect than any you behold between it and Philadelphia—Gilchrist furnished us with the best dish of Bohea Tea and the best toasted bread and butter I have eaten for a twelvemonth. But this is a chequered state of things, and good alas! is frequently attended with evil. My Surtout

There seems to have been some farther tragedy in respect to this overcoat. Perhaps it had followed the garment of Mr. Dana's servant into the patriotic army. The next day brings us close to the enemy's lines:

"Nov. 10th.—Breakfasted at Buells in Hebron eight miles from Hills—Dined at Jesse Billings, my Tenant in Colchester. The Enemy on Monday entered N. Haven and pillaged the Inhabitants. They were opposed by a handful of men who behaved gallantly. Of them between twenty and thirty were killed, and of the enemy it is said an equal number, and among them was an Adjutant Campbell. The next day they landed at Fairfield and burned the Town.—How they came to destroy this town and not New Haven is matter of inquiry. They are now, it is said, hovering about New London, a considerable body of militia is collected there, and more men are ordered in. Some Gentlemen of Hartford seemed to be apprehensive that the enemy would pay them a visit. I wish they might. For I presume such a body of men would muster on that occasion as would effectually prevent their return. It is thought that they mean to draw off the main army from their present post, and then to attack West Point Fort. I rather think that their intention is to keep the People in constant alarm,

and thereby prevent their getting in the Summer harvest. Finding that they cannot conquer the country, they are determined agreeably to the Manifesto of the Commrs., to do as much mischief as they can to make our alliance with France of as little benefit to that Kingdom as possible.—Miserable Politicians! by their infernal conduct they will destroy every spark of affection which may still remain in the breast of Americans, and force us and our commerce irrevocably into the Arms of France, which have been and still are extended to receive both. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*—We were detained by the rain at Mr. Billings the afternoon, and lodged there."

Yet amidst all these public cares our worthy statesman found time to notice not merely mankind but womankind, on the way; now noticing that his landlady "hath an Austrian lip," and now wondering, as the less ornamental sex was wont even then to wonder, over the freaks of fashionable costume,—thus:

"Nov. 12th.—Bated at Adam's about 8 miles from Lathrops; where I saw a Girl whose head-dress was a fine Burlesque on the modern head-dress of polite ladies. It was of an elevated height and curiously decorated with Hollyokes [hollyhocks]. Lodged well at Dorrances."

On the 14th, he reaches Dighton, and thus sums up his journey:

"Reached home at dinner time, 18 miles from Providence and found all well. This Journey for the season was exceedingly pleasant. The first four days were too hot for comfort; but the succeeding six were cool, and my mare was as fresh when I got home as when I sat off. The two men who escorted me and a sum of Money for the State behaved very well, and my Companion was sociable and clever."

Three more of these diaries of travel, making five in all, are preserved by the descendants of Mr. Ellery. They were consulted by Professor Edward T. Channing when preparing the memoir of his grandfather, published some forty years ago, in the sixth volume of Sparks's "American Biography." He gives some extracts from them, but these are marred by a peculiarity of editing not uncommon among American literary men of the last generation,—an exaggerated sense of decorum which led even the accurate Sparks to substitute "General Putnam" for the more familiar "Old Put" in Washington's letter; and led Professor Channing to strike out, from one passage I have quoted, all reference to Don Quixote and Pilgarlick, and to offer the reader a vague collation of "beef-steak and strong drink" for the terser bill of fare, "Beef-steaks and grogg." The theory of both these excellent biographers was, no doubt, that they should

amend the *dishabille* in the style of these familiar epistles and put on them a proper walking-dress before sending them out to take the air—as the writers themselves would have done, had they foreseen this publicity of print. This may often be a good argument for omission, but it can never be an argument for alteration; and I think writers of the present day have a stricter sense of the literal significance of a quotation-mark.

It may interest the reader to be told, in conclusion, that William Ellery long outlived the fatigues and dangers of the Revolution and passed an eminently peaceful and honored old age. He left Congress in 1785, and could then return to his native town; but his house was burned, his mercantile business was destroyed, the town itself was almost ruined, and he had, when almost at the age of sixty, to begin life anew. During the following year, Congress appointed him commissioner of the Continental Loan Office for Rhode Island, and on the adoption of the Federal constitution by that state, in 1790, he became collector of customs for the Newport district,—an office which he retained until his death. He

lived to see one of his grandchildren, William Ellery Channing, the most noted clergyman of Boston; another, Walter Channing, the first resident physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital; and two others, Edward T. Channing and Richard H. Dana, the joint editors of the "North American Review," a periodical then new-born, which Mr. Ellery must have read with delight. To these his descendants, and to all the young people who constituted their circle, his personal society is said to have been a constant joy. "He was not their teacher," says one of them, "but their elder companion." He retained his intellectual faculties unimpaired until the very last hour, and died February 15, 1820, at the great age of ninety-two. On the morning of his death he rose and partly dressed himself, then lay down from weakness, and the physician found his pulse almost gone. Wine revived him, and the doctor said, "Your pulse beats very well." "Charmingly!" said the courageous old man; after which he lay for some two hours in silence,—saying once only that he knew he was dying,—and then ceased to breathe.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON.

A TYRANT in my border dwells
In Austrian black and gold;
Wrought all in silver are his cells,
Fine-spun, a thousand fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof,
Nor dismal underground;
The sunlight gilds its slender woof
On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levée, every morn,
Such brilliants do appear
As ne'er in any court were worn
By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch
Where victims, out of sight,
His cruel jealousy may fetch
And keep in hopeless night.

The eye that views the heavens in faith,
The hand with justice armed,
Can see the snare that binds to death,
And scatter it, unharmed.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs
On harmless passers-by,
Winds his soft silk about their wings,
And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away
With swift, impatient hand;
But here the lesson of the day
He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant Luxury doth so
Our wingèd souls entwine,
And binds us fettered in a show,
To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave
Of flattering deceit;
The gorgeous spider shall not weave
His fetters for my feet.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY J. RAYMOND. II.

(EDITED BY HIS SON.)

WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN 1863.

THE ten years from 1852 to 1862 were among the busiest of my father's life, and during that time the old *Index Rerum* did not receive a single addition under the head of memoranda. In this respect, it was somewhat like the portals of the temple of Janus,—closed in peace and reopened in war. My father was often urged to take active part in the contest for national unity, which had begun when the next entries in his diary were made. At a time when political generals were much in fashion, he had been offered high rank in the military service. He felt, however, that he had more important work to do in his own sphere,—to help keep up the spirits and the courage of the North, to fight the opposition element at home, and to strengthen the Government by the active support of "The Times." Moreover, having no military knowledge or experience, he shrank from assuming the command, and perhaps the disposal of the lives of thousands of his fellow men. He was twice drafted, and each time furnished a substitute.

Speaking of his lack of military experience, he used to say that he had about as much knowledge of military science as a relative of his, who, at the breaking out of the war, went to the Secretary of War, and said that he wanted a colonel's commission. The Secretary made some general remarks, and finally asked him if he had had any military experience. "Yes, sir," he answered; "I've been to general training once, and in the guard-house twice." He got his commission, and raised, equipped, and satisfactorily commanded the First Vermont Cavalry.

Notwithstanding his lack of military experience, my father had been with a contending army previous to the beginning of our civil war, and had witnessed actual warfare on the bloody fields of Montebello and Solferino with the staff of the French emperor. During our civil war, he was often in the camps and on battle-fields.

The extracts which follow are taken from memoranda made soon after the disastrous events which occurred while the Army of the Potomac was maneuvering in front of Fredericksburg, Virginia, during the mem-

orable winter of 1862 and 1863. General Burnside had succeeded to the command of the army, November 7th, 1862, and on the 15th of that month, being then at Warrenton, he turned the army toward Fredericksburg, marching along the north bank of the Rappahannock, and intending to cross the river, occupy Fredericksburg, and advance upon Richmond from that point. This movement was followed by the ineffectual attempts to effect a permanent landing on the south side of the Rappahannock, opposite the town, which were made on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th of December, 1862. On the night of the 15th, the army was withdrawn to the north bank of the river, to the great disappointment of the country, which was impatient at delay, and greatly excited over the failure of the movement. The army remained quiet until January of the following year. In the meantime, my father had gone to the head-quarters, and the result of his observations is recorded in the subjoined extracts, which shed new light on the stirring incidents of this much-discussed campaign:

"January, 1863.—On Thursday, January 15th, I received at dinner a telegram from Colonel Swain at Washington, 'Your brother's corpse is at Belle Plaine. Come immediately.' Knowing that my brother had been sick, I made no doubt of the truth of the message, and at seven the next morning started for Washington. I arrived in the evening, and, failing to see Colonel Swain, started the next day at eight for Belle Plaine. It was a very cold day, the boat was crowded with convalescent soldiers from the hospitals at Washington, and everything conspired with the melancholy nature of my errand to make the journey one of great discomfort. Dr. Willard of Albany went with me as far as Acquia Creek, where I took another boat, and found as one of my *compagnons de voyage* Dr. Dean, also of Albany, who had entered upon the business of embalming the dead of the army. I made all necessary inquiries and arrangements in regard to my brother, landed at Belle Plaine, and made fruitless inquiries for his body. I finally walked to the head-quarters of General Wadsworth, in whose division was the brigade to which my brother's regiment belonged. He received me with great kindness, and got some dinner for me, while he sent one of his aids, Colonel Cress, to make inquiries into the circumstances of my brother's death. While seated at dinner, the aid returned, and my brother with him! I had the pleasure of his company during the remainder of my dinner. As he knew nothing of my errand, I puzzled him a good deal by telling him that his

appetite was much better than I had expected to find it, etc. I finally told him the message which had brought me down. He was a good deal taken aback, but said he would forgive the blunder, inasmuch as it had secured a visit from me. It turned out afterward that Colonel Swain had sent a message that my brother's corps was at Belle Plaine, and he wished me to come immediately, as he was about to send a boat directly to that place.

"I spent the night with General Wadsworth, and learned from him that orders had been received from head-quarters to be ready for a march at an hour's notice. Understanding from this that a new movement against the enemy was on foot, I resolved to prolong my stay. General Wadsworth thought the reported demoralization of the army was very much exaggerated, and that the only trouble was in the disaffection of some of the officers, who had been greatly favored by McClellan, and were hoping for his return to the chief command. However, he said he had been so much censured the year before for his free speaking concerning the officers, that he had resolved to hold his tongue for the future. ** His quarters were not especially comfortable, and it was easy to see on the one hand that he had very little experience in taking care of himself, and on the other that he allowed servants to take very little care of him. He had a small stove in his tent, the door of which was constantly falling from its hinges whenever he attempted to replenish the fire. Instead of having a servant to attend to this, he did it himself; and, instead of having a holder, he invariably poured water upon the door until it was cool enough for handling. I spoke to him of his lack of luxury in his style of living, when he made answer that he thought it best to give his subordinate officers an example of plain living while in camp. I doubt whether this has as much effect upon troops as is often supposed. I am inclined to think that privates even like to see their commanding officers surrounded by something of the ostentation that befits their rank. Judging from his conversation on business matters with his aids, General Wadsworth seemed to me to have but little practical acquaintance with the details of his command. He complained somewhat of not being more closely connected with head-quarters, where his general sentiments and interest in the war could be brought to bear more directly upon the councils of the campaign.

"The next day (Sunday) I walked over to the Twenty-fourth Michigan Regiment. They were very comfortably housed in huts, and were anticipating the order to move with a good deal of apprehension. Their experience of long marches through heavy rains, and of bivouacs on the cold wet ground, had given special zest to the comparative comfort they were then enjoying. I dined with Colonel Morrow of this regiment,—a frank, clear-headed gentleman, formerly a lawyer and judge in Detroit. He said there was a good deal of dissatisfaction—or, rather, of despondency—among the officers and men, due mainly, in his opinion, to a lack of military successes and to a want of confidence in General Burnside. I asked him why they lacked confidence in him. He replied, because he had no confidence in himself; he had said more than once that he did not feel competent to command that army. I spoke of this as only the natural modesty of a truly capable man. Yes, he said, that was true; but he (General B.) had not only spoken of his incompetency, but had gone before the Congressional Committee and *sworn* to it. As an instance of the feeling among his officers, he said that

one of his lieutenants had recently sent in his resignation, based on the fact that he did not approve of the policy on which the Government was now conducting the war! Colonel Morrow thought a reorganization of the army important to its usefulness, and said he believed the best course would be to put at its head some general who had never been mixed up with its quarrels and rivalries, in whom all would have confidence, and who should bring with him the prestige of success. General Rosecrans seemed to answer this description better than any other man.

"Toward night, General Wadsworth, having given me a horse and an orderly, I rode about eight miles to General Burnside's head-quarters. He received me with great cordiality, and made me at once at home. He told me he would be glad to have me mess with him, and that I should sleep in the tent of Lieutenant Goddard, one of his aids. He told me of the orders he had issued for the march of the army the next day, intending to make an attack upon the enemy across the river early on Tuesday morning. General Pleasonton, of the cavalry, however, had reported that during the preceding night he had heard the rumbling of artillery on the opposite side, and other indications that the enemy was massing troops above Fredericksburg. This led the General to suppose that the enemy might have discovered his plan, which was to deceive them by feints into the belief that he intended to cross ten miles below the city, and then make the actual crossing eight miles above, at Bank's Ford. In order to render himself certain on this point, he postponed the movement a day, and sent a trusty spy, named McGhee, to ascertain the movements of the enemy.

"The General told me the manner in which this spy conducted his operations. The rebels had pickets only at the places where crossing was feasible; there were many others where the high, steep banks on either side rendered it impossible. McGhee's habit was to let himself down the bank by a rope at one of these points, cross on a raft which he kept concealed in the bushes, and communicate with one of several Union residents on the other side. On this occasion he spent nearly the whole day waiting for an old man who lived within the rebel lines to traverse the neighborhood in his farm-wagon and ascertain the facts. Toward night, he brought a letter from this man,—a wretched scrawl, badly spelled, and evidently from a very ignorant person, but containing the important information that the enemy had sent one brigade considerably above Bank's Ford to provide against a crossing at the United States Ford, but that there were no troops or guns at the former place. This was all that General Burnside wished to know, and he forthwith proceeded to put his plan in execution.

"On Monday evening, as we were sitting round the table after dinner, we heard the strains of a fine band of music in front of the General's tent, and an officer soon announced that Generals Franklin and Smith had called to see the commander. I at once withdrew to Lieutenant Goddard's tent, and, after reading awhile, went to bed, meantime having heard a good deal of loud talking in the General's quarters.

"The next morning (Tuesday) the General asked me to take a promenade with him. As we were walking, he told me that he found it extremely difficult to carry any operations into effect for lack of cooperation among his officers. Generals Franklin and Smith, he said, had spent the whole of the preceding evening in remonstrating and protesting against the projected movement. They had said everything in their power to show that it must prove

a failure. They thought any movement now would be fatal. The enemy were too strong, and our own troops were not in a fighting mood. They had no confidence in success, and General Franklin said the New Jersey troops in his division had been greatly disinclined to fight by reason of the election to the United States Senate of Wall (an open secessionist recently released from Fort Lafayette), which they cited as proving that their State was opposed to the war. General Burnside said they were so violent in their opposition, and apparently so determined in their hostility to the movement, that, if he had forty-eight hours more of time, he would relieve them from their commands and put others in their places. He said he told them he had weighed all their objections, had examined the ground personally and with great care, and had decided upon the movement as feasible. He should put them across the river on Wednesday morning, and leave with them the responsibility for the conduct of their commands. They left head-quarters at about eleven.

"Orders were issued that night for the movement of the troops next day, to be in position for operations on Wednesday morning. At six o'clock on that day, batteries were to open upon the enemy at Skinner's Neck, *below* Fredericksburg, as if covering a movement there. At seven, four pontoon bridges were to be thrown across the river at Bank's Ford, above the city. Hooker's division was to cross first, and occupy one designated range of heights, and Franklin's was to follow and hold another. These two positions, which were not defended by the enemy, would command them completely and give us access to their rear.

"When I first came over to head-quarters, in the course of conversation I had told the General of the resignation of the Michigan lieutenant. He at once sent for the paper and for the officer, and on Monday, while I was sitting in his tent, they were brought in. The General read the resignation carefully, and then turned to the officer. He asked him sundry questions, found that his name was _____, from Detroit, and then upbraided him in terms of great severity, for his cowardly and mutinous conduct. What right had he to sit in judgment on the policy of the Government? Suppose every officer were to do the same, what would become of the army? He ended by telling him that he should dismiss him in disgrace for cowardice and disloyalty, and that, if he should live to the age of Methusaleh, he could never efface the brand. He then ordered him under arrest, and sent him on board the guardship. My brother afterward told me that he was not a bad fellow, but that he had become tired of the war, and desperate in his eagerness to go home upon hearing of the death of his child and the dangerous illness of his wife. General Burnside's manner was very vigorous, and the rebuke, coming as it did from an earnest and sincere mind, was very effective.

"The night of Monday was clear and the weather moderate. By morning it had become cloudy, and a cold north-east wind seemed to threaten rain or snow. The movement of the troops began about 10 o'clock, and throughout the day they continued to pass along the road back from the river and behind Falmouth. The troops seemed to be in good spirits, and moved with a good degree of speed.

"In the afternoon I rode with Mr. William Swinton [the 'Times' correspondent with the army of the Potomac, and now Professor of History in the University of California] to General Sumner's head-quarters, which were at the Phillip's house, a large, fine, brick country mansion, about

midway between general head-quarters and the river, and a mile and a half from both. General Sumner received me with great cordiality. He was in fine spirits,—full of talk and of loyalty,—and impressed me as being one of the finest specimens of the old soldier to be found in any service. He gave us at dinner a bottle of champagne, but it did not make him in the least communicative as to approaching movements, though he went so far as to say that if we would stay with him three or four days he thought he could show us *work*. We rode back at 7, and intending to make an early start so as to be on the ground as soon as operations should commence, I went to my tent early. The General had put a very fine gray horse, with an orderly, at my disposal, and we were all to start at half-past five A. M.

"At about 8 P. M. it began to rain, at first slowly; soon the wind rose and the rain became a driving sleet, and through all the rest of the night the tempest fairly howled around and through the tent, and I spent nearly the whole night in thinking of the poor fellows who had left their camps, and would be compelled to bivouac for the night on the cold wet ground, without tents, and with the prospect of a bloody battle in the morning.

"In the morning, I got up at five, found that the General had not slept at all, and had received reports that the rain had arrested the movement of the pontoons and artillery, and that nothing could be done by the time designated. He did not come to breakfast, but had tea and toast sent to his sleeping tent. At seven, with four of his staff, he started up the river. It continued to rain hard, and as I knew this would render the time of commencing the movement wholly uncertain, I resolved to stay in my tent until the sound of artillery should announce the opening of the ball. The result was that I stayed in my tent all day. It rained and blew without ceasing. At five in the afternoon the General returned. He said the rain had made the ground so soft that it was impossible to move. Horses and wagons sank into the mud beyond hope of extrication. Twenty horses failed to start a single caisson. Men had been trying, 150 to each, to haul the pontoons, but without effect. The troops had not suffered much from their exposure, and were still in good spirits. But the horses and mules were worn out, and hundreds had died in the harness. The General ordered a regiment of cavalry to dismount and make pack horses of their animals, to carry forage and light commissary stores to the front, and directed Captain Myers, of the Quartermaster's Department, to bring up by extra train from Acquia Creek, a supply of whisky, so as to give each man a whisky ration in the morning.

"General Burnside said that Franklin, Hooker, and Woodbury continued to protest, verbally and in writing, against the movement, and that it seemed as if they had done everything in their power to retard and thwart it. General Wilcox soon came in bringing a letter from General Woodbury, in which he said that the bridges could not be put down, and that even if twenty bridges could be built the movement ought not to be made. Similar remarks were repeated from other officers. During dinner a telegram announced that the bridges over which Slocum's division must march to join the main body were down. The General was greatly perplexed by this untoward turn of events, but continued cheerful and hopeful nevertheless. He was sure it would all come out right at last.

"*Thursday, January 22nd.*—The night was drizzly and windy, but without heavy rain. Dr. Church

waked me at eight, and I went in to breakfast with General Burnside, General Parks, Chief-of-staff, and Dr. Church. The General said he had received fresh protests against the movement from the generals charged with its execution. General Hooker had sent down word that the chances were nineteen to one against its success. Franklin said success was *impossible*. Woodbury had repeated the opinion expressed in his letter of the day before. After breakfast, Mr. Swinton told me that General Hooker had talked very openly about the absurdity of the movement the day before,—that he had denounced the commanding general as incompetent, and the President and Government at Washington as *imbecile* and ‘*played out*.’ Nothing would go right, he said, until we had a dictator, and the sooner the better. This, Mr. Swinton said, was the general tenor of General Hooker’s conversation, which was perfectly free and unrestrained.

“General Burnside said that reports came in that the enemy had discovered the point at which a crossing was intended, and were evidently taking precautions against it. The mud continued to impede operations on our side; in this respect the rebels had somewhat the advantage of us, inasmuch as they had a plank road running up from Fredericksburgh along the river. General Burnside said he had decided to go to Washington and lay the whole matter before the President and General Halleck, leaving them to decide whether he should go forward with the movement or not. He disliked to go,—thought that perhaps he ought to take the whole responsibility himself. He knew that the whole country demanded a movement, and that the army and the cause *needed* a success. But he also knew how very difficult it would be to achieve a success while the sentiments of his general officers were so decidedly against the movement. I told him there could be no difficulty in making the public understand the absolute necessity of postponing the movement *after* the rain commenced: the real trouble would be to answer the question, why the movement had not taken place *sooner*, while the weather was good and the roads hard.

“He said he had attempted a movement two or three times. After the defeat at Fredericksburg,—which was due, he said, to General Franklin’s disobedience of his orders,—he planned another advance for December 31st. The main attack was committed to General Sumner, while General Averill, with a picked force of cavalry and flying artillery (2,500 in all), was to make an extensive and startling raid upon the communications of the enemy to divert his attention. He had planned the whole movement with great care. Everything was ready, the orders were given, and the cavalry had proceeded nearly a day’s march on the way, when he received a telegram from President Lincoln, saying: ‘I have good reasons for saying you must make no movement without consulting me.’ General Burnside at once recalled the expedition and went to Washington. He called upon the President, and was told that certain of his subordinate officers had represented to him that the movement was very hazardous and almost certain to end disastrously. It was for this reason that he had sent him the despatch. General Burnside could not ascertain who these officers were (Mr. Swinton told me they were General Newton and General John Cochrane), nor could he receive any permission to go on with his movement. After a good deal of conversation, he told the President he was satisfied the country had lost confidence in the Secretary of War, General Halleck, and himself, and that in his judgment all three should resign.

“The next morning he wrote the President a letter stating the same thing, and giving a variety of reasons therefor, accompanying the letter with his own resignation. He then went to Stanton and told him what he had written. Stanton replied: ‘If you had as much confidence in yourself as others have in you, all would go well enough.’ The President complained that no one would shoulder a particle of responsibility which could be thrown off upon him. General Burnside’s resignation was refused, and he went back to his command. Thus ended *this* attempt at a forward movement. Then came the attempt which had just been thwarted by the rain, having first been delayed by the hostility of his generals and the condition of the pontoons.

“At ten General Burnside left by a special train for Washington. After he had gone, I had a good deal of conversation with General Parks, his chief-of-staff, who had been in former times a special favorite of Jefferson Davis. He said he was satisfied that the rebellion had been planned for a long time, and that Davis was very busy in arranging it while he was secretary of war under President Pierce. One trifling circumstance that satisfied him of this was, that he would never suffer any clerk to open the mails sent to the department. He always opened them himself, and after selecting such letters as he wished, he handed the others over to the proper clerks. When he was not at the department upon their arrival, he had them sent to his house; and if he happened to be out of town, they were always opened by his wife. General Parks said this showed clearly that he carried on, during all the time he was in the office, a correspondence designed to be secret, and he had now no doubt that it was on this very subject of secession.

“General Parks told me a good deal concerning the battle of Fredericksburg, in confirmation of what General Burnside had already told me. He said the General had ordered Franklin to push *at least one* division against the rebel right, and to support it strongly. Franklin sent Meade’s corps (the smallest of all) to the attack. Meade, however, broke the rebel lines, and actually got among their ammunition wagons and supply-train in the rear; and if he had been properly and promptly supported, he certainly would have turned them completely, and, as Burnside said, captured every gun. Franklin was very slow in sending support of any kind, and when he did so, they were too weak for the purpose. He afterward gave as a reason for this, that he was afraid the enemy would seize his bridges if he sent away too large a force. This was the reason why the battle was lost. The next day, General Burnside proposed to put himself at the head of his old Ninth Corps, 20,000 strong, and renew the attack upon the rebel right, so confident was he of his ability to break them. He (Burnside) afterward told me that if General Franklin had obeyed his orders, he would have captured every gun in the rebel army.

“At 12 o’clock, taking the General’s gray horse, I rode with Dr. Church to the advanced position of the army,—about eight miles. The road was muddy; but, having a hard bottom, was quite passable, even for cannon. It was only when they turned into the fields, or were obliged to take the country roads, that the mud became absolutely unconquerable. We found General Wadsworth in a small wood-house on a little farm, having just arrived and made it his headquarters. He said the men of his division had not suffered very seriously from the night march, and that they were rapidly making themselves comfortable in the woods. We told him we

had heard that the movement was to be abandoned. He said *he* would not abandon it if he had command. We suggested that cannon could not be moved at all. Then, he replied, he would make the attack with infantry, for the rebels couldn't move cannon any better than we could. He seemed in good spirits, and wished me, on my return to New York, to tell his wife that I left him heating water on the fire to shave himself.

"We returned to head-quarters at five, and found General Burnside there already. After we had joked him a little about the rapidity of his journey to Washington, he told us he had been only to Acquia Creek. Before leaving camp he had telegraphed to General Halleck as follows: 'I wish very much to see you for an hour. Will you come down to Acquia, or shall I go to Washington?' On reaching Acquia Creek he found a reply: 'Use your own judgment about coming up,' to which he answered at once: 'Yours received. I shall not come.' He seemed greatly annoyed and vexed at the apparent indifference of General Halleck to the movement of the army and to his wishes, and said he should not go to Washington to see him. While we were talking Lieutenant Bowen came down from General Hooker's head-quarters and said that Hooker was denouncing the attempted movement very freely and without the slightest restraint; even if the weather had been perfectly good, he said, the attempt to cross would have proved a failure. General Burnside said he should send to the President his *unconditional resignation* of his command—sending at the same time the removal of several of his field officers. I made no remark at the time, seeing that he was too much disturbed and excited to give the matter proper consideration.

Friday, Jan. 23rd.—In the morning after breakfast General Burnside told me he had changed his mind about accompanying his letter of resignation with the removal of officers. He feared this would look too much like attempting to make *conditions* with the government, which he said he had no right to do. He had determined to resign and send his letter to Washington by special messenger. After Pope's repulse, when Washington was thought to be in great danger from the rebels, who were pushing into Maryland, General McClellan had refused to resume command of the Army of the Potomac unless Mr. Stanton or General Halleck should first be removed. He had not done this formally, but had told his friends that he should insist on these conditions. General Burnside said he talked with him until three o'clock in the morning to dissuade him from making any such conditions. He found him excessively stubborn about it, and finally told him that he had no right to take such a course, and that he could not possibly maintain his position before the country as a loyal man if, when the Capitol was in danger and the North invaded, he were to refuse the command except on such terms as he might prescribe. General McClellan finally yielded to these representations, resumed his command, and achieved by far the most considerable successes of his whole campaign. General Burnside said that half a dozen of the officers had also resolved to resign unless Pope was removed. He heard of it, got them together, remonstrated with them, and finally denounced them as disloyal for entertaining such a purpose, and in the end induced them to forego it. When they had come to their conclusion he told them General Pope had been removed.

"Soon afterward, being alone with the General, some question that he asked me gave me an oppor-

tunity of saying that I doubted the wisdom of his resigning. He asked me why. I said:

"You have planned a movement which, I take it for granted, will stand military criticism. You have been thwarted in its execution by the insubordination of your generals. Why should you relieve them from the responsibility of their conduct by assuming the blame of the failure yourself—for this is precisely what your resignation will imply."

"What then," said he, "should I do?"

"Do you know," I replied, "what *ought* to be done?"

"Yes," he said, "these generals ought to be removed."

"Very well," I answered, "then remove them. In that way you throw upon them what properly belongs to them, the responsibility of the *failure*, and take upon yourself what belongs to you as commander, the responsibility of the *remedy*."

"But," said he, "the Government will not sustain me."

"Then," said I, "you will have a good reason for resigning,—one on which you can go to the country with a certainty of being sustained. That is precisely such an issue as should be made. Now, so far as I can see, you have no reason whatever for resigning."

"The General said this was a strong view of the case, and he would think of it. I apologized for the freedom with which I had spoken. He said he was greatly obliged to me for it. He asked my opinion and thanked me for having given it. He was having documents copied to be sent to Washington and would see me again.

"At half past eleven he called me into his office tent, and read the report he had written of his recent movement. It was brief and assigned the weather as the cause of his failure. He sent copies of all the orders he had issued, and referred to them for details."

The following extract from the report of the Congressional Investigating Committee may be found of interest in this connection:

"On the 26th of December an order was issued for the entire command to prepare three days' cooked rations, etc., etc., etc., * * * in fact, to be in a condition to move at twelve hours' notice. Shortly after that order was issued, General John Newton and General John Cochrane * * * came up to Washington on leave of absence. Previous to obtaining leave of absence from General Franklin, they informed him * * * they should take the opportunity to represent to some one in authority the dispirited condition of the army, and the danger there was of attempting any movement against the enemy at that time. When they reached Washington, General Cochrane * * * determined to seek an interview with the President for the purpose of making the communication directly to him. * * * That day the interview took place, and General Newton opened the subject to the President. * * * General Newton states that, while he firmly believed that the principal cause of the dispirited condition of the army was the want of confidence in the military capacity of General Burnside, he deemed it improper to say so to the President 'right square out,' and therefore endeavored to convey the same idea indirectly. * * * The day arranged [by General Burnside] to make the crossing [of the Rappahannock], he received from the President the following telegram:

'I have good reason for saying that you must not make a general movement without letting me know of it.' General Burnside stated that he could not imagine at the time what reason the President could have for sending him such a telegram. None of the officers of his command, except one or two of his staff who had remained in camp, had been told anything of his plan beyond the simple fact that a movement was to be made. * * * General Burnside came to Washington to ascertain from the President the true state of the case. He was informed by the President that some general officers from the Army of the Potomac, whose names he declined to give, had called upon him and represented that General Burnside contemplated soon making a movement, and that the army was so dispirited and demoralized that any attempt to make a movement at that time must result in disaster.

"General Burnside informed the President that none of his officers had been informed what his plan was. * * * He urged upon the President to grant him permission to carry it out, but the President declined to do so at that time. General Halleck and Secretary Stanton were sent for, and then learned, for the first time, of the President's action in stopping the movement. * * * General Halleck, with General Burnside, held that the officers who had made those representations to the President should be at once dismissed the service."

I find in another part of the memoranda an interesting account of the circumstances under which General Burnside assumed the responsibility for the battle of Fredericksburg,—or rather for its loss,—and his interview with the President and Secretary Stanton. I insert it here, although in point of time it should precede the entire article.

"In the evening (January 22nd, 1863) I dined with Lieutenant Goddard and three other young aids of the General. * * * After dinner General Burnside sent for me. I found him with Swinton (our correspondent), in a towering passion about a paragraph in one of his letters stating that General Burnside had written his letter assuming the whole responsibility of the battle of Fredericksburg at the dictation of, or in connivance with, the government. * * * After I came in we had a free conversation on the subject. The General was very indignant that he should be thought capable of stating what was not true at the bidding of the government, or to screen them or anybody else from any responsibility that belonged to them. He gave in detail the history of the letter. He said that on the 20th of Decem-

ber, 1862 [the battle of Fredericksburg occurred December 13th, 1862], Dr. Church returned from Washington, bringing newspapers containing violent attacks on the President, Secretary of War, and General Halleck for having forced him to fight against his judgment. Dr. Church told him that this was the general tone of conversation at Washington. The General at once said: 'I'll put a stop to that,'—and wrote a note avowing that he and he alone was responsible for the battle, and saying that he would send it to the Associated Press for publication. Several officers of his staff remonstrated warmly against his making any such publication, telling him he was not called on to interpose in defense of the government, and especially that he ought not to enter upon any newspaper publications. To the former he replied that he would never permit any one to suffer for acts of which the entire responsibility belonged to him. To the latter he yielded so far as to consent to take the letter with him to Washington, and to give it in the form of an official letter addressed to General Halleck.

"The next day he went to Washington and called upon the President. He found him greatly depressed by the attacks made upon him for the Fredericksburg affairs, and at once told him he would relieve him from all uneasiness on that score by publishing a letter, taking the whole responsibility upon his own shoulders. The President seemed greatly relieved, and told him he was the first man he had found who was willing to relieve him of a particle of responsibility.

"The General returned to the hotel and wrote the letter. Soon after (next morning) he called on the President, who told him the Secretary of War wished to see him, and that he would go with him. Both went out. Mr. Stanton received him coldly, and finally said to him: 'You have not published the letter which you promised the President you would publish.' General Burnside said that the rebuke made him angry. He told the Secretary this was wholly a private matter between him and the President,—that he should do as he pleased about it, and that he should not submit to any official rebuke or interference in regard to it. He then left the room. But soon after the President sent for him, and told him the Secretary wished to see him. He returned, and Mr. Stanton very handsomely apologized for the heat he had shown, and disclaimed any wish to dictate to him on the subject. General Burnside accepted his explanation, and then told him, in order that he might see how much he had wronged him, that at the very time of the former conversation, the letter was on its way to New York. This, he said, was the history of the letter. It was certainly very creditable to him in every way."

COR CORDIUM.

P. B. S.

THROBBING and strong and warm,
Within his earthly form

The heart took up its dwelling,

Ere yet life's dawn was bright.

Through sunny days and dark

Burned the small vital spark,

Now crushed with pain, now swelling

With delight.

Strong with the strength of love,
Yet gentle as a dove,

It touched the hearts around it,

Saddened, or cold, or dull;

And through the shadowy years,

The questionings, the fears,

It made life, as it found it,—

Beautiful.

How brief is mortal breath!
How dear the good to Death!
Yet west winds whispered warning,
The sensitive-plant's heart bled,
Ere shoreward borne was he
On the Italian sea,
One limpid summer morning,—
Cold and dead.

They reared a funeral pyre;
And, wrapped in crimson fire,
With wine and incense mingled,
The body rose in air.
Changed was each earthly part
To ashes, save the heart,
Which, from the dust out-singled,
Rested there!

Beneath a ruin's shade
That heart is lowly laid;
And from the sward above it
The dark-leaved ivy starts.
You'd ne'er have credited
(It seems so still and dead)
How many loved, *and love*, it,—
Heart of hearts!

THIRZA.

SHE stood by the window, looking out over the dreary landscape, a woman of some twenty-five years, with an earnest, even melancholy face, in which the wistful brown eyes were undoubtedly the redeeming feature. Jones' Hill, taken at its best, in full parade uniform of summer green, was not renowned for beauty or picturesqueness, and now, in fatigue dress of sodden brown stubble, with occasional patches of dingy white in ditches and hollows and along the edges of the dark pine woods, was even less calculated to inspire the beholder with enthusiasm. Still, that would hardly account for the shadow which rested upon Thirza Bradford's face. She ought, in fact, to have worn a cheerful countenance. One week before she had been a poor girl, dependent upon the labor of her hand for her daily bread; to-day she was sole possessor of a farm of considerable extent, the comfortable old house at one of whose windows she was now standing, and all that house's contents.

One week before she had been called to the bedside of her aunt, Abigail Leavitt. She had arrived none too soon, for the stern, sad old woman had received her summons, and before another morning dawned had passed away.

To her great surprise, Thirza found that her aunt had left her sole heiress of all she had possessed. Why she should have been surprised would be difficult to explain. Aunt Abigail's two boys had gone to the

war and never returned, her husband had been dead for many years, and Thirza was her only sister's only child, and sole surviving relative. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than this event, but Thirza had simply never thought of it. She had listened, half in wonder, half in indifference, to the reading of the will, and had accepted mechanically the grudgingly tendered congratulations of the assembled farmers and their wives.

She had been supported in arranging and carrying out the gloomy details of the funeral by Jane Withers, a spinster of a type peculiar to New England; one of those persons who, scorning to demean themselves by "hiring out," go about, nevertheless, from family to family, rendering reluctant service "just to accommodate" (accepting a weekly stipend in the same spirit of accommodation, it is to be supposed). With this person's assistance, Thirza had prepared the repast to which, according to custom, the mourners from a distance were invited on their return from the burying-ground. Aunt Abigail had been stricken down at the close of a Saturday's baking, leaving a goodly array upon the pantry shelves, a fact upon which Jane congratulated herself without any attempt at concealment, observing, in fact, that the melancholy event "couldn't have happened handier." In vain had Thirza protested—Jane was inflexible, and she had looked on with silent horror, while the funeral guests calmly

devoured the pies and ginger-bread which the dead woman's hands had prepared.

"Mis' Leavitt were a master hand at pie-crust," remarked one toothless dame, mumbling at the flaky paste, "a *master* hand at pie-crust, but she never were much at bread!" whereupon the whole feminine conclave launched out into a prolonged and noisy discussion of the relative merits of salt-risin's, milk-emptin's, and potato yeast.

That was three or four days ago, and Thirza had remained in the old house with Jane, who had kindly proffered her services and the solace of her companionship. There had been little to do in the house, and that little was soon done, and now the question of what she was to do with her new acquisition was looming up before her, and assuming truly colossal proportions. She was thinking of it now as she stood there with the wistful look upon her face, almost wishing that Aunt Abigail had left the farm to old Jabez Higgins, a fourth or fifth cousin by marriage, who had dutifully appeared at the funeral, with a look as if he had that within which passed showing, and doubtless he had, for he turned green and blue when the will was read, and drove off soon after at a tearing pace.

Jane, having condescended to perform the operation of washing up the two plates, cups, etc., which their evening meal had brought into requisition, entered presently, knitting in hand, and seated herself with much emphasis in a low wooden chair near the window. She was an erect and angular person, with an aggressive air of independence about her, a kind of "just-as-good-as-you-are" expression, which seemed to challenge the observer to dispute it at his peril. She took up the first stitch on her needle, fixed her sharp eyes upon Thirza, and, as if in answer to her thoughts, opened on her as follows:

"Ye haint made up yer mind what ye're a-goin' ter dew, hev ye?"

Thirza slowly shook her head, without looking around.

"It's kind o' queer now how things does work a-round. There you was a-workin' an' a-slavin' in that old mill, day in an' day out, only a week ago, an' now you can jest settle right down on yer own place an' take things easy."

Thirza vaguely wondered why Aunt Abigail had never "taken things easy."

"I shouldn't wonder a mite," went on Jane, with increasing animation, "I shouldn't

wonder a single mite if you should git a husband, after all!"

Thirza's pale face flushed, and she made an involuntary gesture of impatience with one shoulder.

"Oh, ye needn't twist around so," said the undaunted spinster, dryly. "Ye aint no chicken, laws knows, but ye need n't give up all hopes. Ye're twenty-five if ye're a day, but that aint nothin' when a woman's got a farm worth three thousand dollars."

Three thousand dollars! For the first time her inheritance assumed its monetary value before Thirza's eyes. Hitherto she had regarded it merely as an indefinite extent of pastures, woods, and swamps—but three thousand dollars! It sounded like a deal of money to her, who had never owned a hundred dollars at one time in her life, and her imagination immediately wandered off into fascinating vistas, which Jane's prosaic words had thrown open before her. She heard, as in a dream, the nasal, incisive voice as it went on with the catalogue of her possessions.

"Yes, it's worth three thousand dollars, if it's worth a cent! I heerd Squire Brooks a-tellin' Orthaniel Stebbins so at the funeral. An' then, here's the house. There aint no comfortabler one on Joneses' Hill, nor one that has more good furnitoor an' fixin's in it. Then there's Aunt Abigail's clo'es an' things. Why, ter my *sartain* knowledge there's no less'n five real good dresses a-hangin' in the fore-chamber closet, ter say nothin' of the bureau full of under-clo'es an' beddin'." Jane did not think it necessary to explain by what means this "sartain knowledge" had been achieved, but continued: "There's a silk warp alpacky now, a-hangin' up there, why—it's e'en-a-most as good as new! The creases aint out on't." (Unsophisticated Jane! not to know that the creases never *do* go out of alpaca.) "I don't see what in the name o' sense ye're a-goin' ter dew with all them dresses. It'll take ye a life-time ter wear 'em out. If *I* hed that silk warp alpacky now,"—she continued, musingly, yet raising her voice so suddenly that Thirza started; "if *I* hed that are dress, I should take out two of the back breadths for an over-skirt—yes—an' *gore* the others!" This climax was delivered in triumphant tone. Then lowering her voice she continued, reflectively: "Aunt Abigail was jest about my build."

Thirza caught the import of the last words.

"Jane," said she, languidly, with an undertone of impatience in her voice (it was hard to be recalled from her pleasant wanderings by a silk warp alpaca!), "Jane, you can have it."

"Wh-what d'ye say?" inquired Jane, incredulously.

"I said you could have that dress; I don't want it," repeated Thirza.

Jane sat a moment in silence before she trusted herself to speak. Her heart was beating rapidly, but she did not allow the smallest evidence of joy or gratitude to escape in word or look.

"Wall," she remarked, coolly, after a fitting pause, "ef you haint got no use for it, I might take it, I s'pose. Not that I'm put tew it for clo'ees, but I allers did think a sight of Aunt Abigail —"

Her remarks were interrupted by an exclamation from Thirza. The front gate opened with a squeak and closed with a rattle and bang, and the tall form of Orthaniel Stebbins was seen coming up the path. Orthaniel was a mature youth of thirty. For length and leanness of body, prominence of elbow and knee joints, size and knobbiness of extremities, and vacuity of expression, Orthaniel would have been hard to match. He was attired in a well-preserved black cloth suit, with all the usual accessories of a rustic toilet. His garments seemed to have been designed by his tailor for the utmost possible display of the joints above mentioned, and would have suggested the human form with equal clearness, if buttoned around one of the sprawling stumps which were so prominent a feature in the surrounding landscape. On this particular occasion there was an air of importance, almost of solemnity, about his person, which, added to a complacent simper, born of a sense of the delicate nature of his present errand, produced in his usually blank countenance something almost amounting to expression.

At first sight of this not unfamiliar apparition, Thirza had incontinently fled, but Jane received the visitor with becoming impressiveness.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Stebbins. Walk right into the fore-room," she remarked, throwing open the door of that apartment of state.

"No need o' puttin' yourself out, marm; the settin'-room's good enough for me," graciously responded the gentleman.

"Walk right in," repeated Jane, throwing open one shutter, and letting in a dim light upon the scene—a veritable chamber

of horrors, with its hideous carpet, hair-cloth chairs and sofa, the nameless abominations on its walls, and its general air of protest against the spirit of beauty and all that goes to make up human comfort.

Mr. Stebbins paused on the threshold. There was something unusually repellent about the room, a lingering funereal atmosphere, which reached even his dull senses. He would have infinitely preferred the sitting-room; but a latent sense of something in his errand which required the utmost dignity in his surroundings prevailed, and he therefore entered and seated himself on one of the prickly chairs, which creaked expostulately beneath him.

"I—ahem! Is Miss Bradford in?"

This question was, of course, a mere form,—a *ruse de guerre*, as it were,—and Mr. Stebbins chuckled inwardly over his remarkable diplomacy. He had seen Thirza at the window, and witnessed her sudden flight; but, so far from feeling affronted by the act, it had rather pleased him. It indicated maiden shyness, and he accepted it as a flattering tribute to his powers of fascination. "She's gone to fix up her hair, or somethin'," he reflected.

When Jane came to summon her, she found Thirza sitting by the window of the fore-chamber, gazing thoughtfully out into the twilight again.

"Thirzy!" whispered the spinster, as mysteriously as if Mr. Stebbins was within possible ear-shot, "Orthaniel Stebbins wants ter see ye. Go right down!"

"Jane, I—sha'n't!" answered Thirza, shortly.

Jane started, and opened her small gray eyes their very widest.

"Wh-at?" she stammered.

"I mean I don't want to go down," said Thirza, more politely. "I don't wish to see him."

"Wall, if that don't beat the master!" exclaimed Jane, coming nearer. "Why, he's got on his Sunday clo'ees! S'likely 's not he's a-goin' ter propose ter ye!"

"You had better send him away, then," said Thirza.

"Ye don't mean to say ye wouldn't hev him!" gasped Jane, with a look of incredulous amazement which, catching Thirza's eye, caused her to burst into a laugh.

"I suppose I must go down," she said at last, rising. "If I don't, I shall have all Jones' Hill down upon me. Oh dear!"

Mr. Stebbins would have been surprised

to see that she passed the mirror without even one glance.

"Hadn't ye better take off yer apron, an' put on a pink bow, or somethin'?" suggested Jane; "ye look real plain."

Thirza did not deign to reply, but walked indifferently away.

"Wall!" ejaculated the bewildered spinner, "I hope I may never!" And then, being a person who believed in improving one's opportunities, she proceeded at once to a careful re-examination of the "silk-warp alpacky," which hung in straight, solemn folds from a nail in the closet; it had hung precisely the same upon Aunt Abigail's lathy form.

Thirza went into the gloomy fore-room. It struck a chill to her heart, and she went straight past Mr. Stebbins, with merely a nod and a "good-evening," and threw open another shutter, before seating herself so far from him, and in such a position, that he could only see her face by an extraordinary muscular feat. Mr. Stebbins felt that his reception was not an encouraging one. He hemmed and hawed, and at last managed to utter:

"Pleasant evenin', Miss Bradford."

"Very," responded Thirza. It was particularly cold and disagreeable outside, even for a New England April.

"I guess we kin begin plantin' by next week," continued the gentleman.

"Do you really think so?" responded Thirza, in an absent sort of way.

It was not much; but it was a question, and in so far helped on the conversation. Mr. Stebbins was re-assured.

"Yes," he resumed, in an animated manner, "I actooally dew! Ye see, Miss Bradford, ye haint said nothin' tew me about the farm, so I thought I'd come 'roun' an' find out what yer plans is."

"I haven't made any," said Thirza, as he paused.

"Oh—ye haint? Well, ye know I've been a-workin' on't on shares fur yer aunt Abigail, goin' on five year, an' I'm ready ter dew the same fur *you*; that is—" and here Mr. Stebbins hitched a little nearer, while a smile, which displayed not only all his teeth, but no little gum as well, spread itself over his bucolic features, "that is, if we can't make no other arrangements more pleasin'."

There was no mistaking his intentions now; they spoke from every feature of his shrewdly smiling countenance, from his agitated knees and elbows, and from the

uneasy hands and feet which seemed struggling to detach themselves from their lank continuations and abscond then and there.

Thirza looked her woooer calmly in the face. Her imperturbability embarrassed but did not dishearten him.

"Thar aint no use in foolin' round the stump!" he continued. "I might jest as well come out with it, plain an' squar! I'm ready an' willin' to take the *hull* farm off yer hands if you're agreeable. You jest marry me, Thirzy, an' that settles the hull question slick as a whistle!" and Mr. Stebbins settled back in his chair with a look as if he had just elucidated a long-mooted problem in social science.

Thirza rose: there was a little red spot on each cheek, and an unwonted sparkle in her soft eyes; but her manner was otherwise unruffled as she answered:

"You are really very kind, Mr. Stebbins, but I think I shall find some other way out of the dilemma. I couldn't think of troubling *you*."

"Oh ——" he stammered, "taint—no trouble—at all!"

But Thirza was gone.

For a moment the Adonis of Jones' Hill doubted his identity. He stared blankly at the open door awhile, and then his eyes wandered vacantly over the carpet and wall, finally coming to rest upon the toes of his substantial boots. He sat for some time thus, repeating Thirza's words as nearly as he could recall them, endeavoring to extract the pith of meaning from the surrounding fibers of polite language. Had she actually refused him? Mr. Stebbins, by a long and circuitous mental process, arrived at length at the conclusion that she had, and accordingly rose, walked out of the front door and down the narrow path, in a state of mind best known to rejected suitors. As he closed the gate he cast one sheepish look toward the house.

"I'll be darned!" he muttered, "I'll be darned if I haint got the mitten!" and, discomfited and sore, he disappeared in the evening shadows.

Jane was watching his departure from behind the curtain of the sitting-room window. In all probability her gentle bosom had never been the scene of such a struggle as was now going on beneath the chaste folds of her striped calico gown. She could not doubt the object of Mr. Stebbins's visit, nor its obvious result. Astonishment, incredulity, curiosity, in turn possessed her.

"Wall!" she soliloquized, as the curtain

fell from her trembling fingers, "the way some folks fly in the face of Providence do beat the master!"

Thirza, too, had observed her suitor as he strode away, with an expression of scorn upon her face which finally gave way to one of amusement, ending in a laugh—a curious hysterical laugh. A moment later she had thrown herself upon the bed, and Jane, who in a state of curiosity bordering on asphyxia, came up to the door soon after, heard a sound of sobbing, and considerably went away.

Thirza had her cry out; every woman knows what that means, and knows, too, the mingled sense of relief and exhaustion which follows. It was fully an hour later when she arose and groped her way down into the sitting-room where Jane sat knitting zealously by the light of a small lamp. That person's internal struggles commenced afresh, and a feeling of indignation quite comprehensible burnt in her much-vexed bosom as Thirza, after lighting another lamp, bade her "good-night," and went out of the room, leaving her cravings for fuller information unassuaged.

Once more in her room, Thirza seated herself before the glass and began to loosen the heavy dark braids of her hair. Upon the bureau lay an open letter, and leaving the soft tresses half undone, she took it up and re-read it. When she had finished she let it fall upon her lap and fell to thinking. The letter was from her cousin Sue, and bore a foreign post-mark, and from thinking over its contents Thirza fell into reflections upon the diversity of human fate, particularly her own and Sue's. They had commenced life under very similar circumstances. Both had been born about the same time, and in the town of Millburn. Both were "only" children, the fathers of both were mechanics of the better class, and the girls were closely associated up to their fourteenth year, as play-fellows and schoolmates. Sue was an ordinary sort of a girl, with a rather pretty blonde face; Thirza, a bright, original creature, with a mobile, dark face, which almost every one turned to take a second look at; a girl who, with a book, almost any book, became oblivious of all else. Her father was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, of a dreamy, speculative turn of mind, and subject to periods of intense depression. When she was about fourteen years old, Thirza went one evening to the barn to call her father to supper. Receiving no answer to her

call, she entered, and there, in a dim corner, she saw *something* suspended from a beam, —something she could never efface from her memory. A shaft of sunlight full of dancing motes fell athwart the distorted face, whose smile she must now forever miss, and across the rigid hands which would never again stroke her hair in the old fond, proud way. In that moment the child became a woman. She went to the nearest neighbor, and without scream or sob told what she had seen—then she went to her mother. Soon after, the young girl whose school-life was thus early ended took her place at a loom in one of the great cotton-mills, and there she remained for more than ten years, the sole support and comfort of her weak, complaining mother, who from the dreadful day that made her a widow, sank into hopeless invalidism. One year previously to the commencement of this story she had been laid to rest. In the meantime Sue had grown up, and married a "smart fellow," who after a few years of successful business life in New York, had been sent by some great firm to take charge of a branch establishment in Paris.

Thirza was thinking of these things now, as she sat with Sue's gossiping letter on her lap—thinking of them wearily, and even with some bitterness. It seemed to her hard and strange that Sue should have everything, and she only her lonely, toilsome life, and her dreams. These indeed remained; no one could forbid them to her—no amount of toil and constant contact with sordid natures could despoil her of her one priceless treasure, the power to live, in imagination, brief but exquisite phases of existence which no one around her ever suspected. Ah, books! They furnished an innocent hasheesh, which transported her out of the stale atmosphere of her boarding-house into realms of ever new delight.

But to-night she could not dream. The interview with Mr. Stebbins had been a rude shock, a bitter humiliation to her. She had held herself so proudly aloof from the men of her acquaintance that none had ever before ventured to cross the fine line of reserve she had drawn about her; and now, this uncouth, mercenary clown had dared pull down the barrier, and trample under foot the delicate flowers of sentiment she had cherished with such secrecy and care. Her first wooer! Not thus, in the idle dreams which come to every maiden's heart, had Thirza pictured him. That other rose

before her now, and strangely enough, it took on the semblance, as it often had of late, of one she had almost daily seen—a handsome face, a true and good one, too; and yet the hot blood surged into her cheeks, and she tried to banish the image from her mind. It would not go at her bidding, however, and, as if to hide from her own eyes in the darkness, Thirza arose and put out the light.

There was no time for dreaming after this, for the question of her inheritance must be settled. So, after a day or two of reflection, Thirza drove into town and held a long consultation with Squire Brooks, the result of which was that the farm was announced for sale. It was not long before a purchaser appeared, and in due course of time Thirza found herself, for the first time in her life, in possession of a bank-book!

She returned to her place in the mill, notwithstanding, and was secretly edified in observing the effect which her re-appearance produced upon the operatives. The women watched her askance, curiously and enviously, indulging in furtive remarks upon her unchanged appearance. As an heiress something had evidently been expected of her in the way of increased elegance in dress, and its non-appearance excited comment. On the part of the men there was a slight increase of respect in their mode of salutation, and in one or two instances, an endeavor to cultivate a nearer acquaintance, an endeavor, it is needless to say, without success.

But if there was no outer change in Thirza, there was an inner change going on, which became at length a feverish restlessness, which disturbed her night and day. She found herself continually taking down from her shelves certain fascinating books, treating of foreign scenes and people; reading and re-reading them, and laying them aside with strange reluctance. Then she fell into a habit of taking her little bank-book, and figuring assiduously upon the covers. Three thousand dollars! Enough, she bitterly reflected, to keep her from the alms-house when her hands became too feeble to tend the loom, but a paltry sum, after all! Many persons, even in Millburn, spent far more than that yearly.

All at once a thought flashed upon her, a thought which took away her breath and set her brain to whirling. And yet it was not an absolutely new thought. It had haunted her under various disguises from the moment when Jane Withers, by a few

words, had transmuted the barren pastures and piney woods of her farm into actual dollars; and now, after hovering about all this time, it had found a moment,—when some fascinating book had thrown her off her guard,—to spring upon and overpower her. For a moment she was stunned and overwhelmed—then she calmly closed the little bank-book, and said: “I will do it!”

In one week the whole town knew that Thirza Bradford was going to travel, and all former discussions of her affairs sank into nothing in comparison with the importance they now assumed. Among her immediate acquaintances there was considerable excitement, and their opinions were freely, if not elegantly, expressed. The men, almost without exception, pronounced her “a fool,” as did the elder women, whose illusions, if they had ever entertained any, had long since been dispelled. But among the younger women there was a more or less repressed feeling of sympathy, amounting to envy. Poor girls! they, too, no doubt, indulged in secret longings which their prosaic work-a-day world failed to satisfy; and doubtless those who had themselves “aunt Abigail,” or any other “expectations” of a like nature, were led into wild and wicked speculations upon the tenure of human life, for which, it is to be hoped, Thirza will not be held accountable.

It is the fashion of the day to ascribe our more objectionable peculiarities and predilections to “hereditary taint,” and there is something so comforting and satisfactory in this theory, that it has attracted many adherents not otherwise of a scientific turn of mind. Millburn was not scientific; but even Millburn fell into the same way of theorizing.

“Bill Bradford,” said public opinion, “was an uneasy sort of a chap,—a half crazy, extravagant critter,—and Thirzy is a chip o’ the old block.”

When the news reached Jones’ Hill,—which it shortly did by the never-failing means of Jane Withers, who was accommodatingly helping Orthaniel’s mother through a course of “soap-bilin’”—the comments were severe. Orthaniel received the tidings as he was about starting for the cow-yard, with a milk-pail in each hand. He listened, with fallen jaw, unto the bitter end. Then, giving his blue overalls an expressive hitch, he remarked ungallantly:

“That gal haint got no more sense ‘n a yaller dog!”—and he, at least, may be pardoned for so thinking.

As for Thirza, her decision once made, she troubled herself little about the "speech of people." From the moment when she had closed her little bank-book with the words "I will do it," she became, not another woman, but her real self. She went serenely about her simple preparations for her departure in a state of quiet exultation which lent a new charm to her dark face and a new grace to her step.

Squire Brooks arranged her money affairs for her,—not without remonstrance, however. It seemed to the close-fisted, elderly man a wild and wanton thing to do; but there was something in the half-repressed enthusiasm of the girl which caused the wise, prudential words to die upon his lips. When she left his office, on the evening before her departure, he watched the light-stepping figure out of sight, and then walked up to the dingy office mirror and surveyed his wrinkled visage on all sides. Carefully brushing up the sparse gray locks which had been ordered to the front, as it were, to fill the gaps created by Time's onslaughts, he shook his head deprecatingly, and with a sigh walked away from the glass, humming softly "Mary of Argyle."

As Thirza, absorbed in thought, turned into the long, shaded street which led down to her boarding-house, she was startled out of her reverie by the sound of her own name, pronounced in a friendly tone. Looking up, she saw a gentleman approaching. Her heart gave a quick leap as she recognized Warren Madison, son of the richest manufacturer of Millburn. He was no recent acquaintance. In their school days, when social distinctions weighed but little, there had been a childish intimacy and fondness between them. Time and separation, and the wide difference in their position,—which she, at least, felt most keenly,—had estranged them. Since the young man's return, after years of study and travel, to become his father's partner, she had met him very often, both in the mill and outside of it, and he had constantly shown a disposition to renew their former friendship. But poor, proud Thirza had rejected all his advances. Even now, although her cheeks tingled and her hands trembled nervously, she would have passed him with a simple nod; but somehow, before she realized it, young Madison had secured her hand and a smile, too; and, to her surprise, she found herself walking by his side, talking with something of the familiarity of the old school days.

"I have been absent for some time, and only heard to-day that you are going away," he said.

"Yes," responded Thirza. "I am going away—to Europe."

"To seek your fortune?" said he, with a smile.

"No—to spend it," said Thirza, in the same manner. "I suppose that you, like Parson Smythers and the rest of Millburn, consider it an '*extra-ordinary proceeding*,'"—this with a fair imitation of the reverend gentleman's peculiar drawl.

Madison smiled.

"Don't count me among your judges, I beg of you, Thirza," he responded, more gravely. "Perhaps I understand you better than you think."

She glanced quickly up into his face,—a handsome face, frank and noble in its expression.

"Understand me?" she repeated; "I don't think any one understands me. Not that they are to blame—I am hardly worth the trouble, I suppose. I know," she continued, moved by an impulse to unburden her heart to some one, "I know that people are discussing and condemning me, and it does not trouble me at all to know it; but I don't mind saying this much *to you*." She caught the last two words back between her lips, but not before they had reached the young man's ears. He glanced quickly into her downcast face, with a look full of eager questioning; but this Thirza did not see, for she had turned her eyes away in confusion. "You know what my life has been," she went on impetuously. "I have never had any youth. Ever since I was a child, I have toiled to keep body and soul together. I have succeeded in feeding the one; but the other has starved. I have weighed everything in the balance. I am all alone in the world—all I had to live for is—up there." She pointed over her shoulder toward the old burying-ground. "I may be foolish,—even selfish and wicked,—but I can't help it! I am going to leave everything behind me, all the work and all the worry, and give myself a holiday. For one whole year I am going to *live*—really *live*! After that, I can bear the old life better—perhaps!"

The girl was almost beautiful as she spoke, with the soft fire in her eyes and her cheeks aglow. Her voice was sweet and full, and vibrated like a harp-string. The young man beside her did not look at her. He walked steadily forward, gazing straight

down into the dusty road, and striking out almost savagely with his cane at the innocent heads of the white clover which crowded up to the road-side.

"I think I know how you feel," he said, after a while. "Why, do you know, I have often had such thoughts myself. Better one year of real life, as you say, than a century of routine, such as mine is now!"

By this time they had reached the door of Thirza's boarding-house. There were faces at almost every window of the much-windowed establishment, to say nothing of those of the neighboring houses; but neither Thirza nor her companion was aware of this.

They stood on the steps a moment in silence; then he held out his hand. As she placed her own within it, she felt it tremble. Their eyes met, too, with a swift recognition, and a sharp, sweet pain went through her heart. She forced herself to turn her eyes away, and to say quietly:

"Good-evening and good-bye, Mr. Madison."

The young man dropped her hand and drew a quick breath.

"Good-bye, Thirza," he said; "may you find it all that you anticipate. Good-bye."

And the score or more pairs of inquisitive eyes at the surrounding windows saw young Mr. Madison walk calmly away, and Miss Bradford, with equal calmness, enter her boarding-house.

The next morning Thirza went away, and, the nine days' wonder being over, she was dropped almost as completely out of the thoughts and conversation of the people of Millburn as if she had never existed.

We will not accompany her on her travels. There was a time when we might have done so; but alas, for the story-writer of to-day! Picture-galleries, palaces, and châlets, noble, peasant, and brigand, gondolas, volcanoes, and glaciers,—all are as common and familiar to the reader of the period as bonbons. It is enough to say that Thirza wandered now in reality, as she had so often in fancy, through the storied scenes which had so charmed her imagination; often doubting if it were indeed herself, or if what she saw were not the baseless fabric of a vision, which the clanging of the factory bell might demolish at any moment.

Sue's astonishment when Thirza, after two months in England and Scotland, walked one day into her apartment in Paris, quite unannounced, can be imagined. She wondered and conjectured, but, as her unex-

pected guest was neither awkward nor badly dressed, accepted the situation gracefully, and ended by really enjoying it. After delightful Paris days, came Italy, Germany and Switzerland, and then more of Paris, and at last came a time when inexorable figures showed Thirza plainly that she must think of returning to America.

"Thirza," protested Sue, "you really mustn't go."

For answer Thirza held up to view a travel-stained porte-monnaie.

"Perhaps we can arrange it somehow," persisted her cousin, vaguely. "You might take a situation as governess, you know;" these words were uttered doubtfully, and with a deprecating glance at the face opposite.

"Thank you!" responded Thirza. "I don't feel a call in that direction. I think, on the whole, I'd prefer weaving cotton."

"You'll find it unendurable!" groaned Sue.

"Well, *que voulez vous?*" responded her cousin, lightly; a quick ear would have noted the slight tremor in her voice. "I have had a glorious holiday."

"But the going back will be simply dreadful," persisted Sue. "I wish I were rich—then you shouldn't go!"

"I hardly think that would make any difference, my dear cousin. I don't think I am eminently fitted to become a parasite," laughed Thirza.

"Do you know what you *are* eminently fitted for?" cried Sue, energetically.

"Sue!" cried Thirza, warningly.

"I don't care," Sue continued daringly; "you are so set on going back to America that I half suspect—"

"Don't, Sue, please!" interrupted Thirza, with such evident signs of genuine displeasure, that Sue, who stood somewhat in awe of her cousin, ceased to banter, mentally vowing that she was "the queerest girl she had ever met with."

Thirza arose and went out into the flower-adorned balcony. She sought distraction, but somehow the surging, chattering crowd in the street below, the brilliant illumination, the far-off strains of music, did not bring her what she sought.

"If only Sue wouldn't!" she reflected, and then, between her and the sea of heads, and the lights and the flowers rose a face—the face that had troubled her meditations on Jones' Hill, that had followed her in all her wanderings, the noble face, with its blue eyes bent upon her so earnestly, so eloquently. Had she read

aright, even if too late, the meaning of those eyes as they met hers at parting? The same sweet, sharp pain that was not all pain, shot through her heart, and a consciousness of something blindly missed, something perversely thrown away, came over her. Sighing, she arose, and in response to Sue's call, went in and dressed for a gay party, in which, in her present mood, she felt neither pleasure nor interest. "If people here knew what a pitiful fraud I am—what a despicable part I am acting!" she said to herself, as, well-dressed and handsome, she entered the brilliant *salon*.

It was all over in a few days, and Thirza was sailing homeward as fast as wind and wave and steam could carry her. The year that had passed had brought little outward change in the girl. She looked fairer and fresher, perhaps, and certain little rusticities of dress and speech and manner had disappeared—worn off, as had the marks of toil from the palms of her slender hands. But to all intents and purposes, the tall figure in its close-fitting brown suit, which during the homeward voyage sat for the most part in the vessel's stern, gazing back over the foaming path, was the same which had watched a year before with equal steadiness from the steamer's bow. The very same, and yet—the girl often wondered if she were indeed the same, and lost herself in speculations as to how the old life in Millburn would seem to her now. She recalled with inflexible accuracy the details of her existence there, and tried to look her future undauntedly in the face. But all her philosophy failed her when in imagination she found herself upon the threshold of the old mill. There, indeed, she faltered weakly, and turned back.

When at last, one evening in June, she stepped out of the train at the little station of Millburn, a crowd of bitter thoughts came rushing upon her, as if they had been lying in wait there to welcome her. She had informed no one of her coming, and it was not strange that no friendly face greeted her, and yet, as she pursued her way alone through the silent, unlighted streets, her heart grew faint within her. How poor and meager everything seemed! The unpaved streets, the plank sidewalks, the wooden houses, and yonder, across the river, the great mills, looming grim and shapeless through the dusk! The long, glorious holiday was over—there lay her future.

Weary and sick at heart she entered her

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boarding-house. The old familiar aroma saluted her, the hard-featured landlady welcomed her with a feeble smile, the unwashed children with noisy demonstrations.

Her room was at her disposal, and under the plea of fatigue she kept out of sight the whole of the succeeding day, which happened to be Sunday. She lay the greater part of the day upon the old lounge, looking round upon the well-known furnishings with a weary gaze. How small and shabby the room, how hideous the wall paper, how mean and prosaic everything, and the very canaries in their cage had forgotten her, and screamed shrilly at her approach!

That was a long day—the longest of her life, she thought. But the girl was made of good stuff; she made a brave fight, and this time came off conqueror. When Monday morning came, she arose and dressed herself in the old gray working suit, smiling back encouragement to her reflection in the glass as if it had been that of another person. There was no use in putting off the evil day, she said to herself, it would only make it harder, and so, when the great bells clanged out their harsh summons, she went out into the beautiful June morning, joined the crowd which streamed across the bridge, and before the last brazen tone had died away, preliminaries were arranged, and Thirza was in her old place again.

All through the long summer days Thirza labored on at the old work, with aching limbs and throbbing pulses. The unceasing din and jar, the invisible flying filaments, the hot, oily atmosphere, the coarse chatter of the operatives, wearied and sickened her as never before. Every evening she left the mill with a slower step; deep lines began to show themselves in her face, heavy shadows to settle beneath her dark, sad eyes. Poor girl! it was all so much harder than she had anticipated. The latent forces in her nature, which through all those years of toil, had never been called into action, were now, since her plunge into another phase of life, fully aroused, and asserted themselves in ceaseless clamor against surroundings. Besides this,—smother it, fight it, ignore it, as she might,—she was living in a state of tremulous expectancy. Again and again her heart had leaped at the sight of a figure in the distance, only to sink again into a dull throb of disappointment.

The fourth Sunday after her return, Thirza went to church for the first time. It was early when she arrived and people were just beginning to assemble. Many greeted

her warmly and proffered her a seat, but she refused all, taking one far back, and at one side where she could see all who entered. The seats gradually filled, but it was not until the last strains of the voluntary were dying away that Madison, senior, the great manufacturer, and his large complacent-looking wife came in, and with an air of filling the whole edifice, marched down to their pew in the front row. The music ceased. There was a rustling of silk which was audible in every part of the little church, and Warren Madison entered, accompanied by a stately blonde girl, elegantly attired. Queen-like she swept along, and Thirza saw, as if in a dream, the smile which she bestowed upon her escort as he stood aside to allow her to enter the pew, and she saw also his face, looking handsomer and manlier than ever. Then they were seated, and only the backs of their heads were visible. Thirza's heart stood still for a moment, and then began beating so wildly that she almost feared those around her might hear it. She went through mechanically with the simple forms the service required. She even tried to follow the thread of the Rev. Mr. Smyther's labored discourse, but there, between her and the pulpit, were the nodding white plumes and the yellow braid, and the brown shapely head and broad shoulders, and oh! so near together! Interminable as the service seemed, it came to end at last, and before the amen of the benediction had died upon the air, Thirza was in the street, hastening homeward.

The next day she stood at her loom, listlessly watching the shifting cloud-pictures in the midsummer sky, the glittering river, and the distant meadows and woods, and wishing herself away from the noise and the close air, and alone in some deep nook, where she could hide her face and think. A loud, confused mingling of voices, among which a high-pitched, girlish one was most conspicuous, rose above the clatter of the machinery, and drew her attention. She turned involuntarily toward the sound, and as quickly back again. That one glance had sufficed to show her Warren Madison, escorting a party of ladies through the mill. The blonde girl was there, looking, in her white dress, like a freshly-gathered lily. The party passed near her. She heard young Madison's voice warning the ladies to keep their draperies from the machinery; she heard the girlish voice in laughing answer, and, as they passed by, the same voice exclaiming, "Why, Warren, what a nice girl,

for a mill-girl! The dark one, I mean, by the window." Then there came a little whiff of violet perfume, and they had gone—he had gone! And, even in the midst of her humiliation and anger and self-pity, she could not but be thankful that he had thus passed her by, without a word. She could not have borne it—there.

The machinery roared and clattered and groaned, the air grew closer and hotter, the silvery clouds grew denser and blacker, and little puffs of wind blew in and fanned her feverish temples; and at last the bell sounded, and she could go. Away! no matter where, so that she were out of sight of everything and everybody, so that she could be alone with her own torn, wrathful, tortured soul. Straight through the town she went, up the hill beyond, and into the old burying-ground, where her parents rested. It was the only place, alas! where she was sure of being left alone; for there is no place so given over to loneliness and solitude as a country grave-yard. Here, among the quiet sleepers, where the grass and brier-roses grew rank and tall, and undisturbed, except now and then to make room for a new comer,—here she dared look herself in the face. And oh, the shame and scorn and loathing which that self-inspection produced! She threw herself down by the graves,—her graves,—and buried her face upon her arms. She lay there until shadows gathered about her, so still that the small brown sparrows hopped fearlessly across the folds of her dress and nestled in the grass beside her. At last she started up, and pressed her hands against her temples.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried aloud. "I thought I could; but I cannot! I must leave this place—this hateful, dreadful place—"

Was there a footstep near her in the dry grass, and was some one standing there in the dusk? She sprang to her feet and would have fled; but the figure came rapidly toward her. It was Warren Madison.

"You must pardon my following you, Thirza," he said. "I went to the house, and they told me you had come up this way. I came after you, because I have something I must say to you."

It was light enough for Thirza to see that he was very pale, and that his eyes were fixed eagerly upon her face. Trembling, bewildered, she made another attempt to pass him; but he seized her wrist and detained her.

"Thirza," he cried, "do not run away from me until you have heard what I have to say. Let me look in your face, and see if I can find what I thought I saw there when we parted that evening, more than a year ago."

He drew her toward him, and compelled her to meet his gaze. She tried to meet it with coldness and scorn; but she was weak and unnerved, and there was such pleading tenderness in his voice! She trembled, and sought feebly to withdraw her hand.

"Thirza, wont you listen? I love you! I have loved you so long—I never knew it until you went away; I never knew how much until I saw you to-day. I did not even know you had returned. Oh, Thirza, I could not have spoken a word to you before those people for worlds; but how I longed to snatch you up in my arms! If you had only looked at me, proud little statue in a gray dress!"

He compelled her to turn her face toward him.

"Thirza, was I mistaken? No, I was not!" and his voice was full of exultation. "I see the same look in your eyes again. You love me, my darling! There!" he cried, releasing her hands, "proud, cruel little woman, go! Leave me! Run away from me! I do not keep you; but, Thirza, you are mine, for all that!"

Hardly conscious of herself, Thirza stood before him, making no use of her liberty.

"Come, Thirza," said the shaking, passionate voice, "leave all the work and all the worry—your own words, darling; how often I have thought of them! Leave it all behind, and come here, to me!"

The clouds had parted, and the stars flamed out, one after another; and, as they were going home together through the starlight, the young man said:

"And did you live the 'real life' you anticipated, Thirza?"

She raised her shining face to his.

"It has just begun," she said.

TO SORROW.

COME not when the sun is here,
And the mock-bird, piping clear,
Warbles sweetest interludes,
And from wooded solitudes
Calls the flowers to appear.

Songless hedge and leafless tree,
Sorrow! are reserved for thee;
Therefore, call me not away—
Let me joy in life to-day!
Soon, alas! 'twill ended be.

Come when Winter comes again,
Bringing sadness in his train,—
On a wild and windy day,
When the rain, wet-eyed and gray,
Taps upon the window-pane.

'Neath the low, red sunset skies,
When the ghostly mists uprise,
Frozen marsh and pool among—
When regret o'erfills mine eyes,
I will go with thee along.

AMERICAN ARMS AND AMMUNITION.

"This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms.

* * * * *
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!"—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE experience of Russia, in her recent contest with Turkey, has had an effect upon conservative military opinion which promises to result in serious modifications of the tactics of battle. Armed with an American rifle and American cartridges, the Turks accomplished extraordinary results with volley firing at distances ordinarily regarded as not to be compassed by anything except the fancy shooting of rifle ranges or the tentative practice of sharp-shooters. Anywhere from a mile to nearly a mile and a half (1,500 to 2,500 yards) from the Turkish works, the Russians found themselves subjected to a fire so deadly that they speedily lost one-half of their effectives. General Zeddeler, who was with the Russian Guard at Gorni-Dubnik, reports that at 3,000 paces the Russians began to suffer loss, and at 2,000 paces were falling rapidly, the reserves, as the attack progressed, suffering nearly as severely as the firing line. Similar reports from Russian sources are common. An American observer, Lieut. F. V. Greene, an intelligent young officer of engineers, sent abroad by our War Department to record his experiences, relates the following incident:

On one occasion General Skoubeloff "found the men lying down and receiving the fire of the enemy without replying to it. Asking an explanation, the men replied that it was of no use to fire, for their guns would not reach the position of the Turks—about 1,500 yards off, across a ravine. While he was talking, his chief of staff was very badly wounded in the shoulder. Skoubeloff immediately ordered up a company of the 23d regiment, which he had armed with the Peabody-Martini rifles captured from the Turks. They had hardly opened fire before the Turks ceased their fire and retired behind the crest of the ridge."

To the gun, therefore, not to the Turk, are to be credited the extraordinary results which have elevated into a most important factor in the calculation of military possibilities the long-range fire, once supposed to be merely the amusement of experts. True, the employment of high-angle fire—or fire with the gun pointed midway between the zenith and the horizon—was one secret of the effect; but even where the Russians employed an equal elevation, they were un-

able, with the inferior Krenk rifle with which the majority of their troops were then armed, to secure a range anywhere approaching that of the Turks.

One of the most notable demonstrations of the Turkish battle-fields was the marked superiority of American arms and ammunition. The gun, of whose deadly long-range fire such reports are given, was the product of a workshop in Rhode Island, that of the Providence Tool Company; the cartridges, to which so much of its effect was due, were made in Connecticut,—at Bridgeport, by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and at New Haven by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Official investigation and private experience had, before this, satisfied experts of the superiority of our American manufactures of small arms; here the lesson was enforced by a most notable example in the view of all the world. Previous to the development of our arms manufactures, during our War of Secession, military as well as sporting arms were largely imported to this country, Colt's revolvers being the only American arms sold abroad to any extent. Since 1867 the tide has set the other way, and not far from one hundred millions of dollars have come to this country in payment for military arms and ammunition, the product of American factories. It was not without misgivings that an American manufacturer of guns, Mr. Samuel Remington, first undertook, in 1867, to compete on their own ground with the old established manufactories of Europe. The result is shown in the export of over a million Remington rifles and carbines since their first introduction to the foreign market. This, with the addition of nearly ten millions of dollars received for guns of other makers, and the sale of munitions of war, shows an aggregate contribution from a single arms house, since 1867, of over twenty-five millions of dollars toward the balance of trade in our favor.

Further contributions have been made by other manufacturers of arms and ammunition, among them, in Connecticut, the Colt's Arms Company at Hartford,

the Winchester Repeating Arms Company at New Haven, the Sharps Rifle Company, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company at Bridgeport; in Massachusetts, the Ames Manufacturing Company at Chicopee, and the United States Cartridge Company at Lowell. The largest single contract awarded to any of these manufacturers was that given by Turkey for the guns and ammunition required to arm her troops for the impending contest with Russia. This contract, in the proportions to which it finally grew, was for 600,000 guns and three hundred millions of cartridges; altogether amounting to some twenty millions of dollars, divided in nearly equal proportion between guns and ammunition. Birmingham bid for it at a price barely sufficient to cover cost and contingencies, and allow a reasonable profit. Connecticut came in with a bid twenty per cent. lower and carried the work to America. Here, though war prices still prevailed, and labor and material were far higher than in England, the Yankee manufacturers were not ruined, as the English would have been at the price: on the contrary, they furnished far better work, and at the same time made the fortune of those concerned in the contract.

It is interesting to consider why this was so, especially as the investigation involves an inquiry into the superiority of our American workshops over those of every other country. Our manufacturers of arms have been pioneers in this improvement to an extent little understood. The superiority of American workmanship, and the cheapness of production in all departments of fine metal work, are directly traceable to the development of our arms manufacturers. The lives of men and the honor of nations are in a measure dependent upon the skill of the armorer in his handicraft. Hence the special demand for accuracy in the details of manufacture in this department—a virtue which has extended to other branches of industry. Arms dealers have had the advantage, too, of selling to customers who were more solicitous as to quality and rapidity of manufacture than as to price. Immense orders and sure payment have justified any expenditure in fitting up factories, and stimulated ingenuity to the utmost to meet the call upon it. For example, two millions of dollars were invested by the Providence Tool Company in preparing to fill the Turkish order, and before the manufacturers were able to deliver the first thousand guns.

The stimulus of the War of Secession upon

the manufacture of arms was immense. In a single year (1863) the Government purchases of small arms aggregated 1,365,230, and our expenditures for armaments reached a total of forty-two millions of dollars. From January 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1866, our Ordnance Department at Washington provided 7,892 cannon, and over 4,000,000 small arms, while the aggregate of cartridges and percussion caps mounted up among the inconceivable figures which measure planetary spaces—1,022,176,474 cartridges and 1,220,555,435 percussion caps. To these totals are to be added the purchases made for the navy, the entire expenditures for what are known as "ordnance and ordnance stores," showing a grand total of two hundred millions of dollars. Of the Parrott rifled cannon, which did such excellent service on sea and land, over 3,000 were purchased, and projectiles for them to the amount of 1,623,000. War makes no account of the economies, and the loss and destruction of arms in a campaign are enormous; 665,327 Chassepots and 500,000 old pattern arms were used up by France in her war of 1870-71, and of 3,966,590 small arms provided by our Ordnance Department by manufacture and purchase from January 1st, 1861, to June 30th, 1866, five and a half years, 1,158,907 were lost, worn out, or rendered useless. According to the calculation of the Chief of Ordnance, the wear and tear during three consecutive years of service was twenty per cent.

The only armory left to the Government after the destruction of the one at Harper's Ferry, viz., that at Springfield, Massachusetts, expanded its dimensions during the war of 1861-5 until its product was increased from less than 10,000 muskets a year to over 250,000, with a maximum capacity for the completion of a thousand rifles in a single day. At least one of our private armories has a still greater capacity. While exerting themselves to meet an imperative order from France, during the war with Prussia, the Remingtons manufactured at Ilion, New York, twelve hundred military rifles in a single day, besides transforming three hundred muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders. Under the stimulus of unlimited orders from 1861 to 1865, private armories sprang up in all directions, tool and other factories turning their attention to the manufacture of arms and ammunition. Since the war some sales of military arms have been made by private manufacturers to the various states, but the main dependence has been on foreign

orders. Of the extent of the sale thus created it is impossible to give exact figures, without too close an inquiry into the mysteries of private business. Our statistics of exports do not show it. Governments purchasing contraband of war are not accustomed to advertise the fact, and the shrewd devices adopted to conceal the character of arms exports are best known to "the trade." Investigation would show that boxes labeled "Soothing-syrup," carried a surer sedative than Mrs. Winslow ever invented. Cases of supposed agricultural implements, and even innocent looking tierces of lard, have revealed to prying eyes the material of war on its way to the battle-fields of the world.

This much we know: the governments of Spain, Peru, Chili, Hayti, and Venezuela have purchased cannon of the West Point foundry, where our Parrott guns were

made, and from the same workshop went 73,000 10-pounder projectiles to be fired from the French guns at Prussian invaders. Spain and the Spanish South American Republics are armed with an American rifle, the Remington, and the same gun is in the hands of the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, and Greeks. Egypt, China, and Japan are armed with them and the Chinese are making a clumsy imitation, good enough, as they explain, for drill purposes, and answering perhaps, in their imagination, like their tom-toms and paper dragons, to frighten the timid foreigner of the yellow hair.

The table which follows shows what countries have adopted the various breech-loading systems in vogue, and the cuts illustrate the principal American arms. It will be observed that when any country has so far overcome national prejudice as to adopt a foreign system, it has invariably

System.	Where adopted.	Description of the Breech System.					
Albini.....	Belgium.....	Block pivoted at rear, at right angle to axis of chamber, and opening upward and forward.					
Beaumont.....	Holland.....	Block sliding backward in receiver, on a plane with axis of chamber, actuated by hand.					
Berdan *.....	Russia.....						
Carcano.....	Italy.....	Transformed bolt gun.					
Chassepot.....	France.....	Block sliding backward in receiver, on a plane with axis of chamber, actuated by hand.					
Dreyse.....	Prussia.....	" " "					
Mauser.....	Prussia.....	" " "					
Peabody-Martini * and Martini-Henry *	Great Britain.....	Block pivoted at the rear, at right angles to axis of chamber, and falling forward within receiver, actuated by lever.					
	Turkey.....						
	Roumania.....						
Remington *	Spain.....	Block pivoted at front, at right angle to axis of chamber, and thrown upward and forward.					
	Holland.....	Block pivoted upon center, at right angle to axis of chamber, and falling forward, actuated by trigger under receiver.					
	Egypt.....	Block rotating upon axis parallel to axis of chamber.					
	Denmark.....						
Springfield *	Sweden and Norway						
	S. American Republics						
	China						
United States.....							
Bavaria.....							
Werndl.....	Austria.....						

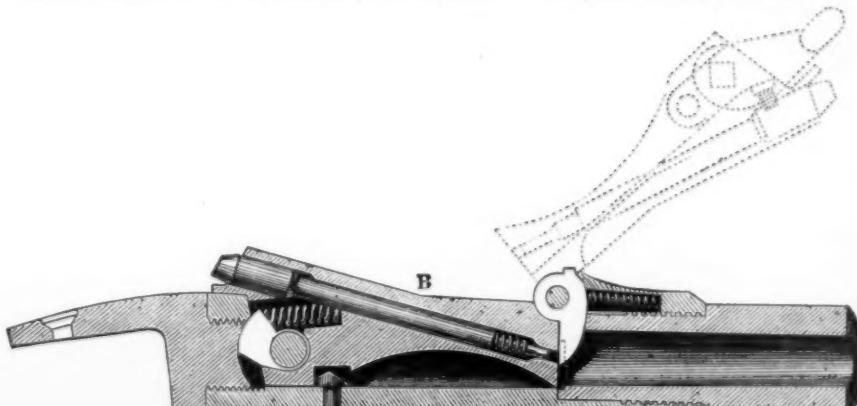
In some countries two systems are in use, one being an older system not yet fully supplanted by the new. The American systems are indicated by an asterisk (*).



BREECH MECHANISM OF THE REMINGTON RIFLE.

been one of American invention. The bolt system—which was first introduced by Prussia in 1848, but which has never found favor in this country—is in general use on the Continent. France, Germany, and Italy use it exclusively, and Russia is putting it into the hands of her soldiers, a portion of her army having been already supplied with the Berdan. The breech mechanism in these several guns is constituted of the receiver or frame, the breech-block which closes the chamber when the gun is at rest, loaded or unloaded, and the locking mechanism which secures the block in its closed position. In most systems the breech-block is placed within the receiver, pivoted on an axis at the front or rear, and opens the chamber either by falling downward or being thrown upward and outward. In the several diagrams of systems, the breech-block is indicated by the letter B. The Turks have the six hundred thousand Peabody-Martini's for their infantry, and sabre bayonets and scabbards for them have gone from the factory of the Ames Manufacturing Company. The

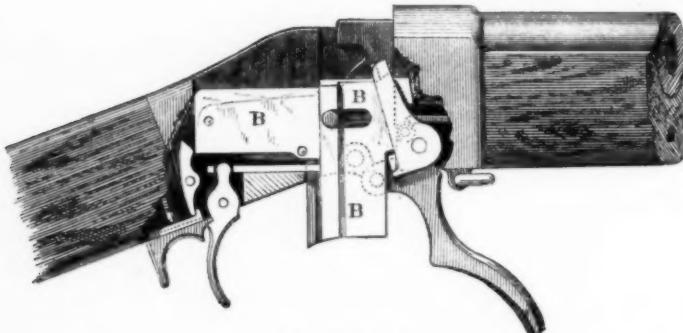
Winchester magazine gun, the present representative of the Spencer Repeater, with which our cavalry was so largely armed in the closing years of the War of Secession, is in the hands of the Turkish cavalry. The Russians have adopted an American system, the Berdan, for the re-armament of their infantry; following the German and French in taking a bolt gun. The English, besides complimenting us by appropriating our Peabody system, adding to it the device of the Swiss, Martini, and re-christening it, with the addition of the Henry rifling, as the "Martini-Henry," have taken in one order 300,000 Colt's revolvers, and are manufacturing our Gatling-machine gun under a royalty. The Smith and Wesson revolvers have also been sold largely abroad, and the original Colt's have been in use the world over. At the Colt's armory, one of the most costly and complete in its appointments in the world, are manufactured the Gatling gun, the original of the mitrailleuses, now universally accepted as a necessary part of modern armament. Over 3,000 Gatlings, costing almost



THE SPRINGFIELD SYSTEM.

four millions of dollars, have been distributed over the world, and Russia as well as England manufactures them in her own armories on

of the Gatling are shown in the cut. It consists of a circle of from five to ten rifle-barrels revolving on an axis, and by their

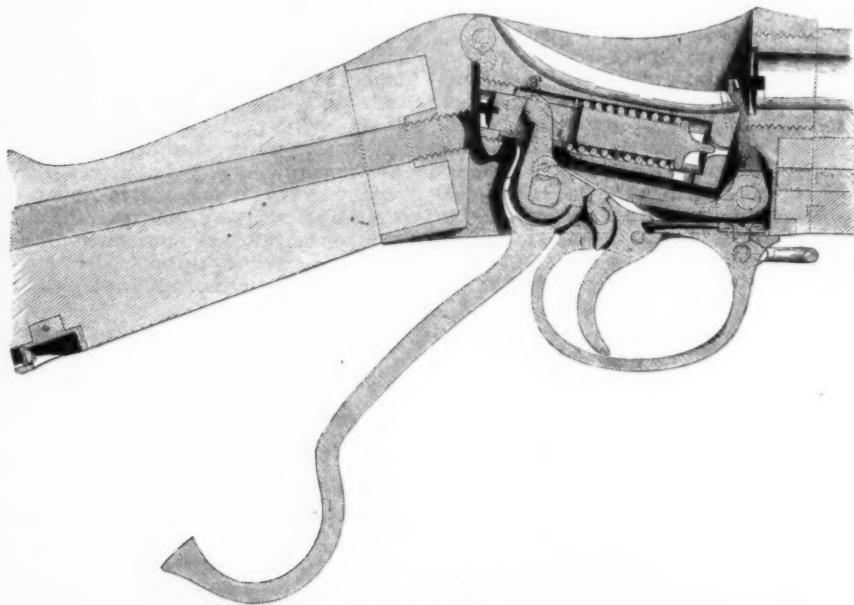


THE SHARPS RIFLE.

a royalty. The Gatlings figure in reports of all English military operations, and they have done excellent service of late in engagements with the Zulus and Afghans. The inventor of this gun is a physician from North Carolina, Dr. Gatling, who has un-

successive discharges keeping up a continuous and most destructive fire. It is operated by a crank, turning on a pivot, like the handle of a grindstone.

To the millions expended here on munitions of war must be added the other mill-



THE PEABODY-MARTINI.

dertaken the practice of phlebotomy on a scale that would excite the envy of a physician of the olden time. The peculiarities

ions sent across the Atlantic for the purchase of American arms machinery and tools. England and Russia long since fitted up

their government arsenals from this country, to a greater or less extent: the Birmingham Arms Company and an Armory near Woolwich have taken their machinery from the Ames Company. Spain and Egypt have bought theirs from the Remingtons. Prussia, coming late into the field, has been even more thorough in the adoption of American machinery. In 1873 she gave an order to the Pratt and Whitney Company at Hartford for gun machinery and tools to the amount of a million and a half of dollars. Three years were required to complete the machinery and set it in operation in the three royal armories, and American workmen were sent over for this purpose. Two hundred thousand Mauser rifles are manufactured with it annually. As a saving of fifty per cent., or five dollars a gun, is made, as compared with the old method, the "Yankee notions" must have paid for themselves within two years. The fact of this saving is certified to by the Prussian government in a written document, shown with honest pride by the Connecticut manufacturer. Not only has the introduction of American methods proved thus profitable to the royal treasury, but it has established a school for German artisans whose influence will be felt in other departments of manufacture. The introduction of American machinery into the royal arsenals of Prussia was an event certain to attract attention in German workshops.

"Why," the American contractor was frequently asked, "why is it that Americans have become such experts in the use of tools?" In reply, attention was called to the independent position of the American workmen, who calls no man master, to the stimulus given to invention by the high price of labor, and the protection afforded at a trifling cost by our patent laws. Whatever the disadvantage we have appeared to suffer from the justice which has accorded to the workingmen in this country a position of comfort and independence, enjoyed nowhere else in equal degree, it has, in the end, resulted to our advantage. A control of foreign markets obtained by developing the intelligence of our artisans and increasing the perfection of our ma-

chinery, is not to be easily disturbed by competition founded upon any less perfect system of production.

The reduction in cost of arms manufacture has not been obtained at the expense of quality. It has, on the contrary, been accompanied by a steady improvement in workmanship. The use of machinery compels the employment of better material. At his examination, in 1852, before the Parliamentary Committee in England, Colonel Colt, the inventor of the revolver, was shown a Minie rifle, presented as a superior specimen of French handicraft.

"Do you consider," he was asked, "that



THE GATLING-MACHINE GUN.

the muskets made in the United States equal this?"

"There are none so badly made at *our* armories," was the reply. "That arm could not pass any of our inspectors."

This was no idle Yankee boast, and it was equally true of the Enfield-made breech-loaders, sent to the Providence Tool Company twenty years later as models to be followed in fulfilling the Turkish contract. These were so improved upon that Turkey has secured a much better arm than that used in the English service.

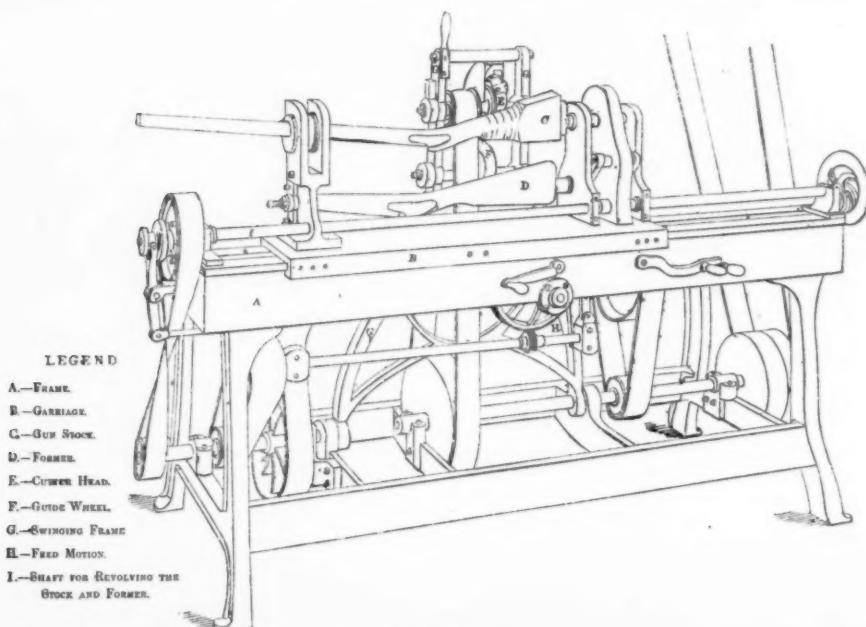
The reason is simply this: though the

Enfield guns were honest and strong in workmanship, and made of excellent material, as are most English productions, even their model arms show a lack of finish not to be tolerated here, where the perfection of automatic machine-work is obtained, at a far less cost than the less perfect hand-work. As Colonel Colt stated on the occasion referred to, it cost then less in the United States to complete a gun-stock than it did in England to buy the wood for one.

A recent newspaper paragraph has recalled the ridicule with which Parliament received the proposition to make the first essay in the introduction of American methods, by the purchase of Blanchard's American gun-stocking machinery. The idea that the Americans were surpassing the English in gun manufacture was really "quite too amusing." An English expert was sent over to investigate. He brought with him three rough stocks, of the toughest timber he could find, certain that they would prove too much for the machine, intended, as he supposed, for the American soft woods. Concealing his purpose, he asked the overseer of the Springfield Arsenal to run them through the machine. Much to his surprise it handled them all the better because of

their hardness. The result was that an order was left at Chicopee for the Blanchard machine, and the accompanying machines, six or eight in all, to be sent to England, where they have since been in use.

The machine referred to, the invention of Thomas Blanchard, was originally patented January 20th, 1820. It was first brought into use at the Government Arsenal, Springfield, and is now in use in all armories in this country and Europe. Originally intended only for turning gunstocks, it has since been adapted to the turning of irregular forms of all sorts, such as piano legs, bat clubs, and the like. The cutters, operating upon the wood in the lathe, are guided by a friction-wheel, passing over the inequalities of a pattern turned to the exact shape of the object to be produced. This wheel precisely regulates the motion of another wheel, armed with chisels, which are brought to bear upon the rough block. Thus as the friction-wheel successively traverses every part of the rotating pattern, the cutters pare away the surplus wood from end to end of the block, leaving a precise duplicate of the model. This machine not only shapes the stock, but mortises and bores the curvatures for the lock, barrel, ramrod, butt-plates, and mountings. Several



MACHINE FOR TURNING STOCKS.

of these machines have recently been sent to Japan by the Ames Company.

Though armories everywhere have been compelled to avail themselves of American invention, nowhere has the use of machinery reached the development that it has here. Out of 800 men employed by the National Arms Company at Birmingham, in 1875, 110 were found to be at work with hand-files. A comparison with a similar armory in this country showed that of 1,600 men but 11 were filers, or one-twentieth of the proportion employed in England. Forty years ago, it is to be noted, a large part of the work on guns made in this country was done by the hand-file or on the grindstone. Year by year machinery has been adapted to new uses, until hand-work has become almost unknown. So entirely are iron, steel, and wood reduced to their final proportions by the positive and regulated action of drills, reamers, broaches, and cutters of various kinds, that in a thoroughly organized armory the operations on an arm, from the minute when the material first encounters a machine, are exactly numbered, as well as classified. These operations are termed "cuts," and the amount of work required for the production of a particular arm is indicated by the number of cuts needed to complete it. Each succeeding process is the well judged result of careful experimenting, directed to the end of economizing labor, and perfecting either shape or size. With the present efficient and exact machinery the final process leaves the part so perfectly finished that a file is seldom needed.

The American genius for organization is well shown in the distribution of work at the Providence Armory, which we take as an example of American armories. In an English armory all of the employees are placed under the direction of a single superintendent, and he is held responsible for the work in all of its details. In the large private armories in the United States it has been the custom to divide the work among contractors, to whom the labor upon the several parts is distributed. The armory provides the raw material, the shop room, machinery, power and tools, which last the contractor is expected to return in good order, an exact account being kept with him of the cost of tools and material. The contractor hires his workmen, takes care of his rooms and machinery, and turns out the parts given to him. These, before being accepted, are subject to a rigid inspection, which, in the case of

a government contract, is conducted by officials.

The largest operations can be easily carried on under such a system as this, so as to secure the most perfect workmanship at the least cost. The contractor is a man of special ability and experience in the particular line of production which he undertakes. Receiving so much per piece, and being held to a strict accountability for quality, he gives his whole thought to the direction of his work, to the employment of the best artisans and to the invention and application of new machinery, processes, and tools—in a word, conducting the department with as much economy and skill as if it were his own. Thus, in executing a large order, one device after another for economizing work, reducing the number of "cuts," or imparting a better finish, discovers itself. Though the contractor receives a given sum for his work, he is required to render an account of his expenditures, and the factory gains ultimately the advantage of any reduction in the cost of production. Not a few of the marvelous labor-saving processes that distinguish American mechanical production are the result of the contract system in our large workshops. In contrasting this system with that which prevails, even in this country, in manufactories of textile fabrics, it should be borne in mind that the manufacture of guns, and other machinery, consists in the fabrication of a multitude of distinct parts, each of which has its individual character and cost to be considered. The government arm, the Springfield, has sixty-eight separate parts, sixteen of which parts are screws of one sort or another, and nine of them springs. The constant changes and improvements in the manufacture of these parts is shown by the fact that, of them all, only four remain as they were in the original model of 1855, so as to be interchangeable with the corresponding parts of the present arm.

An essential part of the system we have suggested is the use of gauges to test the accuracy of the work as it progresses. The mechanical definition of the gauge is "any instrument used to measure." It may be a pattern from which the manufactured part has taken its shape; a plug to fit exactly a tube and determine the correctness of its dimensions; a cunningly precise instrument to determine the alignment of sights, or a combination of screw work, Vernier scale, and expanding profile, to indicate the slight-

est variation from the true form for a breech-chamber.

The Peabody-Martini gun has sixty-nine parts, and for each part a set of gauges is provided, not omitting even the smallest screw. The double set of gauges to accompany the machinery for making two hundred needle guns per day in the Prussian arsenals cost nearly fifty thousand dollars, and the amount expended by the Providence Tool Company in perfecting their system of gauges was a fortune in itself. Not only was the first cost very large, but the most accomplished artisan known to the company was employed to superintend a force of eighteen expert mechanics, whose duty it was to see that the gauges were kept up to the standard. Of each gauge or set there were two, a maximum and a minimum, the rule being that a part should not be less than the minimum or up to the maximum. Not only was there a double set of gauges for each part, but each of the 826 cuts required to complete the arm was tested by its peculiar standard. The preservation of the gauges is a most important matter. The standard set was kept carefully locked up in a special safe, as large as a good-sized room. To each contractor was furnished a partial set from which he worked, and another set was divided among the inspectors of the various parts. The gauge used to determine the caliber of the chamber was renewed daily, to avoid even the infinitesimal change in its proportions, resulting from the slight friction to which it was subjected.

The superior quality and marked uniformity of the military arms made in the United States, are due, in part, to the thorough system of inspection to which they are subjected. By the courtesy of our War Department, the foreign governments, who have purchased so largely during the past fifteen years of our American armories, have been able to make use of ordnance officers and experts from one of the national arsenals as inspectors of finished arms. Among the bills passed at the last session of Congress was one authorizing a young ordnance officer, Lieutenant Henry Metcalfe, to accept a decoration bestowed upon him by the Turkish government for such services. During the execution of the great Turkish contract, at one time nearly fifty inspectors were employed under his direction in the examination of the guns, besides the twenty-six Turks overlooking their work. The inspection at Providence was more thorough than any previous one, and examination of

any one of the Turkish Peabody-Martini's used in the late war with Russia, would show upon each of its sixty-nine parts, two impressions of a minute stamp, indicating that the United States examiner had subjected it to careful observation and tested it by gauge.

As an example of the thoroughness of inspection, take the barrel, which goes through ninety-five consecutive processes in which sixty-seven different machines are used. The first inspection is made after the barrels are proved for strength. A hundred barrels are screwed firmly in a frame, each loaded with 205 grains of powder and 715 grains of lead, these barrels being fired by train. It is to be remembered that the regular cartridge for service contains but 85 grains of powder and 480 grains of lead. At the Government Arsenal at Springfield, forty barrels are loaded together, first with a 500 grain slug and 280 grains of musket powder, and then with a slug of the same weight and 250 grains of powder. The next inspection is made after the interior of the barrel is finished, preparatory to rifling; another after the barrel is rifled; again when it is completed, and finally after it has been browned. The gauges used in the final examination are of the finest construction and scientifically accurate. The deflection of the 1000th part of an inch in the sighting of an arm can be detected. Without such accuracy the wonderful records of the crack riflemen at Creedmoor would be impossible.

To the chamber of the gun is applied a most exhaustive system of inspection. At Bridgeport, in testing cartridges, some thirty thousand rounds were fired from a Peabody-Martini. As a matter of curiosity the gauges were subsequently applied, and an enlargement of one thousandth of an inch near the cartridge head was the only change that could be detected. According to the estimate of our ordnance officers the barrel of a rifle will endure at least ten thousand service fires before its accuracy is sensibly impaired, and its exterior dimensions may be very much reduced by wear without impairing its strength for service.

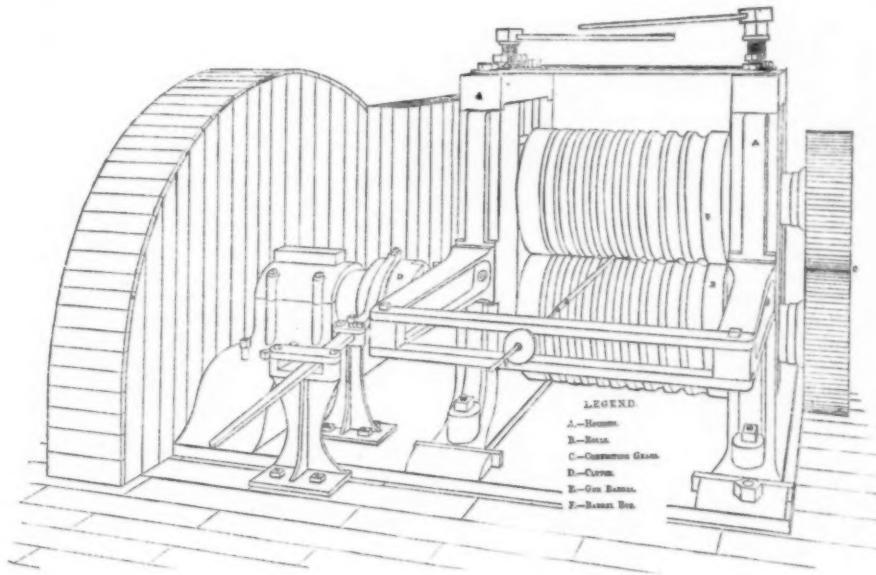
The most exact inspection is, of course, given to the barrel and the adjacent breech action. The inspection of the other portions of the gun is thorough, though less difficult. After the parts are assembled into guns, each piece is carefully tested to see if its parts are well adjusted and interchangeable without difficulty, and finally

the work of the inspectors is itself passed upon, the last inspector examining every part to see that the official stamp of approval has been impressed upon it.

Seventeen hundred and fifty-eight machines constitute the working plant for the manufacture at Providence of 800 arms per day, three rolling-mills being employed. The loss in the process of rolling has been but one-tenth of one per cent, and about two and a half per cent. in the progress of the finished barrel.

The stocks of a gun, made of black walnut, are first sawed into a rude outline of the shape they are finally to assume, before

thirty-three inches, by being drawn, while heated, through grooves, gradually diminishing in size. The machine for this work is shown in the cut. It has eight tapering grooves. In connection with the grooves are used eight mandrels, or iron rods, which vary in diameter from three-quarters to twenty-seven hundredths of an inch. Passing the largest rod through the barrel mold, which has been brought to a red heat, the workman places the mold into the first of the cylindrical grooves. This draws it over the rod as it runs through. Rods gradually decreasing in size are used for the succeeding grooves, until the barrel is extended to the



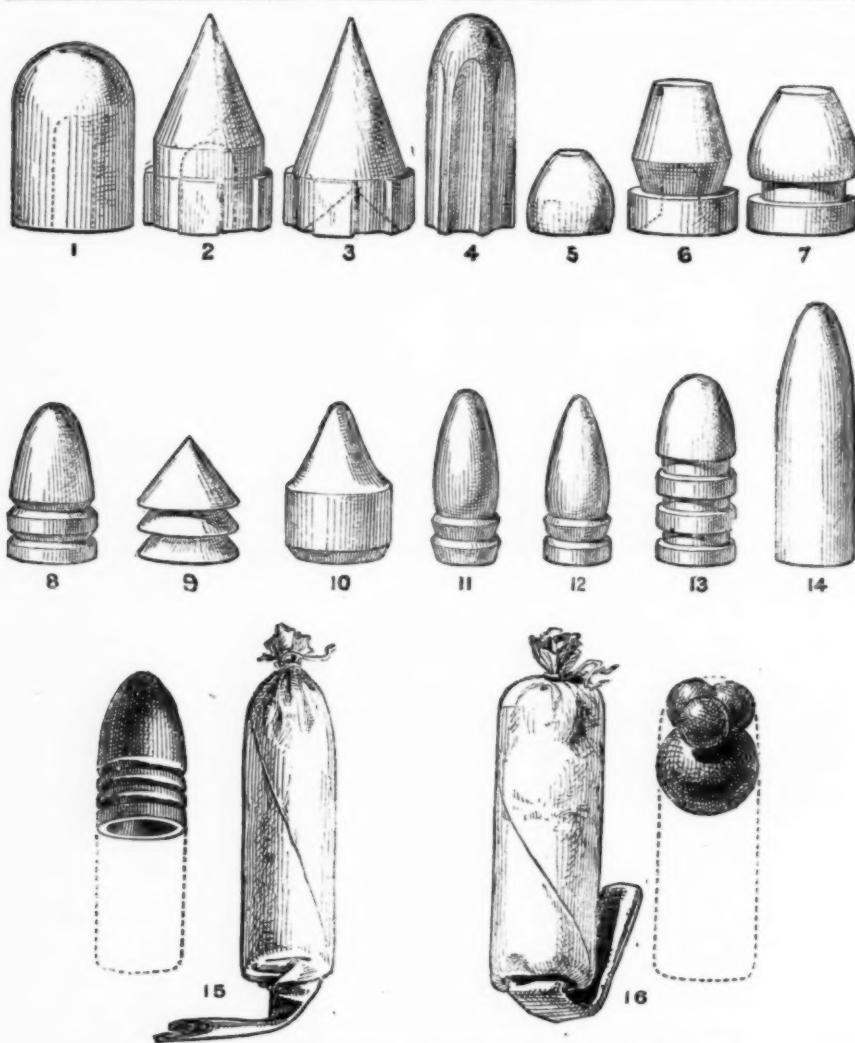
BARREL ROLLS.

being subjected to the operations of turning, grooving, etc. The wood is carefully examined to see that it is straight-grained, well-seasoned, and free from sap and worm-holes. A practised nose will detect the smell of unseasoned wood as unerringly as the scent of a trained hound discovers the quarry.

The barrel of a rifle first presents itself as a cylinder, or mold, of decarbonized steel, two inches in diameter and but nine and a fourth inches in length, with a hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter through its entire length. It is reduced to the required dimensions, and extended to the length of

proper length, and reduced to the proper caliber for rifling. The cylinder is re-heated, after passing through each groove; until the last one, through which it is passed three times to give the required form.

The caliber of military guns during the Revolution, seventy-five hundredths of an inch, has been reduced by successive stages until it is now but forty-five hundredths. Down to 1866 the caliber of the Springfield musket was fifty-eight hundredths. In 1866 it was changed to fifty hundredths, or one-half of an inch, and again in 1873 to the present caliber of forty-five hundredths. The length of the barrel, originally forty



CUTS SHOWING PROGRESSIVE CHANGES IN BULLETS AND THE OLD PAPER CARTRIDGE.

inches, has been reduced to thirty-three and a quarter inches. The bullet has meantime gone through various mutations until it has arrived at its present shape. The cuts indicate some of the stages in its process of development from the original round bullet. The first three represent the original Minie ball, with an iron cup in the base, and as improved and used without cups. No. 4 is the Whitworth bullet hexagonal in shape. Nos. 5, 6, and 7 are bullets used by France during, and immediately after, the

Crimean War. Nos. 8 and 9 are German bullets and No. 10 a Sardinian bullet. Nos. 11 and 12 are Swiss bullets. These are old patterns. The bullet at present used in our military service is shown in No. 13, and the bullet for long-range firing in No. 14. With these are also shown (Nos. 15 and 16) the now discarded paper cartridge, with a Minie bullet, and the buck-and-ball paper cartridge. It was found that no globular ball could be depended upon beyond 300 or 350 yards. The present elongated bullets are

capable of giving a range of nearly ten times that with the amount of powder in actual use for military arms.

It is to France that we owe the first suggestion of the plan of using dies for forging steel into any desired shape, and making the corresponding parts of different guns so exactly alike that they are interchangeable. But these ideas, after they had been abandoned in France as impracticable, were taken up here and improved upon until they were practically new. Eli Whitney, whose cotton-gin enthroned the southern staple, took the first step in this direction. Whitney was the first successful manufacturer of arms in this country after the Revolution, during which this industry flourished. Disgusted with his treatment in the cotton states, where neither law nor public opinion could secure to him any requital for his labors, he sought a new field for his talents. In 1797, acting upon the suggestion of Thomas Jefferson, whose foreign travels had probably made him familiar with the French experiments in the direction of interchangeability in the manufacture of arms, Whitney was persuaded to try his fortunes as a gunsmith. A contract for ten thousand small arms was secured for him, through the influence of Oliver Wolcott, the Secretary of the Treasury. Other manufacturers who entered into contract with the government at the same time, followed in their workshops the processes pursued in England. These involved a dependence mainly on manual labor, and the result was ruin. Whitney alone seems to have had the inventive genius to originate new methods, or, at least, to develop those already suggested by the French. Where they failed he succeeded so far that since his time no American military arm has been completed without the use of forging for many of its parts, and this process is not only in use at our armories, but is a leading operation in all of our metal manufactures. A solid block of low steel is forced into a die by the weight of a trip-hammer, and made to assume almost any shape desired.

Whitney made a great advance, also, in the application of machinery to the work of finishing the parts after they were swedged, or formed in the rough, thus abolishing to some extent, even at that early day, the slow hand-work of filing or grinding on a wheel. The milling machine, which by the use of revolving cutters shaves off rough surfaces and shapes irregular or eccentric contours, if not his original invention, was

developed by him and introduced into gun manufacture. Whitney introduced, too, the system of gauges by which uniformity of construction is insured for parts made after the same model. Finally, he discovered and applied to his special work that principle of division of labor which lies at the foundation of all modern industrial progress. By organizing a continuity and logical relation of processes, he was enabled to distribute the operations on the various parts of a gun among different workmen, thus securing a perfection of workmanship impossible under the system which entrusted the completion of an entire arm to a single man. Says his biographer, Professor Olmstead: "He reduced a complex business, having many ramifications, almost to a mere succession of simple processes, and was thereby enabled to make a division of the labor among his workmen on a principle not only more extensive, but altogether more philosophical, than that pursued in the English method. In England the labor of making a musket was divided by making the different workmen the manufacturers of different limbs, while in Mr. Whitney's system the work was divided with reference to its nature and several workmen performed different operations on the same limb."

In 1812 John H. Hall invented a breech-loader, which was manufactured under the orders of our government and issued to troops for trial as early as 1816, or half a century before the needle-gun made itself famous. In his letters to the War Department, Hall laid great stress upon his plan of making "every similar part of my gun so much alike that it will suit every gun; that if a thousand guns were taken apart and the limbs thrown promiscuously together in a heap, they may be taken promiscuously from the heap and all will come right." How far Hall went beyond Whitney in the application of this principle we do not stop to consider. It has certainly been greatly developed on this side of the Atlantic. This principle of interchangeability of parts was first applied to government service by Hall at Harper's Ferry, in 1818, and it finally established itself as the rule of the government workshops. The Mexican war showed how much was gained by a system which enabled an armorer to carry with him to the field duplicate parts with which to restore a disabled gun to service.

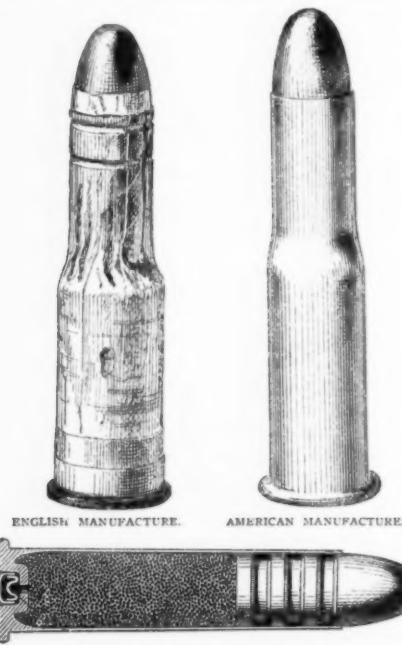
Thomas Blanchard, of Middlebury, Mass., carried the improvement in the manufacture of arms a step beyond either Whitney or

Hall, by his invention, or application, of the lathe for cutting away and shaping the exterior of the barrel, followed by the far more important device of the automatic wood-cutting or stocking machine already alluded to. With this last invention, and a constant improvement in the swedging and milling processes, the manufacture of arms has gradually advanced to its present independence of handwork—now almost complete, and yearly becoming more so.

The progress of invention is well illustrated by the fact that Blanchard's original lathe for shaping the stock, by subsequent

still lead the world. A comparison of the cartridge heretofore manufactured in England for the Martini-Henry rifle, with the cartridge manufactured here for the Turkish arm of the same pattern, makes this superiority at once apparent. They are shown in the cuts on this page.

Russia was among the first to make use of the American metallic cartridges, and she attempted in vain to imitate them. After wasting ten millions of cartridges made of inferior material, she wisely concluded to buy here, as other foreign nations have since done. Some of the American cartridges sent to Russia were subjected to the unparalleled test of a five-weeks soaking in the waters of New York harbor, the vessel carrying them having sunk off Staten Island on her way out. They were fished up as good as new, and, triumphantly passing the ordeal of a new test of their firing quality, went on their way again, and have no doubt long since added their quota to the return of casualties. For good cartridges American copper is needed, a fact which the Europeans are beginning to learn. Even so long ago as the days of the mound-builders, it was discovered that our Lake Superior region produced a copper ore of uncommon purity. Ore of equal purity is not, it would seem, to be found elsewhere, and perhaps the process of annealing is not so well understood abroad. At all events, the brass made of the foreign copper, abounding in the sulphurets, lacks the necessary strength and ductility, and for some reason the metallic cartridges made abroad are liable to deteriorate in quality. During her war with Turkey, Russia purchased large quantities of brass here, one Connecticut firm alone supplying two millions of dollars worth of sheet brass. Other governments have, no doubt, been purchasers. Ready-made cartridges have also been sent abroad in such quantities that a million has become the unit of calculation. Three forms of cartridge are given in the illustrations on page 449, one showing the United States government cartridge, another the Peabody-Martini cartridge, and the largest the Sharps or Remington special long-range cartridge. The government cartridge contains 70 grains of powder and a hardened bullet, composed of one part of tin and sixteen parts lead, weighing 405 grains. The Peabody-Martini has 85 grains of powder and a bullet of the same composition weighing 480 grains. The long-range bullet has one part of tin to fourteen parts lead, and



CROSS SECTION OF CARTRIDGE SHOWING INTERIOR.

invention was developed into a series of seventeen machines, since reduced, through the combination of processes, to thirteen. The result in the reduction of cost is shown by the statement that the sandpapering operation, still performed by hand upon the perfectly shaped stock, requires more men and costs more money than all the machine work. The sandpapering has been done to some extent by revolving machinery, but a satisfactory result has not yet been reached.

A further and most important step in the improvement of breech-loading arms was the invention of the metallic cartridge, in the manufacture of which the Americans

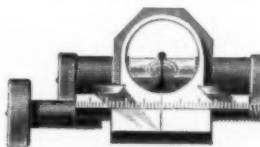
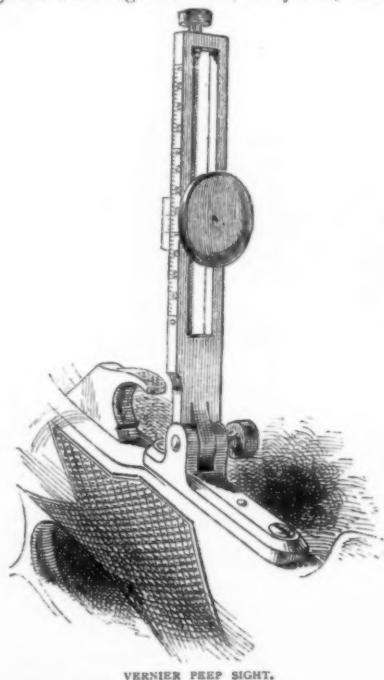


weighs 550 grains, the charge of powder being 100 grains. The advantages of the heavier cartridge are well shown in the experiences of the Turkish war already referred to. Whatever else they may lack, the Turks have certainly shown superior intelligence in the armament of their troops. The English, who use the same gun, had, on a smaller scale, an experience similar to that of the Turks. The rifles used by the rifle brigade in the campaign against the Afghans were sighted for 2,000 yards, and at

2,100 yards were found effective. The rifles with which our own army is provided are sighted to 1,200 yards, as will be seen from the cut on page 450, showing the military sight. Some of the sights used by riflemen in long-range shooting are also shown; the Vernier sight, and a sight combining a spirit-level and wind-gauge. The ordinary Vernier

will register to the thousandth of an inch, and Verniers have been made so as to register the twenty thousandth of an inch, these finer sights being used to regulate the ordinary sights. These very fine sights are not adapted to military service, in which the rifle is subjected to a very different usage from that prevailing at Creedmoor, where the long-range rifleman is able to give his weapon all the care that a musician would take of his precious Stradivarius violin or his Tourte bow.

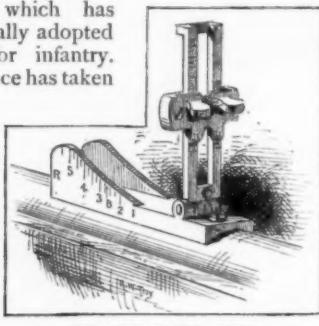
It is not to be understood, from what has been said, that long-range firing, such as the Turks have astonished us with, has yet approved itself to military conservatism.



WIND SIGHT AND SPIRIT LEVEL.

Nevertheless, as the organ of the French general staff has recently declared, those who object to the use of the new expedient in warfare should at least "range themselves by the side of its convinced partisans," so far as to consent to participate in experiments with what it might be most inconvenient to know nothing of on the day of battle. Accordingly, a most elaborate and successful series of experiments has been undertaken at Chalons with skirmish-fire, squad-fire, and platoon and company fire, at distances of from half a mile to a mile and a quarter (800 to 2,000 yards). Germany is conducting similar experiments at Spandau, as Austria did before her, in 1877, at Vienna.

The tendency of military change in small arms is in the direction of magazine guns or repeating rifles, which were used to a very considerable extent in the later years of our own war. Though Turkey has armed her cavalry with the repeater, thus far Switzerland is the only country which has actually adopted it for infantry. France has taken



SPRINGFIELD REAR SIGHT.

the Kropatschek, the invention of an Austrian officer, for her navy, and Austria is experimenting with it, having already armed her *gendarmerie* with another repeater, the Frumerie. Norway has introduced the Krag-Petersen into her navy, and our navy is experimenting with the Keene gun. The

box, or cartridge-holder, carrying five cartridges pressed down upon a spring shaped like the letter \geq reversed. The breech action releases this spring and throws the cartridges, one after another, into the barrel of the gun. These cartridge-holders, costing a few cents apiece, are to be thrown away in action, as fast as emptied, and new ones inserted. It will be seen how rapid the action, and how effective the fire from such a gun must be with an unlimited supply of cartridges. The Lee gun has not yet approved itself in actual service but was recommended for trial by the last Army Equipment Board at Washington, presided over by General Nelson A. Miles, who has since asked that it should be issued to his troops.

The different forms of magazine guns are shown in the cuts. A is the loaded magazine or receiver; B, the breech block; C, the passage from the magazine to the barrel; and D, the "cartridge follower" or spring for throwing the cartridges into position for loading. The Hotchkiss, adopted for a trial in our service, carries five cartridges in a magazine in the butt. The Winchester repeater, which has thus far had the field for magazine guns almost entirely to itself, carries in a tube, extend-

THE LEE DETACHABLE MAGAZINE GUN.
M is the tin magazine detached.

objections to the magazine gun have heretofore been the additional weight of the magazine, the necessity of using a lighter cartridge, and the constant shifting of the balance of the gun as the magazine was emptied in firing. All of these difficulties the Lee gun, the latest invention, seeks to overcome. It introduces the idea, before suggested but never thoroughly tried, of a detachable magazine, inserted in a slot in the breech frame. This magazine is nothing but a slight metal

ing under the barrel, seventeen cartridges, which are pushed along by a spring. The Hotchkiss and Winchester are both manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. The Keene magazine gun, manufactured by the Remington Arms Company, resembles the Hotchkiss in being a bolt-gun and the Winchester in the location of the magazine. The fact that the Hotchkiss gun had not passed through the preliminary stage in the hands of troops before

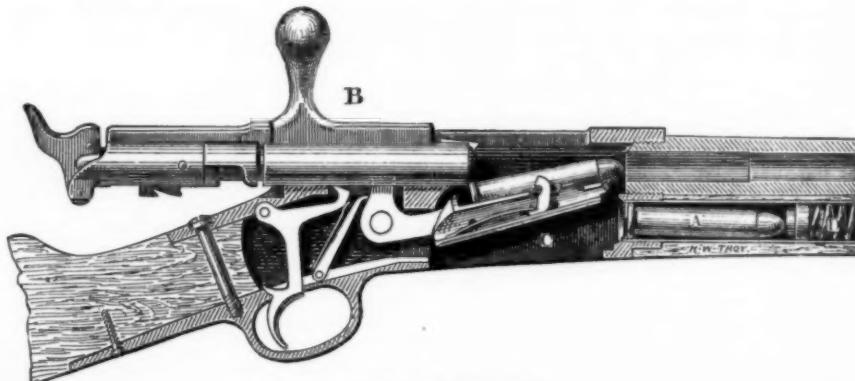


THE WINCHESTER MAGAZINE GUN.

a new board recommended the Lee gun, shows how difficult it is to keep an army abreast of the constant changes and improvements in small arms. Another recommendation of General Miles's board was in favor of the adoption of what is known as the Rice Intrenching Knife bayonet, the invention of an officer of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Rice. This seeks to combine the bayonet, knife, and intrenching-tool in one weapon. The Turks, who have been our instructors in the art of intrenching since the days of Vauban, have, in connection with their recent illustration of the capabilities of American arms, shown the advantages of that dirt-digging of which such use was made in our own experience of war on a large scale. With the present "hard-hitting, far-reaching, and rapid-firing arms of precision" some means of rapid intrenching becomes imperatively necessary.

It is not to be expected that an attempt

would be made in such an article as this to give anything like a complete or exhaustive description of the arms industry in this country. The design has been merely to convey some general idea of its past growth and its present commercial importance. Considering it chiefly in its relation to foreign armaments, the work of our national armory has been only incidentally alluded to. It is well to remember, however, that the nation now has over sixty millions of dollars invested in the national arsenals. It is an open question whether the power thus placed in the hands of our Ordnance Department, to compete with private manufacturers should be allowed further extension. Certainly, it would be a great misfortune if an industry to whose development the country owes so much, and which is so important in its relations to the public defense should at any time be crippled for want of the aid of government purchasers in the open market. The system of govern-



THE KERNER MAGAZINE GUN.



THE HOTCHKISS MAGAZINE GUN.

ment monopoly in the manufacture of arms is a relic of that foreign distrust of an armed population which has had no place here, and was especially guarded against in the adoption of our Federal Constitution. Experience shows that it is through private competition that improvement comes. "Not only," said Napoleon III., "does routine scrupulously preserve, like some sacred deposit, the errors of antiquity, but it actually opposes, might and main, the most legitimate and the most obvious improvements." This has been undoubtedly the experience in the adoption of improvements in arms, and it is to the persistence of inventors rather than to the wisdom of officials that we are indebted for our present position of superiority.

Prussia has shown, in the case of the Krupp manufactory of heavy guns, what can be accomplished by wise fostering of private industry,—distancing England with all her enormous expenditures at the Royal Arsenal of Woolwich, and compelling her at last to call upon her own Armstrong and Whitworth to enable her to maintain her position in competition with the private foundry at Essen. It might easily be shown that for the ideas which have developed the enormous power of heavy ordnance on the other side of the Atlantic, Europe is indebted to the United States. Had

such encouragement been given to our own cannon foundries as was dictated by the imperative requirements of public security, we might have led the world in the manufacture of heavy guns, as much as we have in the fabrication of small arms. Thus would a new industry have been created here, and one not less essential to the public defense than the manufacture of muskets. The only two gun foundries left to us, those at South Boston and West Point, have been suffered to languish, until the manufacture of heavy guns, in which we once promised to excel, is in danger of becoming a lost art among us; and this in face of a need for rearming our sea-coast defenses, to which attention has again and again been called by the officers of our Engineer corps in the most urgent terms. With vessels afloat carrying fifteen to twenty-four inches of armor, and 100-ton guns, we leave our forts armed with guns less powerful than the 9-inch rifle, weighing 12 tons. In thirty-six hours vessels armed with at least 80-ton rifle-guns could reach New York from Halifax, or San Francisco from Vancouver's Island. Without arguing the question as to the relative importance of torpedoes, forts, and ships in coast defense, it is apparent that what we have of each should be effective of its kind, and not antiquated specimens of some antediluvian period.

A "PERSONAL," AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"I WONDER why so much money is wasted by people on matrimonial advertisements," said Will Fowler to me one day.

This was apropos of nothing in particular, for not a word had been said for ten minutes; but then he was always popping absurd questions at you.

"I can understand a man's going to the theater," he continued, "or subscribing to a soup-kitchen, or even being fool enough to send a bouquet to some pretty girl, but why on earth he should tumble any more coin into the hungry pockets of these newspaper men is more than I *can* understand. Where does the fun come in? Of course the chaps who advertise haven't an idea of marrying on such an introduction, and equally of course, no woman nowadays is goose enough to answer such an 'ad.'—that is, no woman with whom it would be any pleasure to correspond."

It was a gloomy March day, and Will and I were toasting our feet before the fire in his Chicago office. He was a married man, with a pretty wife and several children, a very clever writer, and possessed of a private income more than equal to his needs; I, a younger class college friend of his, and a pin-feather lawyer with certain heart engagements which precluded all idea of other love affairs. The topic broached by him was argued pro and con, and the result was that I bet him a dinner that a carefully worded matrimonial advertisement would bring in at least fifty answers, the loser to pay for the publication. After long consideration, in which he good-naturedly took part, the following card was written and subsequently published in the Sunday paper most noted for its personals:

HAVING BEEN A WIDOWER FOR TWO YEARS,
I wish to marry again. I am thirty-five years old, five feet ten inches in height, thirty-nine inches around the chest, and have excellent health, mental and physical. Being of a somewhat phlegmatic temperament, I neither ask nor proffer ardent love, but simply desire that there shall be a mutual respect, as my chief reason for marrying is that during my frequent business absences from home my little six-year-old girl may be left in charge of one who will guard her with a mother's care. I am commercial traveler for a large Eastern house, own a suburban cottage, which is comfortably furnished, and have over \$4,000 in U. S. bonds. Perfect respect will be felt for any lady who may answer this advertisement, and absolute secrecy will be observed, whether the application be favorably received or not. Only those need apply who will fairly answer to the following description: Age, between twenty and thirty; education, good; disposition, not given to bickering or fault-finding; health, good, and especially must be free from any pulmonary complaint; appearance, rather pleasant than handsome; reputation that will bear the closest scrutiny. In return for these excellent qualities a modest home and gentle treatment are offered. Address EDWARD CLARKE, Tribune Office.

Monday morning's mail settled the wager, for by that delivery more than the requisite number of letters came to hand. By Monday evening the city correspondence was about exhausted, but for days afterward notes came dropping in from the country districts, the last one coming all the way from Salt Lake City, until the total number received amounted to one hundred and twenty-six. Of these a large moiety had been sent on speculation by women of the lowest class, and were equally disgusting in their perfume, their language, and their purpose. The next largest assortment came from the servant-girl class, and a nice collection of pencil-marks, bad English, and dirt they were. Some had come from sewing-women, telling pitiful stories, many of which bore evidence of their truth in their incoherence. Others, again,—and there were a good many of these—had been sent in joke, as we could easily see, while a half dozen, perhaps, were startling revelations of life and sorrow among educated women, whose want struggled with the feeling of shame. The last-mentioned letters made us feel very uncomfortable and blackguardish, for their genuine grief, mortification, and self-abasement were a rebuke to our thoughtless joke, the only excuse for which was the fact that no such realistic results had been expected. Will, being a good-natured, generous fellow, salved his conscience by giving pecuniary aid in several instances where investigation proved that such aid was needed. One poor girl sent the following plaint:

MR. EDWARD CLARKE.

Dear Sir: If your advertisement is genuine, which I am led to believe from its wording, you are a man who will respect my misfortunes, even if you cannot relieve them. I am not an applicant for marriage, unless it be a necessary ingredient of such service as you may require, for I cannot pretend to a magnetic love for one whom I have never seen and of whom I know nothing. If you prove to be a gentleman, I should dearly like to accept a position as your house-keeper and governess to your little girl, if propriety allow my holding such a place, and will ask in return only shelter and an almost nominal salary that will supply the moderate needs of my wardrobe. Should this be impracticable I will, at all events, be pleased to make your acquaintance, and will promise you respect, if possible, affection. I am the only child of a physician who had, in Philadelphia, a good practice and social position, and, as my mother was not living, I kept house for him until he died, eighteen months ago. Since then mine

has been a sad life. The little property which he left me has all been lost, through my ignorance and the rashness, it may be knavery, of those in whom I depended, and I am now absolutely destitute and almost desperate. Circumstances have thrown me among strangers, and heaven knows what I am to do. I am thirty-two years old, am fairly well educated so far as books go, and am tolerably proficient in music, singing, and drawing; but literary and semi-accomplished knowledge appears to have very little value here. With the useful arts I have a theoretical, but scarcely any practical acquaintance, and cannot, therefore, compete with the thousands in this city who barely support themselves by manual labor. As to my personal appearance, disposition, and character, rather than be my own critic, I leave you to judge from what you may see and hear of me.

Trusting that you are an honest man, and that, if you pay it no other attention, you will at least destroy this letter and remember it only as thing to be forgotten, I give you my real name and address.

Yours respectfully,

— — —

Careful inquiry proved this to be a case of actual and undeserved hardship, so we returned the letter to Miss—, inclosing with it fifty dollars and the advice that she should not again test the mysteries of the personal column; and six weeks later, through political influence, Will obtained a position for her in the public schools, and I believe she now holds a better place in the same department.

While glancing over the second batch of letters, Will suddenly cried out:

"By George! here's a prize, and a jolly one, too, after this alternate mass of slush and sorrow; just listen to it, will you, and bear in mind it's my booty, as I made the find."

He then read as follows:

MILWAUKEE, WIS., March, 18—

MR. EDWARD CLARKE. ????—I believe you're a real humbug, Ned, and that you're not Ned at all, nor a widower, nor anything else stated in that personal. After carefully studying your little romance, I have made up my mind that you are one of two evils: either a designing wretch of a man who wishes to laugh at and expose the follies of silly womanhood, or else, and that's a great deal worse, a scandal-loving female who would tickle her gossipy palate with the discovered weaknesses of her own sex. If you are the latter, I despise you, for I can't get any fun out of a flirtation with a woman; but if you are the former, I'll excuse your enormities if you'll only make yourself amusing. What you are time may discover; what I am you shall now hear. In the first place,—you men always take that into first consideration,—I'm a decided brunette and better looking than the average woman, at least, so my friends and my glass tell me. I am in my nineteenth year; to be exact, was eighteen last January, and am not the least bit sentimental, but full of mischief as any poor cooped-up girl you ever saw. Now isn't it a shame?—I'm not out of boarding-school yet—and that's the reason you get

this letter; for I'm older than most of the other girls, and feel like doing something that isn't real bad, you know, but that's just a little reckless, and they'll think it's awfully wicked when they find out that I'm corresponding with a man I don't know.

If you are a woman—but I don't think any woman could have published such a thing, so we'll pretend you are not a woman—if you are a man then, and put that piece in the paper just for a *lark*—isn't that an awful word for me to use?—why I will promise to answer your letters so long as they are pleasant and polite; for you must not think I am not a lady because I have written this letter. Of course, I have no idea of marrying anybody, and especially not you, for I am rather fond of somebody else and he likes me, at least he sends me boxes of candy and the *sweetest* flowers; but I'm tired of this pokey life and need some sort of a tonic. If you wish you can write to

Yours suspiciously,

JOSIE MASON,

Box—Milwaukee, Wis.

P. S.—This isn't my real name, you see, any more than yours is Edward Clarke; but it is the only name you must know me by. And if by any chance your advertisement should be in earnest, I shall be dreadfully sorry to have written to you in this way, but I'm sure that in that case you'll forgive a harmless joke from a young girl who has scarcely any amusements.

"That girl's a little trump;" said Will, when he had finished reading the letter, "and I'm just the boy to help her drive the blues away. You can have all the rest of the letters, but this one drops to my ink."

It struck me that there might be more fun in this correspondence than in any of the others that offered, so I mildly suggested the impropriety and possible risk of epistolary ventures on the part of a married man. My friend detected the motive, however, and laughingly remarked that a man engaged would run more danger than a man married; so he stuck to his prize, and then and there answered it in a bright and sparkling letter, which overflowed with fun and yet bore marks of prudence and of respect for the young lady. In it he acknowledged the falsity of that personal, and declared that his object was gained in securing so jovial, and probably so pretty a correspondent, vowed that he would write to none of the other damsels who had answered the matrimonial card, and promised, on all the honor an unknown man could possess, that he would make no attempt to discover the identity of "Josie Mason." He took precious good pains, the scamp, not to say anything about his encumbrances, and carefully avoided touching upon his personal affairs.

A voluminous correspondence ensued between these two lunatics, to which I was a

party, in so far that Will always read me the letters from both sides. After some months of this sort of thing had passed, I noticed, and remarked the fact to him, that Josie's style had greatly changed since her first letter; she was less flippant, and evidently strove to appear more womanly. It could also be seen that she regretted her mention of the young man of flowers and candy boxes, for several times she hinted that she had invented that sweet-gifted youth as a convincing argument to the unknown correspondent that she was in search of amusement, not of a husband. Her photograph, sent about this time, showed a very pretty and rather intellectual face, and in return Fowler inclosed the likeness of a good-looking Eastern friend of his. About this time I again urged upon him the propriety of stopping a correspondence which could afford him but little more pleasure, and which might lead to disagreeable results; hinting, at the same time, my belief that the girl was becoming too much interested in him. He treated this advice cavalierly, and spoke in so caustic a manner about the virtue of non-interference that I neither asked to see, nor did he offer to show me, any more of the letters; and although we remained as good friends as ever, that matrimonial card was, by tacit consent, dropped from our list of conversational subjects. My correspondence with three of the unknown fair had ceased long since.

Some six weeks after our "Josie Mason" tiff, Will suddenly said to me:

"It was very considerate of you, old fellow, not to flare up when I got so huffy the other day about your advice in that correspondence matter. The fact is, I was beginning to feel uncomfortable about it myself, and didn't find my temper improve at recalling of your forebodings, which have been flying around me like evil omens ever since I began this affair. It is coming too close home now, however, and I must acknowledge the fear that you are right, and that I have been wrong since the first."

"What's up now?" I asked.

"Well, nothing in particular, but just a sort of feeling that I've been making an ass of myself. I like that little girl first-rate, but, confound it all, she's coming it a wee bit too strong. Not that she has written anything very pointed, you know, but there's a simmering air of spoons and danger about her letters of late. At all events, I'm resolved to pull out of it, so I have written this letter to her on the subject."

"This letter" proved to be a half-and-half sort of epistle, full of regrets for what had been and of regrets for what must no longer be, full of apologies and praises, full of hopes that they might never meet for fear of the possible result, yet hinting at a desire to see her, if only for once. In fact, it was a bundle of incoherent nonsense from beginning to end, the only sensible thing in it being the statement that he returned her letters by that day's mail, and hoped she would do as much with his.

"Well," said I, after reading this precious document, "you have probably shown me this with the idea that I will advise you about it, but all I can say is that it sounds more like a love-letter than any that I have yet seen of yours."

"Yes, I know it does; but what would you have? I can't throw her overboard, like an old handkerchief. If the poor little thing is in love with me, all I can do is to let her down as easily as possible, and to accomplish that I must reciprocate her affection, after a fashion."

Two days later I found Will gloomily pondering over the answer. He did not hand me the letter to read, but said, as he folded it up:

"By Jove! I feel like a thief. Not one word of recrimination, not an expression that is unladylike, and still a mixture of semi-pleading and semi-contempt that makes me feel like a cur. Well, the affair is ended now, thank heaven!"

"So much the better," I replied. "But how about your letters?"

"She says she will send them back after reading them over. By the way, I forgot to inclose her photograph, and she didn't mention it, so I'll keep it as a souvenir."

Saying this, he took the picture from his pocket-book, and after looking at it for a while in a dreamy sort of way, carefully replaced it, and then walked out of the room without a word of parting; but the fag end of a sigh reached me through the closing door.

About a week later Fowler came into my room, saying:

"Here's a nice piece of business. Just read that, will you?"—handing me a letter.

It was this:

MILWAUKEE, September 6th.

SIR: I am a brother of the young lady whom you know as Josie Mason. She has not been well for some time, poor child, and has had to keep her bed during the past week. This morning in finding your correspondence, I also found the cause of her ill spirits. I will not waste time at present in dis-

cussing your blackguardly conduct: that can wait. A few letters, passed between you by way of joke, would have mattered little; but when your words grew warmer in each successive letter, is it strange that an inexperienced child fell into your snare? Now sir, my business is to find who you are for the purpose of getting satisfaction; and if I can't get it in one way, why I am a Southerner, and I'll get it in another. I write this that you may feel uncomfortable while I am looking for you, as you certainly will when I have found you.

ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"Phew! This is a nice scrape. What are you going to do about it, Will?"

"What can I do about it except await developments? I really wish it would turn out to be a blackmailing scheme; for then, although I would perhaps feel more like a fool, there'd be less of the knave in it."

"I wouldn't worry about it any more than I could help, old fellow," said I, "for this may be only a first explosion on the part of the brother, which will amount to nothing. It sounds to me like a genuine letter; there's the true ring of indignation in it, and therefore there is the less to be feared. If the parties meant blackmailing it would pay them to employ detectives, but if it is a true bill, why, family pride ought to act as a check upon publicity."

After thinking a bit, Fowler said:

"I'm going to write to him and explain that no harm was intended, and that I am extremely sorry if any harm has come of it. That's the way I feel, and it will do no hurt to send the letter, you know."

"How will it reach him?"

"Hum-m-m, didn't think of that. Yes! I'll send it to her address and write 'for her brother' on it."

The letter was forwarded that evening, and a cleverer bit of composition I have rarely seen. The writer expressed regret for what had happened, and apologized for his share in it; at the same time he delicately insinuated that it would be mortifying to expose a family secret, especially when no benefit could possibly accrue to any member or members of the family most interested. Five or six days later came the following reply:

SIR: Damn your regrets and a fig for your apologies. Those matters should have been thought of earlier in your correspondence with my family. I also decline your advice as to what are the best interests of that family, considering myself fully competent to judge upon that question. My detective thinks he has spotted you, and if you are the man he points out, you are a worse scoundrel than even I had given you credit for being. Is it possible that you have a wife and children, that you are a man of respectable position in the community,

and yet that, merely for the sake of a laugh, you can trifle with the innocent affection of a child, who knows nothing of the world? You will hear again soon from

ONE WHOM YOU WILL KNOW.

"What the deuce shall I do?" asked Will, after I had read this cheerful effusion. "Had I better leave town for a while until it has blown over, if there is going to be a scandal?"

"Certainly not," I advised; "there's no clear proof that he has found you; and even if he has, what can you gain by leaving? The best way to get out of a row is to face the music, and if you do it now it may prove, after all, that there is a bluff game being played. I am partially to blame in this matter, and I will certainly stand by you to the best of my ability."

It was so decided. Fowler bought a revolver and a savage-looking club, and spent most of his time with me; this was the more easily done as our offices adjoined each other, and his family were still absent at a watering place. We did not talk much about the affair, as he evidently shrank from any mention I made of it; but it never left his mind, as could be seen by his inattention to business and his furtive shoulder-watching when he was in the street. At last, after a week of prolonged suspense, the bolt fell.

We were sitting in Fowler's office one day, when the door opened and a voice said:

"This is Mr. Fowler, I believe."

"That is my name," said Will, as his hand slid to his revolver, and he eyed the speaker,—a tall, well-built and rather handsome-looking man, apparently under thirty.

"I should like to speak with you a few moments in private," continued the newcomer, with a bland, ambassadorial air, at the same time giving me a get-out-of-the-room look.

"This gentleman is connected with me," replied Fowler, "and anything you may have to say may be said in his presence."

"I am not here on a business errand, Mr. Fowler, but to speak with you about a purely personal matter. I refer to certain letters which you have lately written. You understand what I mean. Would it not be better under the circumstances to be by ourselves?"

"Whatever question you have to discuss with me, sir," answered Will, "will be none the worse for ventilation before a witness."

"If that is your decision I must of course comply with it. To come to the point then,

sir, I am here to represent my friend George Travers of Milwaukee, who claims that you have grossly insulted him by sending objectionable letters to a member of his family. Do you admit the fact that you wrote those letters? and will you grant Mr. Travers the satisfaction which one gentleman expects from another in such cases?"

"I admit nothing and deny nothing, but if by 'satisfaction' you mean will I give some unknown, or for that matter well-known, man an opportunity to murder me, I shall unquestionably answer, No!"

"Mr. Fowler, my friend and I were officers in the same Confederate regiment, and from long acquaintance with him I can assure you that he is a man of his word. His directions and my inclinations were to treat you as courteously as possible, and only employ positive action if it became positively necessary. Your reply forces that alternative; so I must inform you that he has absolute proof that you are the man whom he has been seeking, that he is determined to treat you as he believes you deserve, and that no evasion or quibble will turn him from his purpose,—which purpose is explained in this letter."

Will blanched a little as he read the document, but he handed it to me and quietly said to the stranger:

"If you'll return in half an hour I will give you an answer, or, if you prefer it, I will send you one through a friend."

The man of war accepted the first offer and retired. The letter read as follows:

SIR: Feeling sure that, although you hold the position of a gentleman, you do not possess the spirit of one, and will not be willing, therefore, to offer the redress naturally expected from one, I send you the following hint in writing, that my friend may be relieved from the disagreeable task of delivering it personally. If you have a spark of manhood you will accept the proposition which he has delivered to you verbally, and I will treat you as though I believed you to be a man of courage; but if you refuse, I solemnly swear that I will horse-whip you in the public streets and brand you as a coward.

(The Man Whom You Know)
GEORGE TRAVERS.

We looked blankly at each other for a few moments, and then Will said:

"Great heavens! This is the devil's own. What am I to do? The fellow seems to be in earnest, and his deputy certainly doesn't look like a blackmailer, and it's a nice pickle, anyhow. If I accept the challenge I'm sure to be disgraced, for of course the whole muddle will get out in the

papers, and by the law in this state I will forfeit all chance of promotion, officially or professionally. If, on the other hand, I refuse to have anything to do with this absurd business, I run the chance of being attacked on the street, in which case, as I have no great physical strength, I shall certainly shoot the man, and either be shot myself or be hauled into court dripping with scandal."

The situation certainly was not encouraging, and I felt quite sorry for Will as he raved along in an incoherent jumble of "ifs" and "ands," until finally I said:

"Brace up, old fellow! This sort of thing won't do. The chief need now is time for consideration; so why don't you put a bold front on the matter and accept his challenge, referring him to me for the arrangements? If there is anything fishy in the business this will stop their little game, and if it prove to be what it seems, a real case, why a compromise may be effected, and if that should fail, you'll be no worse off than you now are, and can fight or decline, as you see fit."

Fowler adopted my suggestion, and when Powder-and-Balls returned, Will said to him, in a quietly fierce manner:

"You will be kind enough to inform Mr. Travers that it will give me great satisfaction to lodge a bullet in his impudent body. My friend, Mr. —, has kindly undertaken the management of the affair, so for further particulars I must refer you to him."

The ambassador looked at me rather curiously, and asked if I would call on him at the Sherman House in an hour. Receiving an affirmative reply, he departed.

I did not find him at the Sherman House, nor did we ever hear again from either him or his principal, nor could we find their names in the Milwaukee directory. It was a decidedly curious affair, and Will puzzled over it immensely, even going so far as to write another letter to "Josie Mason," asking for an explanation; but none came.

A month later I went to Iowa on a long chicken hunt. From the first station I sent back a package by express to Fowler. Among its contents was this letter:

DEAR WILL:

You have played many a severe practical joke on me, for which I have long been your debtor; now I think we can cry quits. Herewith I inclose the entire correspondence between yourself and "Josie Mason" and her fiery brother. Her letters and his were the joint composition of Miss — and

myself, and much trouble it has given us to please your critical literary taste. It was good practice, however, and not such bad fun, so we did not grudge the labor. The challenge was brought by a cousin of hers. Allow me to repeat the advice which you so curiously rejected at the beginning of this little experience, viz.: the impropriety and possible risk of epistolary ventures on the part of a married man.

If you'll take the joke kindly we'll promise not to peach.

Your sincere friend and old chum,

Our handsomest wedding present came from Will. It was a large secretary, beautifully inlaid, and fitted with a gorgeous array of writing material.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

IF there is nothing sure but the unsure,
Which is at once its cradle and its grave,
Creative and destructive,—hand that molds,
And feet than trample,—instruments of Change,
Which is itself the instrument of Power:
If these, our bodies, conscious of themselves,
And cognizable by others like themselves,
Waste and supply their forces day by day,
Till there is nothing left of what they were,
The whole man being re-made from head to foot;
How comes it then, I say, that standing here
Beside the waters of this quiet bay,
Which welts shoreward, roughened by the wind,
Twinkling in sunshine, I am the same man
Who gazed upon them thirty years ago,
Lulled by their placid motion, and the sense
Of something happy they begat in me?

I saunter by the shore and lose myself
In the blue waters, stretching on, and on,
Beyond the low-lying headland, dark with woods,
And on to the green waste of sea, content
To be alone,—but I am not alone,
For solitude like this is populous,
And its abundant life of sky and sun,—
High-floating clouds, low mists, and wheeling birds,
And waves that ripple shoreward all day long,
Whether the tide is setting in or out,
Forever rippling shoreward, dark and bright,
As lights and shadows and the shifting winds
Pursue each other in their endless play,—
Is more than the companionship of man.

I know our inland landscapes, pleasant fields,
Where lazy cattle browse, and chew the cud;
The smooth declivities of quiet vales:
The swell of uplands, and the stretch of woods,
Within whose shady places Solitude
Holds her perpetual court. They touch me not,
Or only touch me in my shallowest moods,
And leave no recollection. They are naught.
But thou, O Sea, whose majesty and might
Are mild and beautiful in this still bay,
But terrible in the mid-ocean deeps,
I never see thee but my soul goes out

To thee, and is sustained and comforted;
For she discovers in herself, or thee,
A stern necessity for stronger life,
And strength to live it: she surrenders all
She had, and was, and is possessed of more,
With more to come—endurance, patience, peace.

I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thee,
Thy color, motion, vastness,—all the eye
Takes in from shore, and on the tossing waves;
Nothing escapes me, not the least of weeds
That shrivels and blackens on the barren sand.
I have been walking on the yellow sands,
Watching the long, white, ragged fringe of foam
The waves have washed up on the curves of beach,
The endless fluctuation of the waves,
The circuit of the sea-gulls, low, aloft,
Dipping their wings an instant in the brine,
And urging their swift flight to distant woods,
And round and over all the perfect sky,
Clear, cloudless, luminous in the summer noon.

I have been sitting on the stern, gray rocks,
That push their way up from the under-world,
And shoulder the waves aside, and musing there
The sea of Time has ebbed with me, and I,
Borne backward with it, have beheld the Past,
Times, places, generations, all that was
From the infancy of Earth. The primitive race,
That skulked in caves, and wore the skin of beasts:
Shepherds and herdsmen, whose nomadic tents
Were pitched by river-banks in pasture-lands,
Where no man was before them; husbandmen,
Who shaped out for themselves rude implements
Of tillage, and for whom the Earth brought forth
The first of harvests,—happy when the sheaves
Were gathered in, for robber-bands were near:
Horsemen with spears, who seized their flocks and herds,
And led their wives and children captive—all
(Save those who perished fighting) sold as slaves!
Rapine and murder triumph. I behold
The shock of armies in forgotten fields,
The flight of arrows, and the flash of swords,
Shields pierced, and helmets cloven, and hosts gone down
Behind the scythèd chariots: cities girt
By grim, beleaguering, formidable foes,
With battering-rams that breach the tottering walls,
And crush the gaunt defenders; mailed men
That ride against each other and are unhorsed
Where lances shiver and the dreadful sweep
Of the battle-ax makes havoc: thunderous guns,
Belching destruction through the sulphurous cloud
That wraps the league-long lines of infantry;
The charge of cavalry on hollow squares—
Sharp shots, and riderless horses! This is War,
And these are men—thy children, Earth! The Sea
Has never bred such monsters, though it swarms
With living things; they have not overrun

Its spacious realms, and left them solitudes;
 The desolation of the unfooted waves
 Is not of their dark making, but of thine,
 inhospitable, barren, solemn Sea!

Thou wert before the Continents, before
 The hollow heavens, which like another sea
 Encircles them, and thee; but whence thou wert,
 And when thou wast created, is not known.
 Antiquity was young when thou wast old.
 There is no limit to thy strength, no end
 To thy magnificence. Thou goest forth
 On thy long journeys to remotest lands,
 And comest back unwearyed. Tropic isles,
 Thick-set with pillared palms, delay thee not,
 Nor Arctic icebergs hasten thy return.
 Summer and winter are alike to thee,—
 The settled, sullen sorrow of the sky
 Empty of light; the laughter of the sun;
 The comfortable murmur of the wind
 From peaceful countries, and the mad uproar
 That storms let loose upon thee in the night
 Which they create and quicken with sharp, white fire,
 And crash of thunders! Thou art terrible
 In thy tempestuous moods, when the loud winds
 Precipitate their strength against the waves;
 They rave, and grapple, and wrestle, until at last,
 Baffled by their own violence, they fall back,
 And thou art calm again, no vestige left
 Of the commotion, save the long, slow roll
 In summer days on beaches far away.

The heavens look down and see themselves in thee,
 And splendors, seen not elsewhere, that surround
 The rising and the setting of the sun
 Along thy vast and solitary realms.
 The blue dominion of the air is thine,
 And thine the pomps and pageants of the day,—
 The light, the glory, the magnificence,
 The congregated masses of the clouds,
 Islands, and mountains, and long promontories,
 Snow-white, and black, and golden, and purple, and red,
 Floating at unaccessible heights whereto
 Thy fathomless depths are shallow—all are thine.
 And thine the silent, happy, awful night,
 When over thee and thy charmed waves the moon
 Rides high, and when the last of stars is gone,
 And darkness covers all things with its pall—
 Darkness that was before the worlds were made,
 And will be after they are dead. But no,
 There is no death—the thing that we call death
 Is but another, sadder name for life,
 Which is itself an insufficient name,
 Faint recognition of that unknown Life—
 That Power whose shadow is the Universe.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

British and American Farming.

THERE was a time, not many years ago, when the Englishman who talked political economy for the instruction of the American showed decided hostility to the diversification of American industry. When our protectionists argued for their policy, that it tended to make a nation independent by teaching and helping it to provide for all its own wants, he could not "see the point." The American should stick to his agriculture, he said, and let the Englishman make his clothes for him, because he has unequaled facilities for farming, while the latter has unequalled facilities for manufacturing everything wanted among men. In short, the American should feed the Englishman, and the Englishman should make the cloth and the tools and other commodities for the furnishing of American life.

Well, the policy of protection, right or wrong, has been retained, and owing to that, perhaps, partly, there has been achieved a great diversification of American industry. We spin our own cotton, make our own iron and our own tools, the silk and woolen industries are in a state of rapid development among us, and we could take care of ourselves very comfortably, even if we should be shut off from all the rest of the world. Meantime, our agricultural industries have been pushed forward at so grand and efficient a rate that the Englishman, who wished us to stick entirely to agriculture, finds us at his door with a competition utterly ruinous to himself. We can give him wheat and meat and cheese cheaper than he can produce them, after we have traversed a thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of sea; and so the British agriculturist is embarrassed, and has reached the point where he wishes we were more diversified in our industry and less devoted to agriculture. In short, the British tiller of the soil is in distress. If our readers will turn back to the November number of this magazine, and read Mr. Quinn's short article on "The Agricultural Distress in Great Britain," they will get a very instructive view of the situation, and the relation of American agriculture to it.

Into the midst of this distress comes the English premier. On the 18th of September he made a speech at the annual dinner of the Royal and Central Bucks Agricultural Association, in which he took up the whole question, and treated it after his own manner—a manner singularly wild in its facts and shallow in its philosophy. He evidently wished to impress upon his audience—and his audience was practically Great Britain and the world—that the present distress of the British farmer is not in any way attributable to the system under which he works—that, on the contrary, that system is a sound and wholesome one. The premier alluded at length to the claim that the agricultural system had broken down because it was obliged to produce three profits—one to the owner of the land, one to the farmer who

hires, stocks and works it, and one to the laborer. His answer to this was that the three profits had to be produced under any circumstances, everywhere, and it seemed to him better that they should be shared between three men than monopolized by one man. In other words, although the land might be owned and worked by one man, still there must be a return for the land, a return for the capital used and the superintendence exercised upon it, and for the labor expended on it. The premier would therefore leave the impression that his countrymen were better off than they would be if the proprietor, farmer, and laborer were all one and the same man!

His allusion to France, in confirmation of his view, seems to us to be singularly and characteristically uncandid and misleading. He asserts that France, which is distinguished in its agriculture by its large number of peasant proprietors, and possesses a country and soil singularly fertile as compared with Great Britain, produces only half as many bushels to the acre as Great Britain. However near the literal truth this statement may be, the premier neglects to state the very pertinent fact, that the small farms, worked by their proprietors, produce the largest yield, while the large farms, of which there are many—owned and worked on the English system—are entirely responsible for the reduction of the average yield to the point at which the premier sees the British advantage. He leaves entirely out of account, also, the fact that the French farmer is less a wheat grower than a producer of other commodities of life. He is a wine grower for the world. He is a silk grower, too, for the world. Indeed, less stress is laid upon wheat-growing in France than in England, because other industries are more profitable. The grapes and the mulberries will buy wheat more easily than it can be grown. But a sufficient answer to Lord Beaconsfield's argument from this illustration is found in the comparative wealth of the agricultural classes of the two countries. The agricultural classes—farmers and laborers—of England are poor. The farmers usually borrow the money they use in farming operations, and the laborers live from hand to mouth. The French farmers are rich and well-to-do persons, as a class. When their government wants a sum of money that would stagger any other government to raise, this class pulls out its old stockings and lends it, so that its securities do not go to a foreign market. This is proof that the premier's illustration is fallacious, and that, somewhere, it utterly breaks down.

Undoubtedly, the last few seasons have been very disastrous to the crops of the British farmer. He has worked at a great—a killing—disadvantage. This will mend. Good seasons will, sometime, come again; but it does strike an outsider that if there were not quite so many men who must make a profit out of what the British laborer wins from

an unwilling soil, that laborer and the man who employs him would stand a better chance of living comfortably. If there were fewer mouths to feed there would naturally be less distress, and two men would apparently live more comfortably on a given sum, if they were not called upon to share it with a third.

But the premier did not stop with France. Alluding to the popular statement that Great Britain cannot compete with America, he says it happens that "at this moment the greatest apprehension is felt in the United States that they cannot compete with Canada." No wonder that this statement was followed by "laughter." Has any American heard of this before? We have read the papers pretty faithfully, but this is the first mention we have noticed of the fact. No, Mr. Premier, that is one of your fabrications. We have too long a start. We are sorry for the British farmer, for we would like to see everybody prosperous; but we suspect it is true that so long as three men have to make profits on the products of the British soil, before they can leave their granaries, we shall be glad to undersell your farmers in their own market, after going 4,000 miles to reach it. As for the competition of Canada, we shall probably be able to stand it, provided your home farmers can. Lord Beaconsfield was trying to comfort the English agriculturist. Now exactly what comfort it can be to him to be told that the Canadian farmer can furnish wheat cheaper than it can be furnished from the United States, when that is so cheap that it is ruinous to his interests, we cannot imagine. "Let us be cheerful," he says, or seems to say, and forthwith paints a picture of gloom spreading over the United States in consequence of the shadow of Canadian competition, when, if he reports the truth, he is simply foretelling the absolute destruction of the home agricultural interest. It will be a sad day for England when Canada can undersell the United States in the British markets!

From Country to City.

It is presumable and probable that there arrives in New York City every day a considerable number of letters from the country, making inquiry concerning what it is possible for a country man to do here in the way of business, and asking advice upon the question of his removal to the city. Every citizen of New York, with country associations, is applied to for information and counsel with regard to such a "change of base," and the matter seems worth the few words a careful and candid observer may have to say about it.

It is well, at the beginning, to look at the reasons which move people to a desire to make the change. The first, perhaps, are pecuniary reasons. A man living in a country town looks about him, and can discover no means for making money in a large way. Everything seems petty. The business of the place is small, and its possibilities of development seem very limited. A few rich men hold everything in their hands, and a young man, with nothing for

capital but his youth and health and hope and ability, feels cramped—feels, in fact, that he has no chance. His savings must be small and slow, and a life-time is necessary to lift him to a point where money will give him power. It seems to him that if he could get into the midst of the great business of the world he could find his chance for a quicker and broader development of wealth; and in this connection, or with this fancy, he writes a letter to his city acquaintance, asking for his advice upon the matter.

Another is smitten by a sense of the dryness and pettiness of the social life he is surrounded by in the country, and the small opportunities he has for personal satisfaction and development. To be able to live among picture-galleries and in the vicinity of great, open libraries; to have the finest theaters and the most attractive concert-halls at one's door; to be where the best minds reveal themselves in pulpit and on platform in public speech; where competent masters stand ready to teach every science and every art; to live among those whose knowledge of the world is a source of constant satisfaction and culture; to be at the very fountain-head of the intellectual, social, and politico-economic influences that sweep over the country; to feel the stimulus of competition and example, and to live in an atmosphere charged with vital activity,—all this seems such a contrast to the pettiness and thinness and insignificance of village life, that the young man, realizing it, sits down and writes to his city friend, inquiring what chance there would be in the city for him. The country seems small to him; the city, large. He feels the gossip that flutters about his ears to be disgusting and degrading; and chafes under the bondage imposed by his neighbors through their surveillance of, and criticism upon, all his actions. He wants more liberty, and for some reasons would really like to be where he is less known and less cared for.

There is still another class of country people who long for a city life, and whose aspirations and dispositions are very much less definite and reasonable than those to whom we have alluded. They are not so particular about business or about wealth, nor do they care definitely about superior social privileges, or about the culture more readily secured in the city than in the country. They are simply gregarious. They like a crowd, even if they have to live in a "mess." They are so fond of living in a multitude that they are willing to sacrifice many comforts to do it. Once in the city, no poverty will induce them to leave it. They have no interest in life outside of the city. These usually get to the city in some way without writing letters of inquiry.

Now, it has probably surprised most inquirers to receive uniformly discouraging answers to their questions. For, indeed, no man knows the trials of city life but those who have left quiet homes in the country and tried it. The great trial that every man from the country experiences on coming to the city, even supposing he has found employment, or gone into business, relates to his home. His thousand dollars a year, which in the country would give

him a snug little house and comfortable provision, would get him in the city only a small room in a boarding-house. The two thousand dollars that would give him something more than a comfortable home in the country, would give him in the city only a better boarding-house. The three thousand that would give him in the country a fair establishment, with horses for his convenience and amusement, would in the city only give him a small "flat" in a crowded apartment-house, and the five thousand in the country that would give him the surroundings of a nabob, would only pay the rent of a house on Fifth Avenue. The country rich man can live splendidly on from five to ten thousand dollars a year, while the city rich man spends from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. City incomes look large, but relatively to city expenses they are no larger than the country incomes. The man who lives in the city has experienced the remediless drain upon his purse of the life which he lives, and feels that the risk which a business man runs of coming into unknown circumstances is very great. He feels that unless his country friend knows just how he is going to meet that drain, he will be safer where he is. City life is naturally merciless. It has to take care of itself, and has all it can do to meet its own wants. If a man from the country comes into it, and fails, he must go to the wall. Friends cannot save him. A city looks coolly upon a catastrophe of this kind, for it is an every-day affair, and the victim knows perfectly well that he can neither help himself nor get anybody else to help him. So the city friend, knowing the risks and the needs of city life, dreads to see any country friend undertake them. Then, too, the faithful records of city life show that the chances are largely against financial success in it.

The man of society who is attracted from the country to the city usually fails to calculate his own insignificance when he encounters numbers. The man of social consideration in the country needs only to go to the city to find so many heads above his own that he is counted of no value whatever. "Who is he?" "What is he?" and "What has he done?" are questions that need to be satisfactorily answered before he will be accepted, and even then he will need to become a positive force of some sort in society to maintain his position. City society is full of bright and positive men and women, and the man and woman from the country bring none of their old neighborhood prestige with them to help them through.

To sum up what the city man really feels in regard to the coming of his country acquaintances to the city, it would be not far from this,--viz.:

1st. The chances for wealth are as great, practically, in the country as in the city, and the expenses of living and the risks of disaster much less.

2d. The competitions of city life and the struggles to get hold of business and salaried work are fearful. No man should come to the city unless he knows what he is going to do, or has money enough in his hands to take care of himself until he gets a living position or becomes satisfied that he cannot

get one. Even to-day, with the evidences of renewed prosperity all around us, there are probably ten applications on file for every desirable place, and no man living here could help a friend to a place unless he could create one.

3d. That the social privileges of the city may be greater, while the opportunities of social distinction and the probabilities of social consideration are much less than they are in the country.

4th. That in many respects there is nothing in the city that can compensate for the pure pleasures of country scenery and country life and neighborhood associations.

5th. That a city man's dream of the future, particularly if he ever lived in the country, is always of the country and the soil. He longs to leave the noise and fight all behind him, and go back to his country home to enjoy the money he may have won.

Fiat Money.

THERE is an elderly gentleman in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, who believes in "fiat money." His name is Ewing, and he writes good English for the newspapers, well sprinkled with Latin words and phrases, in the advocacy of his ideas on this strange topic. Moreover, he is a man of feeling, and is wounded and displeased by the contemptuous epithets which we have used in the mention of theorists and doctrinaires of his kind. We take them all back, so far as Mr. Ewing is concerned. We do not believe he is an "idiot," or a "scamp," but, on the contrary, a kind and intelligent gentleman, whose mind is laboring under a condition of obfuscation, induced by an earnest attempt to imitate his creator in the enterprise of making something out of nothing, or its equivalent—stamped paper. We should say, without using any offending epithets, that a man has only to slip into an idea of this kind, to lose his common sense, his power to reason, his ability to judge, and his value as a guide in any matter of finance.

There lies before us a pair of double sleeve-buttons, each formed of two discs held together by a link. The discs are old Roman silver coins, of the class known as "family coins." Exactly under what circumstances these family coins were issued we do not know. Probably Mr. Ewing does, being something of a Latinist. It was doubtless under some provision of law, but let us suppose that they were the offspring of family presumption. Roman coinage was in its infancy, at any rate, and it might well be that men of high position and great power in the state thought it would be nice to have a mint of their own. Let us suppose that one of these ambitious nobles has called his butler to him, at the close of a month of service, and should say: "Here, my boy, are your month's wages." The butler takes the clean silver coins and looks them over. "Why do you examine them so closely?" inquires the master. "They seem to be something new," replies the servant. "They are good," responds the master. "I know they are, for I made them myself." A look of doubt spreads over the servant's

face. "Do you doubt me?" inquires the master. "Do you suppose I would put bad money into your hands?" The butler swallows his doubts, pockets his shining pieces, and retires. He takes a denarius and weighs it with an old one that has been issued by the government, and finds that it balances. Thus convinced that it contains the right amount of silver, he becomes content. The value is there, at any rate. It is worth its weight as silver, and if people will take it in exchange for the commodities he wishes to purchase, it will be good money enough for him. He passes his new money, at last, for eatables and drinkables and wearables, every new taker going through his own questionings, until at last the coin passes from hand to hand without question. It is money, to all intents and purposes. The government does not interfere with its circulation. In point of fact, we believe these family coins were issued from the Roman mint, but we are simply supposing a case. We suppose that their goodness rested on the public faith in the honor of the family issuing the coin. The people took on trust the weight and value of each coin, as stamped silver bullion. The idea that money consisted simply of stamped values, which were to be passed in exchange for other values, was undoubtedly the natural, original idea of money.

Now, suppose our noble began to see that, as he and his neighbors proceeded with their coining, the price of silver began to rise, as Mr. Ewing supposes silver has risen in value in consequence of its use as money in later ages. Suppose he should adopt, or rather, preconceive, such ideas of money as those put forward by Mr. Ewing, and suppose at the end of another month, he should call his butler to him, and handing him a number of stamped pieces of parchment, should say again: "Here, my boy, are your month's wages." The butler takes the pieces of parchment into his hands, and finds stamped upon each of the little squares: "This is a denarius." "But, begging your worship's pardon, this is not a denarius!" exclaims the butler, lugubriously. "Never mind," responds the noble. "I swear it is. There is my ancestor's effigy above the legend, and my name below it, and my family honor is pledged to the statement." "But it is not good for anything. I cannot use it," answers the butler. "Why, sirrah?" inquires the master. "Because it has no value and represents no value," replies the butler, who, it will be observed, has some old-fashioned financial ideas. "Does it not represent my honor, my family, my estate?" inquires the master. "Saving your presence," persists the butler, "I cannot see that your honor or your family has any convertible pecuniary value, or that any square rod

of your estate is distinctly represented by this bit of parchment, or pledged for its redemption." "But this is fiat money," insists the noble master, anticipating Mr. Ewing. "I have said: 'Let there be money,' and there is money, and I give you the first batch." The butler shakes his head, expresses his fears that if it gets to the ears of the police that he is attempting to pass off his master's fiat money, he will be arrested for a cheat, and his master for an insane man, declines to take his pay in such stuff, and retires from the apartment.

We have gone a long distance for an illustration, perhaps unnecessarily, but the sleeve-buttons were here, and seemed to invite the excursion. It seems to us that what, under the circumstances, was illegitimate to the individual is just as illegitimate to any government. The trade of the world consists in the exchange of values. We may sell ten bushels of potatoes for ten yards of cloth. That would be a transaction of trade, but if the man to whom we sell them does not possess the ten yards of cloth which we want, he must give us some other form of value—stamped metal being the usual form, or a paper representative of it. "This is a dollar," printed on a piece of paper, by any person or power whosoever, is a lie, necessarily, in the nature of the case. It is not a sufficient answer to say that nine-tenths of the paper money circulated in the country has no gold or silver behind it, sufficient to answer its demands. It is found that, practically, every paper dollar that asks for redemption is redeemed—that, in fact, there is no paper dollar or promise to pay that cannot on demand be transformed into a gold or silver dollar—that in the practical working of financial matters, there is gold enough to redeem all the promises made by the paper money, and still leave a heavy balance behind uncalled for. It is understood, of course, throughout the financial world, that if all the currency afloat were presented for redemption at one time, the system would break down; but such is the public faith that such a crisis will not arise, and that still all the gold called for will be forthcoming, that paper is preferred to gold, and commands the same price in exchanges. In short, no comparison can be instituted between paper that promises something and paper that promises and represents nothing. Current money must, and always will be a value, or a representative of value. "A horse can climb a tree, in his mind," but no horse ever did climb a tree, and a man can create money out of paper "in his mind," but he cannot pass it, or exchange it for things that have value. Trade, as we have said, is exchange, and that must have value in itself, or in what it represents, which is exchanged for value.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Objection to English Spelling Reform.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.

Sir: In Mr. Lounsbury's article "English Spelling, No. II," I take exception to several of his positions. First, the author takes it for granted that utility is so very much superior to sentiment that the latter deserves no quarter; secondly, he decides that the silent "w" in such words as "wholly," "war-whoop," etc., have never been sounded in authorized pronunciation. I pass by the latter because no data is near enough to be within call. Even Dean Trench comes in for his share of ridicule, because he admits some force in the plea for historic association of ideas. One other point is the condemnation of the letter "k" in "knaves," as if "nave" ought to serve every purpose for spelling. It would be rather awkward if the nave of a cathedral were indistinguishable from a living knave; here surely utility would suggest that both forms of the word be used as at present. The gravamen, however, in the present strictures is that neither to literati nor to lay students is any room permitted for sentiment. Eliminate this from culture, or from the study of belles-lettres, and the enthusiasm of the scholar, alike with the interest of the common reader, vanishes. It is like the child asking for bread and receiving a stone. Literature would thus become a soulless machine, a garden without a flower, fruit without taste or beauty. Sentiment under regulation gives scope to the affections; the absence of something to love, would chill ardor, and deprive the world of ideals, without which there can be no solid progress. Utilitarianism is good and proper in commercial concerns, or in certain materials of manufacture, but while mankind have heart and soul, taste and imagination, let there be a healthy play given to all the faculties.

Very truly yours,

N. L.

REPLY FROM MR. LOUNSBURY.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.

Sir: Your correspondent has been so carried away by his love of the ideal, that doubtless without intending it, he has put assertions into my mouth that I never made. I said the *w* of *whole* had never been sounded. I did not say so of the *w* of *whoop*, for the very good reason that a *w* appears in it during the period in which orthography represented pronunciation, just as during the same period a *w* does not appear in *whole*. Your correspondent also finds it "rather awkward" to distinguish "the nave of a cathedral" from "a living knave," unless the difference of meaning is denoted by difference of spelling. It would be the mere wantonness of cruelty to add any new disturbing element to the confusion already existing in his mind; for even as things are now, whenever he hears the nave of a cathedral mentioned, how can he tell that the reference is not, after all, to the nave of a wheel?

Nor did I maintain or imply that utility was so much superior to sentiment, that the latter deserved no quarter. My assertion was that the existing orthography rested for its support, not at all upon reason, but entirely upon sentiment—the sentiment of association; a sentiment which, of course, would operate just as powerfully in the case of a reformed orthography, when once established, as it does now in the case of a corrupt one. Not being an advocate of the present spelling, I am not under the necessity of believing that an irrepressible conflict exists between sense and sentiment; nor can I well imagine a much droller delusion than any man's fancying, because he favors a system of orthography, which has nothing in reason to recommend it, that enthusiasm, and taste, and culture, and the ideal, out of pure hostility to reason, will fly to him as their friend and champion.

Very truly yours,

T. R. LOUNSBURY.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

General Principles of Cookery. II. Stewing and Making Soups.

A WITTY Frenchman says: "To make good soup, the pot should scarcely smile." This is as true of stewing meat, as of making soup. To do either well, the whole process must be exceedingly slow, from beginning to end; the saucepan should only "smile."

To make good soup, the meat should be put on in cold water, and slowly brought to the boil, that

the juices may be drawn out. Before it comes to the boiling point, the scum will rise freely; take it off before ebullition has broken and scattered it; then when it does boil, throw in half a cup of water, and skim again—add this water just as it comes to the boil two or three times; it brings all remaining scum rapidly to the surface, and when this rises no longer, set aside to simmer. It must never go below boiling point after this until made. This is the whole secret of clear soup. I will here give Jules Gouffé's receipt for *pot-au-feu*; if carefully

followed, a clear brown bouillon will be the result, and this bouillon is the foundation of most soups. Boiled down to one-half its bulk it becomes *consommé*.

Pot-au-feu requires four pounds of beef, six quarts of water, eight ounces of carrot, eight ounces of turnip, same quantity of onions, and three ounces of celery and cloves. After once or twice making this soup, the cook will be able to judge by the size of the vegetables the required quantity, but weighing is advisable at first, as much depends on perfect proportion. The meat must slowly simmer for three hours, then add the vegetables, not before; simmer till done. The pot in which bouillon is made should have a very closely fitting lid.

Quick boiling and careless skimming are the causes of cloudy bouillon; supposing, as a matter of course, that all the vegetables have been perfectly cleansed.

While on the subject of soups, I will give an excellent receipt for a white soup, not well known, and very delicious.

To make celery cream soup: boil a small cup of rice in three pints of milk, until it will pass through a sieve. Grate the white part of two heads of celery (three if small) on a bread grater; add this to the rice milk *after* it has been strained; put to it one quart of strong white stock. Let it boil until the celery is perfectly tender; season with salt and cayenne, and serve. If cream is obtainable, substitute one pint of it for the same quantity of milk.

It often happens that soup intended to be brown is not sufficiently so to be inviting without coloring. Caramel is generally used for this purpose; but onions cut in slices and left in a moderate oven until they are black chips (not charred, however), may be kept bottled for this purpose. They are preferable to burnt sugar, as a small quantity added to a stew or soup improves the flavor; or, they may be fried each time (in their own juice without grease) and added with the other vegetables.

For white stock, use veal or fowls instead of beef.

Many a chagrined woman knows what it is to attempt a *ragoût* from a receipt, and to fail signally, to see the rich creamy fricassee her fancy has painted resolve itself into an insipid mess of broth and curdled eggs. The ideal brown *ragoût* turns out an unsavory brown fact. In making brown stews, it is advisable to put the meat and onions in a stew-pan without water, cover closely, let them simmer until they are brown and the pan is covered with a rich glaze—be careful not to burn—then add a *little* water and any other vegetables your receipt may direct. Just before serving, skim off carefully all fat; then add a small piece of butter rolled in flour, and let it all simmer again a few minutes.

The above method will make a tough piece of meat tender, and if a dessert-spoonful of vinegar or lemon juice is put in with the meat and onions, the sourness disappears before the meat is done, leaving only the scarcely perceptible dash of acidity, which is the characteristic of most French dishes.

Poultry and game, unless the former is to be fricassee, are always better thus first stewed without water. It is not, however, an absolute rule; an excellent dish may be made by merely putting meat, water, and seasoning, as directed, in the stew-pan together, if the process is very slow. But who does not remember with a shudder, an island of hare's meat, in a lake of gray flavorless liquid? When meat has been partly cooked in its own steam it will brown without effort on the cook's part, and the flavor will be fine; whether it will be tender depends on the slowness with which it simmers after the water is added.

Boileau declares, emphatically, that "A warmed-over dinner is never good for anything," in which he is entirely wrong. There are some things which, warmed over, are as acceptable as when first cooked; what more delicious than minced veal? (not hashed veal by any means); what more excellent than curried chicken? All curries may be made as well from cold meat. Of course, the general idea of hashed and stewed meat is justified by the wretchedness of it as usually served. Father Prout relates, that when young Thackeray was married and very poor, he asked some one pitifully: "Can't you tell my wife how to hash mutton, that it may taste of something besides hot water and onions?" Cold mutton makes an excellent dish, if one will slice half a dozen small onions, or three if large, and put them in a stew-pan, then add a tea-spoonful of vinegar, or juice of half a lemon, lay the meat on them, and cover the stew-pan tightly. In an hour, over a slow fire, the meat will be hot through, the onions brown and tender. Add a piece of butter rolled in flour, a dessert-spoonful of sauce (Worcestershire, walnut catsup, or Harvey) and—for those who like it—just enough curry powder to give an almost imperceptible flavor, say a small tea-spoonful, and an excellent dish is the result.

As receipts for warming-over meats are abundant, I need not quote them here, but only say that the first necessity is to have gravy or soup to warm them in, and to heat the meat *very slowly*. The smallest family may have such gravy always on hand, by carefully saving cold gravy, or soup, and also by making stock of all bones, trimmings, and bits of cold meat, slowly stewing such fragments (bones must be cracked up) for some hours. When rich, strain and set by for use. Carefully remove every suspicion of fat from stews or soup.

CATHERINE OWEN.

Two Kinds of Decoration.

PASSING down Broadway the other day, I was attracted toward a shop window that bore on the sill that much-abused expression, "Decorative Art," and near at hand the word, "Decalcomanie." The connection between decorative art and decalcomanie I could hardly understand, so I stopped and looked in the window for an explanation. If decorated simply means "painted upon," then every thing in that window was decorated. There were plaques

with odalisque heads painted on gold backgrounds; gilded horse-shoes, with pansies twining around the nail-holes; bottles covered with silk, with lilies of the valley and moss-rosebuds reposing on a blue ground; paper-cutters covered with splatter-work; jars covered with decalcomanie, and everything that the ingenuity of man or woman could devise. I never pass that window that there is not an admiring crowd looking in. In Broadway, also, another day, I saw a lady who walked in front of me for several blocks, the crown of whose bonnet was painted with a delicate vine and blossoms! I have seen in houses of people of means and education screens made up of scraps of colored lithographs. A sample of one of these atrocities was on exhibition in the Woman's Pavilion at the Centennial, and won the admiration of crowds. I have known people to take handsome black frames and paint autumn leaves over them—not in a decorative way, but with an attempt to make a close copy of nature. The most monstrous thing in the way of decoration that I ever came across was a fire-place in the house of a well-known artist, not many miles from New York. The fire-place in question was in a sumptuous library, and the tiles—if I may so call them—were of looking-glass, with long grasses and flowers painted on them. I have found that it is often people who spend the most money who display the worst taste. The days of red-worsted cats worked on green-worsted grounds, let us hope, are past. But in the place of these we have worsted imitations of leaves and flowers which, if not quite so bad, ought to be suppressed. So long as the needle-worker confines herself to the suggestive in design, she is likely to make something pretty; but when she attempts to paint a picture with worsted, she will probably fail. There is a branch of needle-work that is an art, but there is very little of such to be seen.

All this decoration, or whatever it may be called, comes from the desire possessed by people to fill a room with their own handiwork. "An ill-favored thing, sir," says Touchstone of Audrey, "but my own." But we hear some one ask: "If you don't want us to decorate frames or work flowers on our table-cloths, how do you expect us to make our rooms beautiful, if our means are limited?" The answer is simple enough: *Get things that are decorative in themselves.* Of these are Japanese, Chinese and India goods. "Yes, but they are expensive." Not necessarily. I can go to the twenty-five-cent counter at Vantine's and pick out any number of really beautiful things. One need only have a little patience and a fair amount of taste to make a very attractive room.

I know a young man near New York who had but twenty-five dollars with which to furnish his room, and he made such a "den" that no one could enter it without envying him. The room was entirely bare when he took possession. The first thing he did was to tear down the common-place marble mantel. Being handy with tools, he built one of white pine, with a high, broad shelf and several smaller shelves, the whole covering the chimney-piece. Then he painted the wood-work black, and the bricks a dark

red. At a junk-shop he bought a pair of andirons for a dollar and fifty cents, and as his hearth was wide he dispensed with a fender. The walls he kalsomined with dark red of the color seen on wood-work in country kitchens. Two pieces of plain olive green wall-paper furnished the dado. Pine strips, turned out at the planing mill and painted black, made the railings. He ran a narrow strip of pine painted like the railing along the wall about a foot from the ceiling, for a curtain rod, and above that he tacked Japanese fans for a frieze. Now for the floor! A carpet was impossible, and he decided to use stain. At the paint shop he bought two pounds of stain for sixty cents, and gave the floor two good coats. But when it was all stained it had a very dull look, so he concluded that he must have a rug—not a \$600 one, but one of modest cost, yet of gay pattern. He came to New York and got a very nice one, four by seven feet, rather coarse, to be sure, but thick and bright, for seven dollars, and it looked very pretty when spread upon the dark floor. For curtains he bought dark-brown canton-flannel at twelve cents a yard. It took two widths for each side of the window. The cross strips he made of old gold canton-flannel, and when the curtains were done, he got rods and rings of pine from the village planing-mill at a cost of one dollar a window, and these he painted black. He also painted the wood-work around the windows black.

The room was now ready for the furniture, but where was that to be found? He waited a little while, and "picked up" just what he wanted at an auction sale store in a back street. For five dollars he got an old-fashioned desk with a row of drawers with brass handles and innumerable pigeon-holes. To be sure it wanted polishing, but he went to work on it with a piece of old felt hat and some powdered pumice-stone, and after the stains were all taken off he rubbed it with linseed oil. A cabinet-maker would have charged him anywhere from five to fifty dollars for the job: it cost him just thirty cents. For three dollars he bought an old-fashioned mahogany table, which he treated in the same manner. This he set in the middle of the room and covered with wide canton-flannel, the same shade as the curtains, and put a band half a foot wide of the old gold about six inches from the edge. His mother did the necessary stitching by hand, not on a sewing-machine. An old-fashioned looking-glass, which had been given to him by his grandmother, he hung over the mantel-shelf with peacock's feathers stuck all around it. A pair of brass candlesticks from the same source did duty as mantel ornaments, with a pair of Japanese vases that cost twenty-five cents. A few engravings and one or two etchings hung on the walls; one of the former the portrait of Mme. Modjeska, that appeared in SCRIBNER, mounted on a piece of Bristol board; another, Whistler's "White Lady," from the same magazine. The frames were white pine shellacked, and cost with the glass about thirty cents each. Japanese fans were placed on the walls at irregular intervals and made bright bits of color. For fifty cents apiece he bought three battered-up chairs, which he painted

black, all except the rush bottoms, which were painted yellow. The gas fixture in the room was an abomination, but a new one was out of the question. Again Japan came to the rescue, and a rose-colored umbrella was purchased and fastened on to the pipe, handle upwards, so that when the gas was lighted it threw a delicate roseate hue over all who sat beneath. The effect of the room was remarkably pretty, and no one could believe that it had not cost an immense sum to arrange it.

There are so many things that are pretty and decorative in themselves that we cannot but lament that amateurs spend so much time in trying to rival nations and artists of established reputation. A plain red earthen jar is much more artistic, if it is of good form, than the same thing covered with sprawling flowers painted by an inexperienced hand. What is more decorative than a bunch of peacock's feathers, or Florida grass, yellow and fleecy—not those gaudy, unnatural colored grasses to be found in the shops? If you want to put a shell on your mantel do so, but do not gild the inside and paint a landscape on it. Nature has painted shells with the most exquisite colors. A great many people are bothered to know what to do with the fire-place in summer, for there is nothing uglier than a black blower staring you in the face. Twenty-five cents will buy a beautiful Japanese umbrella. Cut the handle off to within a few inches of the top and place the circle of gorgeous color over the square of sheet-iron. I have been in handsome houses where the fire-places were filled with cut tissue paper of different colors, in some cases pinked

along the edges and hung up in front of the grate like an apron! I should as soon think of decorating a black coal-scuttle with decalcomanie. I was in at Valentine's one evening just as the gas was lighted, and noticed that all the lamps were covered with beautiful shades. Closer examination proved them to be of some Japanese material with a very costly look. "I should like one of those shades if they are not very expensive," I said to the salesman. "You can have all you want for ten cents apiece," he replied, and then showed me that they were little umbrellas with the handles and ribs taken out, and the tops cut off to fit over the porcelain shades. I immediately invested to the extent of forty cents. I wanted to get some window-shades the other day, and found that the common brown Holland were the cheapest I could get at the upholsterer's. They cost one dollar and fifty cents a window, and were ugly at that. By accident I heard of the Wakefield rattan shades, and found that they were just what I wanted. They are sold at sixty-eight cents the square yard, and came to one dollar and thirty cents a window, including fixtures. The canton-flannel for curtains now comes in all shades and of all widths and qualities, and costs from twelve cents to one dollar a yard. Jute for this purpose is both cheap and pretty. I know of a lady, who has made a beautiful *portière* of a horse-blanket. It is difficult to understand why a person should go to work and furnish a house in an ugly conventional fashion when it costs just as little to make it unconventional and pretty.

M. L. E.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Arnold's "Light of Asia."*

IF we look back to the time when the heathen Jutes and Saxons had gradually occupied the East and South of England, destroying the warlike among the Britons, or driving them into the West and North, and enslaving the weak and marrying the women, we find examples of the powerful effect made by the Jewish-Greek Scriptures upon minds which, then for the first time, grasped the beauty of the Christian faith. Left over from the ravages of centuries and the neglect of inferior and self-conceited men, we have relics of at least one such example. The great Saxon poet Cædmon sang of the life and death of Christ with a vigor that has not lost its trumpet note in all the years since he first succumbed to the new religion, and turned from lays of war and love to paens on the meekness of Christ. To compare small with great is to compare Edwin Arnold with Cædmon. Yet the analogy is deep-reaching

and can be pushed far. Cædmon was a barbarian who bowed before the creed of the Roman Empire; Arnold is another who bows before the creed of the Indian Empire. For Indian the Buddhistic creed is, although at times it may have been driven from the land of its origin into countries where its enemies were not strong enough to pursue. As the Germanic-Celtic tribes conquered and plundered Italy before the tenth century, so has a Germanic-Celtic nation conquered and plundered India. As Italy has been revenged by conquests of the mind, so India is being revenged by conquering her conquerors in the spirit. Every year sees more Englishmen beginning to doubt the beauty and utility of their own religious and philosophical ideas, and preparing to accept in their place more or less of the theories elaborated in a greater land. Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem marks the extent to which Anglo-Indians have already changed English thought and English taste. Fifty years ago such a thing as an epic describing the life of the Christ of India would have remained unprinted. Yet a Buddhist now points to the much-admired fragments of Cæd-

* *The Light of Asia; or, The Great Renunciation (Mahâbhîshkramana). Being the Life and Teachings of Gautama.* By Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

mon and asks wherein radically lies the difference between the Saxon of the ninth and the Anglo-Saxon of the nineteenth century.

It would be too high praise to call Mr. Arnold a Cædmon outright, for that would be comparing poet with poet. As poetry, "The Light of Asia" cannot be accorded the first rank, notwithstanding the presence of many beautiful passages, and the natural favor with which one turns to novel scenes and novel thoughts expressed in verse. As a workman Mr. Arnold is often slovenly, using a three-syllabled word now as two, now as three syllables, and, unless this be due to the proof-reader, halting every now and then in his rhythm.

The charge which Western Missionaries have brought with the greatest appearance of reason against Buddhism consists in the indifference shown by its priests and votaries to human life. While protecting the lives of a number of beasts, and indeed inculcating horror of shedding the blood of any, Buddhism is charged with being callous to human misery and death by starvation. However true this assertion may be, the life of the Buddha does not confirm it save in this respect, that the Buddha noticed the wretchedness of animals before he realized unhappiness among men. It might possibly result from the scorn of comfort and detestation of the vicissitudes of bodily existence seen in Buddhism. In early youth the Prince Siddhartha, *i. e.*, the Buddha, who, in keeping with the florid taste of Indian literature, was no menial, but the highest of princes who abjured his worldly advantages,—

"would ofttimes yield
His half-worn race because the laboring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt."

As he grows, his father perceives how his mind is tending, and surrounds him with pleasures, coops him in an enchanting palace, and forbids the people, when he rides out, to allow any sign of death or decay to come in sight. Then he causes him to choose a wife,—Yasodhara, the loveliest of all maidens, fated to be his spouse, and to make his "renunciation of the succession" trebly hard. An interlude tells how the Buddha explained, long afterward, to his disciples how he came to choose Yasodhara; she had been his partner in other lives. The reader will hardly fail to see where Mr. W. W. Story found the idea of the most admired of his shorter poems, *viz.*, "Antony and Cleopatra." The Buddha says:

"I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himalâ's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddha, crouched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green, blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jhœd,

A tigress, comeliest of the forest set,
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasodhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely woed.
And I remember, at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Mr. Arnold has brought from India pictures of the bazaar, of rustic life, and of large landscape. Toward the end, the poem suffers from having too great variety of complexion. For as the Buddha became a teacher toward the end of his life, so the poem follows him into didactics. The eighth book contains a poetic digest of his doctrine of Nirvana, expressed in four-line stanzas, necessarily more abstruse than the earlier parts of the work. But while these suffer from relationship with simpler chapters, they are in themselves full of grandeur and beauty, albeit too much spun out and insufficiently organized. No part of this fine poem surpasses this:

"Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal, and as surely sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

"This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves:

"That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

"Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's penciled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

"The gray eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.

"It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cub; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

"It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it; the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings."

In strict accordance with the faith which "The Light of Asia" sets forth, the poem leaves one depressed. Few people can rejoice to see their hope of heaven set so far away from them that it becomes a question of abstract theory whether the soul is to merge itself into the divinity, or to be actually "blown out like a candle," as Mr. Max Müller fancies the idea is which lies at the root of the word Nirvana. Western people are fuller of youth, life, and hope than Orientals, and do not want to believe in such remorseless theories of the universe. But Eastern minds are imbued with the uselessness of fighting against fate, and therefore turn with delight to the Buddha, who tells them that happiness can only be reached by destroying the capacity for emotion. Suicide, even on so grand and elaborate a scale, is

not in accordance with the temperament of the majority of Western thinkers, nor, in fact, is it accepted always in the East. The Orient has always had bitter partisans for and against different shades of opinion regarding the main tenet of Buddhism. The variety of religious beliefs in the East is so great that no man has yet been able to classify them even roughly. The science of religion, inaugurated by Burnouf, has only begun its task.

The proof-reader has been in trouble with the Sanskrit words, of which there is a plentiful sprinkling. The use of words not readily understood is always regrettable in poetry; but under the circumstances it was hardly to be avoided by Mr. Arnold. For the benefit of readers of "The Light of Asia," we subjoin a rough vocabulary, in place of the careful list which the poet's English publishers might have supplied.

VOCABULARY.

Aham, I. Angana, "a woman." Asita, the "black." Arati, wrath. Aswa-ratna, "jewel of a horse." Avidya, ignorance. Bhagavat, Lofty One. Bhūt, an evil demon. Buddh, the wise. Brahman, priest. Chitra, the "variegated" one. Chakra-ratna, "jewel of a wheel." Chakra-vartin, "wheel-turner," "emperor of the world." Devadatta, "god-given." Theodore. Devas, male angels. Devis, female angels. Devaraj, "king of angels." Dharma, law. Dhyan, "meditation." Dukha, "sorrow." Gunga, Ganges. Guru, teacher. Hasti-ratna, "jewel of an elephant." Karma, action. Kshatriya, warrior. Istri-ratna, "jewel of a woman." Loka, the world. Mahābhūshikramana, "great renunciation of succession." Mahāprajāpati, "great father of peoples." Mano, mind. Mudra, joy. Nagas, snakes. Nirvana, complete extinction, or return of the soul to the god-head. Nasayi, I am lost. Nasayati, it is lost. Om, exclamation of devotion, sacred word. Rajagriha, "king's house." Raga, "passion." Ramma, "pleasant." Satya, truth. Sākya, the "self-potential," a line of kings. Sari, a veil. Suramma, "very pleasant." Subha, "beautiful." Smriti, "remembered." Sruti, "heard." Suñjata, "well-born." Swerga, "heaven." Silabhat-paramāsa, "most amiable." Skandha, the five elements of bodily existence. Shroff, a money-changer. Sudra, laborer. Trishna, thirst. Tathagato, "Right Path." Vahuka, a famous charioteer.

"The Letters of Charles Dickens."^{*}

IF the late John Forster was, as many think, a skillful biographer, his skill deserted him when he sat down to write his Life of Dickens. It is a disagreeable book, in that it destroys respect for its subject, and a disappointing book, in that it excludes all knowledge of him other than that possessed by Forster himself. He sought to monopolize Dickens, as much as Boswell sought to monopolize Johnson, and succeeded in doing so as far as his own book is concerned, for it contains nothing but Dickens and Forster, and considerably more Forster than Dickens. That Dickens had other friends and other correspondents never entered into his biographical calculation; neither did he admit the possibility of his misunderstanding so complex and contradictory a nature. His book satisfied him, we suppose, from the vein of arrogant complacency which runs through it, but it satisfied no one else, for the least sympathetic reader could not but feel an irreconcilable difference between the man as he portrayed him, and his work as the world knows it. This cannot be Dickens, we said to ourselves—

certainly not Dickens as he appeared to his friends. We have heard what Forster has to say; we will wait now and hear what they have to say. They have not spoken yet, after his voluminous fashion, but they have given us reminiscences of Dickens from time to time, and have led us to distrust the judgment of Forster. We have revised it altogether, since we have read these Letters, which reveal the personality of their writer as we find it in his books, and show him to have been a bright-minded, warm-hearted gentleman; a cheery, affectionate friend, and a tender, loving husband and father. We accept their testimony because it is unconsciously given, and because it is consistent with itself. It is a trying ordeal to the memory of any writer to have his private correspondence printed as fully as it is here; but it is an ordeal through which the memory of Dickens has passed triumphantly. We know him now more intimately than ever before, and are glad of the knowledge that we have obtained, for it is honorable alike to his head and his heart.

No English writer of the century—with the exception, perhaps, of Scott—ever earned so much by his pen as Dickens. Remembering this fact, the first reference in his letters to the sum offered for the then unwritten "Pickwick Papers" is of striking significance. It occurs in a letter to Miss Catherine Hogarth, the lady to whom the young writer was soon to be married, and was written in 1835, from his rooms in Furnival's Inn.

"They (Chapman and Hall) have made me an offer of fourteen pounds a month to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself, to be published monthly, and each number to contain four wood-cuts. I am to make my estimate and calculation, and to give them a decisive answer on Friday morning. The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist."

The next letter to the same correspondent shows us the writer at work :

"I have at this moment got Pickwick and his friends on the Rochester coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a different character from any I have yet described, who, I flatter myself will make a decided hit. I want to get them from the ball to the inn before I go to bed, and I think it will take me until one or two o'clock, at the earliest. The publishers will be here in the morning, so you will readily suppose I have no alternative but to stick at my desk."

The character who was to make a decided hit was Jingle. "Pickwick" finished and "Nickleby" begun, Dickens made an expedition with Mr. Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") to investigate the condition of the Yorkshire schools. There came into the inn, where they stopped on the way, an old lady, who turned out to be the mistress of one of those schools, returning from her holiday stay in London.

"She was a very queer old lady, and showed us a long letter she was carrying to one of the boys from his father, containing a severe lecture (enforced and aided by many texts of Scripture) on his refusing to eat boiled meat. She was very communicative, drank a great deal of brandy and water, and towards evening became insensible, in which state we left her."

One of the most humorous letters that Dickens ever wrote was an answer to a little boy who had written to him as "Nicholas Nickleby" was approaching completion, stating his views and wishes as to the rewards and punishments to be bestowed upon the

* The Letters of Charles Dickens. Edited by his sister-in-law, and his eldest daughter. In Two Volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

various characters in the book. Dickens addresses him as "Respected Sir," and says that he has given Squeers one cut on the neck and two on the head, at which he appeared much surprised and began to cry, which being a cowardly thing, was just what he should have expected from him.

"Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I. He says he did not like to have his porter hot, for he thought it spoilt the flavor; so I let him have it cold. You should have seen him drink it; I thought he never would have left off. I also gave him three pounds of money, all in sixpences, to make it seem more, and he said directly that he should give more than half to his mamma and sister, and divide the rest with poor Smike. And I say he is a good fellow for saying so; and if anybody says he isn't I am ready to fight him whenever they like—there!"

He promises to attend to Fanny Squeers, who is like the drawing which he has sent of her, except that the hair is not curly enough. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and it will make her cross when she sees it.

"I meant to have written you a long letter, but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to, because it makes me think about them, and I like you, and so I tell you. Besides, it is just eight o'clock at night, and I always go to bed at eight o'clock, except when it is my birthday, and then I sit up to supper."

A favorite correspondent of Dickens was Macready, whom he always regarded with great intellectual respect. He appears at his best in his letters to him, and never more humorously than in one which he wrote him after his retirement from the stage, and which somehow reminds us of the whimsical epistles of Charles Lamb. The gravity of the advice which he gives him as to what he should do when he comes up to London, is laughable enough.

"You must be very careful, when you come to town to attend to your parliamentary duties, never to ask your way of people in the streets. They will misdirect you for what the vulgar call a 'lark,' meaning in this connection, a jest at your expense. Always go into some respectable shop, or apply to a policeman. You will know him by his being dressed in blue, with very dull silver buttons, and by the top of his hat being made of sticking-plaster. You may, perhaps see in some odd place an intelligent-looking man with a curious little wooden table before him, and three thimbles on it. He will want you to bet, but don't do it. He really desires to cheat you. And don't buy at auctions, where the best plated goods are being knocked down for next to nothing. These, too, are delusions. If you wish to go to the play to see real good acting (though a little more subdited than perfect tragedy should be), I would recommend you to see — at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Anybody will show it to you. It is near the Strand, and you may know it by seeing no company whatever at any of the doors. Cab fares are eight-pence a mile. A mile, London measure, is half a Dorsetshire mile, recollect. Porter is two-pence per pint; what is called stout is four-pence. The Zoological Gardens are in the Regent's Park, and the price of admission is one shilling. Of the streets, I would recommend you to see Regent street and the Quadrant, Bond street, Piccadilly, Oxford street, and Cheapside. I think these will please you after a time, though the tumult and bustle will at first bewilder you."

Dickens was very fond of the theater, as one might have inferred from the melodramatic situations in some of his stories, and was never more delighted than when strutting his little hour before the foot-lights. He might have earned his living behind the scenes, if everything else had failed with him, for he was fertile in stage resources. "Ah, sir," said a master carpenter of one of the theaters, "it's a universal observation in the profession, sir,

that it was a great loss to the public when you took to writing books."

There are passages in these delightful letters,—picturesque bits of description, sparkling scintillations of wit and humor, curious and felicitous terms of expression, etc.,—which are equal to anything that Dickens ever wrote. They extend over a period of thirty-five years, the last two being dated the day before his death, and are addressed to many of the most noted of his contemporaries—authors, artists, actors, and the like, whom he admired with a singleness not common, we fear, among men of letters.

Admirable as compositions, as if from the first he had foreseen that the day would come when they would be collected, they give us an insight into his daily life not elsewhere to be obtained, and clearly portray the manner of man that he was,—a hard worker at his desk when his books were in progress; a charming companion when he was traveling, as he loved to do; an admiring and hearty friend, full of sympathy and kindness; and at all times a careful, active man of business, doing whatever his hand found to do with all his might, whether it was superintending amateur theatricals or editing his periodicals. More *private* letters, in the strictest sense of the word, were never before made public. They are frank, manly, and affectionate; and though communicative, as such letters should be, are not in the least egotistical. They authenticate themselves, in short, as unconscious revealments of the fine disposition, the hearty nature, and the beautiful genius of Charles Dickens.

Taylor's "Studies in German Literature."*

THESE twelve lectures by the late Bayard Taylor, delivered originally before the students of Cornell University, are not a mere compilation of fragmentary information and judgments concerning the principal authors and epochs of German literature. They are rather a series of independent studies, remarkably complete within their narrow compass, abounding in happy illustrations and affording us many a pleasant glimpse of the author's genial personality. Although Mr. Taylor's natural attitude was one of deep sympathy toward Germany and the products of her intellectual life, he assumes in these lectures a distinctly Anglo-Saxon point of view. He nowhere echoes the extravagant and uncritical praise of mediocre writers, which is so deplorably prevalent among the literary historians of the Fatherland, while on the other hand he accords the heartiest recognition to all that is genuine and enduring.

The first lecture sketches in a clear and comprehensive manner the earliest beginnings of German literature, summarizes briefly what we know concerning the ancient Goths, and gives specimen translations from the Heliand and Ofried von Weissenburg's *Harmony of the Gospels*. In regard to the Gothic bishop, Ulfila, the translator of the

* *Studies in German Literature.* By Bayard Taylor. With an Introduction by George H. Boker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Bible, we think Mr. Taylor makes a misleading statement when he says that tradition credits him with having invented an alphabet of his own. Such a tradition undoubtedly exists, but modern scholarship has long ago proved it to be erroneous, and it is very easy, at the present day, to trace the Gothic letters to their sources. What Ulfilas did (and, it must be admitted, with admirable judgment and skill) was to adapt, and perhaps, in some instances, slightly modify, the ancient Gothic or Scandinavian runes, and, where these did not suffice, to supplement the missing sounds from the Greek alphabet. The translations from the Song of Hildebrand preserve to a remarkable degree the rough vigor and directness of the original, and are, moreover, entirely free from those mannerisms and archaisms to which less skillful translators are apt to resort when they wish to produce similar effects. The selections from the Heliand, however, as well as all the other translations which are scattered through the book, except those from "Faust," aim rather at literalness than at the exact preservation of the poetic tone and color. One must bear in mind that they were very hastily made, to be read before an audience of college students, and Bayard Taylor would probably have re-written many passages and polished and refined others, had he lived to prepare his work for publication. For all that there is a great charm in the simplicity and spontaneous flow of these verses, and they are perhaps the more valuable to the student for the very fact that they avoid elaborate paraphrases and circumlocutions.

The second lecture, entitled "The Minnesingers," deals chiefly with the lives and writings of the three representative poets, Walther von der Vogelweide, Conrad von Würzburg, and Ulrich von Lichtenstein. Although recognizing fully the excellencies of this chapter—particularly the power of condensed narration which is everywhere displayed, and the admirable characterization of the Minnesinger period in its totality—we are disposed to question some of the conclusions at which the author has arrived regarding the three principal singers. Mr. Taylor is undoubtedly right in regarding Walther von der Vogelweide as the most vital personality and the most genuine poet of the three, but while he utterly condemns the picturesque folly of Ulrich von Lichtenstein and the Quixotic spirit which everywhere breaks forth in his life and in his song, he forgets to mention that Walther von der Vogelweide, too, displayed erratic tendencies in his youth, and wrote songs which, from a moral point of view, were no less reprehensible than those of the author of "Frauendienst." Moreover, some of the minor poems of Ulrich, and especially his Minnelays, seem to us to show a very sensitive ear for melody and a considerable amount of talent. We notice that Mr. Taylor in this chapter translates the German word *Mittelhochdeutsch* with "Mediaeval High German" instead of "Middle High German," which, among philologists, is the accepted term.

Our space does not allow us to analyze in detail each one of the succeeding lectures. They all present in a very attractive form the easily accessible

facts concerning the subjects with which they profess to deal. The author does not concern himself much with criticism, but with plain and direct narration. His purpose is to teach, and he accomplishes this, not in the old pedantic style, by a dry presentation of barren details, but by evolving each literary phenomenon from the age and the soil from which it sprang, and further familiarizing it to his audience by continual illustrations and comparisons, drawn from the wide realm of knowledge which was at his command. Thus in speaking of the Mediaeval German epics, *Parzival*, *Erek* and *Titurel*, he draws the most significant parallels between these and the Tennysonian version of the Arthurian legends. The meter of the *Nibelungenlied* becomes very intelligible to us, when by a trifling modification it is identified with that of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome"; and the absurdity of the jingling rhymes of the later Minnesingers is brought home to us in a forcible manner, by the happy quotation from Tom Hood's "rhymed blank verse."

In reading the latter portion of this book, we have been singularly impressed with the catholicity of judgment which enables the author to form such a favorable opinion of the versatile and prosperous trifler, Wieland, and at the same time do full justice to the earnest simplicity, combativeness, and religious ardor of Luther, and the artistic conscientiousness of Goethe and Schiller. We cannot point to a single instance in which Mr. Taylor has failed to grasp the key-note of a great man's character, and fairly to present his claims to greatness; but we are inclined to believe, that in the case of Wieland, he has attached too much significance to Goethe's eulogistic utterances concerning his recently deceased friend, and allowed the halo which surrounded the amiable old epicurean during his lifetime to dazzle him and make him blind to the shallowness, the inconsistency, and the general perfactoriness which characterize his writings.

The lecture on "Faust" sketches rapidly the plot of the poem, and traces in comprehensive outlines the vast structure of thought, which underlies and upholds this monumental creation. The intimate connection between the First and the Second parts is duly insisted upon, the interpretation of the bewildering allegories hinted at, and the organic coherence of the whole work strongly emphasized.

We know of no other work in the English language, which furnishes within the same limit, such an amount of accurate and valuable information concerning the principal epochs of German literature.

Farrar's "Life of St. Paul."^{*}

THE reputation of Cannon Farrar's excellent "Life of Christ," has made it sure that this new work will receive a wide welcome and command profound respect. Here are the same attractive

* The Life and Work of St. Paul. By F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo, 678, 668 pp. Uniform with "Life of Christ." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

brightness of composition, the same enthusiastic love of the subject, the same affluent learning from limitless sources. Brilliance of epithet and picturesqueness of artistic pose, make up for occasional floridness of description, and frequent wild play of imagination. In a few of the delineations of feeling ascribed to the apostle, there is so much indulgence in speculative analysis of the motives and purposes, which the author thinks Paul had, or must have had, that a playful scholar would be tempted to ask: "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?"

On the question of Paul's marriage, this author reaches a satisfied state of mind at once: he thinks the apostle formerly had a wife, and had a "right to lead one about" as well as Peter; but the woman was undoubtedly dead before he became a Christian. He rests for his proof of this upon the "vote" Saul cast for Stephen's condemnation; this argues him to have been a member of the Sanhedrin, which was impossible except for one who was the father of children, and knew how to rule them well. They must have died, too.

There are those who will be disappointed to find that Canon Farrar insists on dropping the Eunuch's profession of faith out of the eighth chapter of the Acts as spurious; but perhaps they will be comforted to discover how sharply he tells some other people that it is high time they stopped calling a "meeting of the church in Jerusalem," by the stately name of the first ecclesiastical "Council." Others will be troubled to know now who the "Man of Sin" is; for this writer distinctly declares it cannot be the pope of Rome. He reminds all that wretched discussion to the "vast limbo of exploded exegesis,"—wherever that may be—and says he knows nothing about it. With a like worry of mind over the famous quarrel with Barnabas, he withdraws from the decision concerning its merits; but he says quaintly enough that he supposes "each was partly right and partly wrong."

The account of Paul's speech at Athens is really fresh and novel. The author gives us to understand that this was a piece of popular ridicule of the apostle from beginning to end. Just for fun, the mob invited an address on the grand stand of their nation, to see what so insignificant a speaker—this "ugly little Jew"—would do if a chance were offered. They laughed at him and went their way, and Paul was more disgusted than ever he was before or after.

When we reach the latter part of the second volume, where an investigation of the Epistles is expected, we find a very singular form of paraphrase adopted instead of a translation. The author assumes to state, often in his own words alongside the authorized text, what Paul was trying to teach. Sometimes this has a rare felicity; but one feels as if it ought not to be trusted. It is a perilous way of interpretation for any expositor to adopt in such a case; and many will be ready to believe that Canon Farrar has not had much better success than other people. Some will really be grieved that this great book, so welcome and so excellent at many

points, must be marred by an evident attempt to engrave upon the language of the apostle Paul in the epistle to the Romans the peculiar views for which this author has been brought into question.

A little vexation will come to a commonplace few, who have old associations that they supposed were worth cherishing, when they have to grapple with some extraordinary forms of expression, and even of spelling, which they meet everywhere on the pages of this biography. There may be a need of such words in our English tongue as "glossolaly," "otiose," "calt," and "gynaeceum;" but one wonders why in a popular work, it is necessary to metamorphose queen Candace into "the Kandake of Meroe," or to alter Cephas into "Kephas," and call Cappadocia, Cilicia, and Crete, "the three most villainous k's of antiquity, Kappadokia, Kilia, and Krete." But this may be what we shall have to come to after all.

Most readers will close these beautiful volumes with regret. The best thing about them is, that while they leave one admiring the writer for his literary work, they still leave him loving the Great Apostle, whose wonderful life they commemorate. Finest of many fine scenes is the last. Brief, graphic, picturesque, with just a few master-strokes of the pen, the spectacle of the martyrdom is set before us. And the motto is worthy of the scene: "God buries his workmen, but carries on their work."

Bret Harte's "Twins of Table Mountain." *

A NEW collection is sure to rouse the same pleasure over those stories which do Bret Harte justice, and the same regret over those that fall below the standard he has made for himself. The five tales in the present volume contain no one quite so good and no one quite so poor as certain of his earlier contributions to the monthly press. The latest development of his style is found in "A Legend of Sammitstadt," since it is inspired by a residence in Germany, where he has been occupying a consular position for the United States. It sounds like a lazy production, and moreover, although eminently readable, is not especially original. We catch a distinctly Hawthornean flavor, for example in this passage, where Mr. James Clinch of Chicago is about to make the visionary acquaintance of mediæval German ancestors, the Kölnsche of Köln:

"He looked up in her eyes. There was permission: there was something more, that was flattering to his vanity. He took the wineglass, and, slowly and in silence, filled it from the mysterious flask.

"The wine fell into the glass clearly, transparently, heavily, but still and cold as death. There was no sparkle, no cheap ebullition, no evanescent bubble. Yet it was so clear, that but for a faint amber-tinting, the glass seemed empty. There was no aroma, no ethereal diffusion from its equable surface. Perhaps it was fancy, perhaps it was from nervous excitement; but a slight chill seemed to radiate from the still goblet, and bring down the temperature of the terrace. Mr. Clinch and his companion both insensibly shivered."

After this Mr. Harte works out one of those disappointments to which he is prone; not that it is

* *The Twins of Table Mountain, and Other Stories.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

disappointing to find that Mr. James Clinch has been dreaming, but that the result does not pay for the elaborate machinery. He does not preserve the Hawthornean "atmosphere," but only for a time assumes the Hawthornean tone. The contrasts between Germany and America are made with a harsh pencil and neither country is spared. "Views from a German Spion" (*a Spion*, or spy, is a mirror outside a window in which the passers-by are reflected) gives a vivid glimpse of outside German life in a small Rhenish town. Mr. Harte is unfortunate in seeing Germany after the strain of a great war and the huge growth of militarism, and since the necessity of acting up to their reputation has taken from the poor Germans what quiet jollity they formerly possessed.

On his old ground Mr. Harte is at times quite as strong as ever. Who else can give the startling contrasts of Western life so resolutely, so pitilessly? and who can work so well the pathetic and noble vein, at the same time, in the ignoble block? "An Heiress of Red Dog" brings in our old friend Jack Hamlin. "The Great Deadwood Mystery" is clever in its Western folk, but too broad a caricature in its Bostonians. Boston Philistinism is too admirable a joke to be treated so cavalierly as this. Mr. Harte loses his temper over it, and becomes less effective than Mr. Howells, who always touches it delicately and with self-possession. The scene between Mrs. Rightbody and the two members of the Vigilance Committee is one of the author's best. It is noticeable that a coarse passage in the second part cannot be found in the story as first published in this magazine. But in "The Twins of Table Mountain," Mr. Harte strikes again the full note of his genius. Whether it be plot, characterization, or description of Western landscape, each part is admirable. This story alone would be enough to make a reputation: the author is entirely himself; there is no trace of Dickens, Hawthorne, or any other writer; it is marred by no strained, foreign, or hackneyed words; the scene is novel, the humor fine, the pathos exquisite; short story though it be, it is an honor to American literature.

Miss Phelps's "Sealed Orders."*

MISS PHELPS is best when she describes the common country life or nautical characters of New England. High life is for her a pitfall. As soon as she attempts to describe persons of ease and wealth her descriptions become fantastic, her characters unnatural. But when she recounts the adventures of a woman preacher among the hard-worked, pinched inhabitants of a sterile township of New Hampshire or Massachusetts, as in "A Woman's Pulpit," excellent insight into local habits and character is the result. These seventeen stories and papers contributed to the magazines and other periodicals, show keen powers of observa-

tion and a good deal of force as a story-teller, without very great art.

"An Earnest Trifler."*

ON the principle that imitation is the sincerest flattery, Mr. Henry James, Jr., ought to feel complimented if he reads "An Earnest Trifler." "Nathan Halstead" is the "earnest trifler," and he is an extension and somewhat of a dilution of "Felix" in "The Europeans." The anonymous author is not without skill in writing, whatever may be her lack in constructiveness. The character of Halstead is certainly true to life, in a general way: young men like him exist; they interest themselves strongly in a number of women without really loving any. It is a type by no means rare, and more likely to interest young ladies than the world at large. "An Earnest Trifler" may be commended to young women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five as a novel, pleasant to read, which is more instructive than moving.

Guernsey's "Thomas Carlyle."†

THIS is among the most interesting and the most useful of the series in which it worthily fills its place. It is a volume of two hundred pages in which the literary career of the great Scotch humorist is narrated and exemplified with the aid of perhaps a hundred pages of quotations from his own writings. Mr. Guernsey has done an excellent piece of journeyman literary work; he gives us no brilliant and unforgettable sentences—like the "Mr. Carlyle is for calling down fire from heaven whenever he cannot readily lay his hand on the match box"—such as abound in Mr. Lowell's essay; but he does give us a straightforward telling of a noble life. For this he has been recently allowed to take down from the lips of Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, long passages of autobiographic interest and personal utterance, which he had treasured up carefully with the unforgetting retentiveness of the blind ever since he heard Carlyle speak them in the course of frequent and cordial interviews now nearly twenty years ago. In the chapter in which Mr. Guernsey analyzes and quotes from the "History of the French Revolution," he is enabled by means of Mr. Milburn's memory to give us Carlyle's own account of the destruction by fire of the second volume of the precious MS., and of his conduct beneath the blow. He cleared his mind by reading nothing but novels for weeks. "I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a captain in the Royal Navy,—and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it,—the man that wrote stories about dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in search of their fathers; and it seemed to me that of

* An Earnest Trifler. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1886.

† Thomas Carlyle: His Life: His Books: His Theories. By Alfred H. Guernsey. Handy Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

* Sealed Orders. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of the books. And thus refreshed, I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in the course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished—as all things must, sooner or later."

Abbott on John.*

THE plan of this Commentary is admirable. It is for popular use; there is, therefore, no ostentation of learning and no lumbering apparatus of criticism. It treats lightly all those small points on which large sectarian divisions are founded. It treats fully questions of present debate among scholars. Discussions of chief points, such as the doctrine of the incarnation, the use of wine, the resurrection of Lazarus, and so forth, are found in special notes remarkable for their clearness. The work abounds

* An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel according to John. For family use and for the great body of Christian workers of all denominations. By Lyman Abbott, D. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

in information given in a condensed and popular style. It is illustrated with many good, and some not so good, pictures. A great characteristic of the book is its fairness. Dr. Abbott belongs to the evangelical school, but he holds his opinions without a drop of asperity. He never calls down any fire from heaven, and he knows how to give an opponent's case all its proper force. He believes profoundly that the fourth gospel is the work of John, the son of Zebedee and the disciple of Christ, but he states the arguments on the opposite side with great fairness and force. It is a pity that there are not more people able to hold their opinions so charitably, so dispassionately, and with so much respect for themselves and others. Dr. Abbott gives us many judicious and learned expositions of the sayings and doings of Jesus, but better than all is his exemplification of the Christian spirit in his liberality toward those who differ with him. It is emphatically a commentary for Christian workers and for the family, as the title implies; and we know of nothing old or new better fitted for the purpose.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Drawing Apparatus.

A NEW apparatus for assisting artists and draughtsmen in making drawings of buildings, landscapes, figures, and other irregular objects seen in perspective, employs a table made in two parts, one portion being of clear glass, the other of wood. The table is pivoted on a standard, so that it may be placed at any angle, and when in use is secured nearly upright in front of the object to be copied with the glass portion uppermost. From the lower end is suspended a rod, that may be raised or lowered at will, supporting a pantagraph, the tracing point of which rests on the glass, while the pencil rests on the wooden part of the table. From the frame that surrounds the glass extends an arm, bent at right angles, so as to bring the end in front of the glass. At the end of this arm is a small hole or sight. In use the apparatus is placed before the statue, building, or other object to be sketched, and this arm is adjusted so that when the eye is at the sight, a view of the object can be obtained through the glass. Drawing paper is placed on the wooden part of the table, and the pantagraph is adjusted so that the tracing point may be moved over the glass while the pencil moves over the paper. The operator, looking through the sight, causes the point to move over the glass in line with the object seen following its outline, and chief lines, while the pencil at the same time gives a reduced copy on the paper.

The apparatus appears likely to prove of some value as an aid in making copies of statuary, figures and irregular buildings, as a preliminary in making more finished pictures. It may also prove of use in illustrating the principles of perspective in drawing classes.

New Tube-Cleaner.

OF the great number of appliances for cleaning boiler tubes, both by scrapers and brushes, the latest and most novel machine is a revolving scraper designed to be driven by steam. At the end of an iron pipe, that is at once handle and steam pipe, is fixed a rose-shaped scraper. Inside the pipe is a helix, or wheel with curved wings, free to turn in the pipe and secured to the rose-head scraper. Steam is admitted at the lower end of the pipe through a flexible hose. A stop cock is provided to control the steam and the machine has two wooden handles for guiding the apparatus. The scraper is thrust into the tube to be cleaned and steam is let into the apparatus escaping at the end, causing the helical-wheel to revolve quickly. Air at the same time is drawn into the pipe and the mingled steam and air escape into the tube at the end. The wheel causes the scraper to revolve as it is pushed forward, the steam softens and loosens the dirt, driving it forward and out at the other end of the tube. The novelty of this device consists in giving a rotary motion to the scraper by means of the steam jet. The apparatus, it is reported, will enable one man to clean one hundred tubes in about twenty minutes, and as the work is done quickly, it may be repeated every day at a material gain in the useful effect of the fuel. The idea seems to be one that could be applied to the cleaning of all kinds of flues, tubes and pipes, for either gases, smoke or water.

Steam Pavement Rammer.

THE work of driving down the blocks used in paving streets can now be performed by steam-power by a new machine constructed on the plan of the ordinary steam-hammer. The machine consists

essentially of a crane mounted on four wheels, the longer arm of the crane being pivoted and free to turn in any direction within a half circle, the shorter arm supporting a counter weight that is at the same time a fuel box. The boiler is upright, and placed in the center between the forward pair of wheels directly behind the movable portion of the crane. Attached to the boiler is a small engine, with the proper connections for propelling the engine along the road. At the end of the crane is a small steam-hammer, controlled in the usual way by hand-levers, and supplied with steam from the boiler through flexible steam-pipes. The steam-hammer has a heavy iron head, that gives downward blows on the pavement as the machine advances along the newly paved road. The apparatus only requires two men, —a fireman and an engineer,—to control it. The engineer stands by the hammer and delivers the blows at will, either lightly or heavily, fast or slowly, as may be required, moving the crane about from side to side by hand, and spreading the work in a half circle in front of the machine. To advance the rammer, the engineer starts the propelling engine, and another half circle of blows may be delivered. The work done by the machine is reported to be very thorough, the pavement being driven down firmly, and making a smooth, hard, and silent road that it is estimated will outlast any form of hand-finished work. The machine works at a high speed, and does the work of ten men in a day.

Electric Balance.

THE electric analysis of metals is again tried by an ingenious piece of mechanism, employing two induction coils placed side by side, and so arranged that their currents are balanced and neutralize each other. The coils are connected with three elements of a Daniels battery and a small clock and a telephone. When the apparatus is adjusted, the clock is held in suspense by the currents and gives no sound. When a small piece of metal is placed on one of the coils, the balance is destroyed, and the clock is heard to tick through the telephone. A second piece of metal, of the same size and kind, placed on the other coil restores the balance, and the clock stops. It is proposed to use the device as a detective in examining small pieces of alloys and metals to find their composition. It is estimated that if a stated metal of known quality and weight will produce a certain action in the balance, it will make a standard of reference for examining other metals in the same manner.

New Uses for the Flexible Shaft.

THE flexible shaft, described, at the time of its introduction, in this department, has not only found a useful position in industry, but new uses for it have been frequently discovered. It is now used for cleaning castings and in sand-papering wood-work. For cleaning castings, a new form of brush has been introduced. Two iron discs, about 10 c. m. (four inches) in diameter, are placed on a spindle and connected together by a number of short iron

rods arranged along the edges of the discs. This makes a circular iron cage, and to the bars are fixed short links, each carrying a piece of steel wire. This makes a circular brush of wire that at rest is limp, the wires hanging loose. Affixed to a flexible shaft and driven at a high speed, the wires stand out like a stiff brush by the centrifugal force; and brought to the casting to be cleaned, the brush performs better and quicker work than can be done by any other form of brush. Being pliable, the brush readily fits into irregular corners of the casting, and takes the place of hand-work. For sand-papering with the flexible shaft, the sand-paper is cut into discs, and a number of these are placed on a mandrel, with small washers between the discs. This makes a sand-papering brush that can be used till worn down to the center.

New Method of Obtaining a Temporary Blast.

IN steam fire-engines, where it is essential to raise steam quickly, a strong blast for the fire is needed before it can be obtained in the usual way from the exhaust steam. To obtain this preliminary blast an exhaust-fan is placed in the smoke-stack near the top. This is driven at a very high speed by clock-work, and produces a very powerful blast. In experiments with an ordinary steam fire-engine, with cold water in the boiler, the flame of the fire was drawn out the top of the stack, and the steam gauge began to move in forty-five seconds after starting the fire. In four minutes the gauge showed a pressure of forty pounds. This is less than half the usual time needed to obtain this pressure. As such a clock-work blower would soon run down, and as it would not be needed after the engine is at work, it is presumed that it is stopped or taken out after the steam is raised. Such a temporary blast would be useful in the chimneys of all kinds of furnaces where it is necessary to secure a high temperature in a short time.

Memoranda.

BY a new method of making cylindrical boilers a seamless cylinder of steel is produced that is in one piece, requiring only to be fitted with ends to be complete. A cast steel ring of the diameter of the proposed boiler is heated and placed upon a large roller and then, by means of other rollers, it is rolled out lengthwise, thus making a hollow cylinder of steel without seams. End pieces are riveted on in the usual manner and the boiler is ready for use as soon as the fittings are put on. The machinery needed to roll such a cylinder is expensive, but the result is a boiler shell of unusual strength and durability.

IN curing beef for export the experiment has been made of injecting brine into the entire carcass. On the instant of killing, the heart is opened and a pipe is inserted in the left ventricle and a current of weak brine is driven under pressure through the blood-vessels, washing out all the blood. This done the right ventricle is plugged, or clamped, and strong brine is driven in until the entire sys-

tem is charged with brine. It is reported that the brine is thoroughly distributed and the meat effectually cured.

Wicks for oil lamps have been recently made of fine threads of glass woven with cotton. The cotton threads are destroyed in the flame and the top of the wick is then wholly of glass and feeding the oil to the flame for a long time without trimming. If the glass becomes fused at the end or clogged with residue from the oil the end of the wick may be broken off over a sharp edge, when the wick may be turned up slightly. The wick is reported to give a clear, steady flame and to last in use a long time.

In a new form of electric current-breaker advantage is taken of the sonorous vibrations of strings. A wire is stretched between two points, and to the center is fastened a small platinum point turned downward and just touching a cup of mercury below. A small magnet is suspended over the wire, and the wire and cup of mercury are made parts of

an electrical current. The action of the current passing over the wire to the cup and under the magnet tends to make it vibrate by the elasticity of the wire, thus lifting the platinum point out of the mercury at each vibration, and so breaking the circuit. By changing the length of the wire, and changing its note, or the number of vibrations, the breaking of the circuit may be modified at will.

In using excessive pressures in limited areas for the purpose of solidifying powdered substances, it has been found that the die used to press the powders into the mold would bend and "buckle" before the higher pressures could be used, and to obviate these thin discs of hardened steel have been used with success. One disc is put on and the pressure applied, and when the disc sinks into the mold another is added and the pressure renewed. By using a succession of discs very high pressures have recently been obtained thus giving some new results. The mold and discs must be dusted with powdered plumbago before using.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Star.

YEARS ago, way up in heaven,
Bloomed a shining star,
And at midnight came an Angel
Flying from afar.

For she heard the star complaining
Of its bitter fate;
'Twas so small, and yet its Maker
Made so many great.

"Hasten straightway," said the Angel,
"To Jerusalem!
God has made you,—thankless Spirit!—
Star of Bethlehem!"

W. T. PETERS.

Dictation Exercises.

"Miss Calline, you aint got no time to rite me a letter, is you?"

I looked up from the sewing I was eagerly trying to complete before dark, as these words fell on my ears. After a busy morning and late dinner, I had gone to my room, promising myself an afternoon of undisturbed rest. Just at the luxurious moment when I had thrown myself on the couch, with every care resolutely banished, my sanctuary had been invaded by the patter of little feet, and a very tearful pair of eyes had peeped in the door. My half-shut eyes could not resist the heart-broken sigh, that told me the intruder was my five year old name-sake, Carrie.

"What is it, pet?"

"Oh Auntie, I is wited to a party, a real sure 'nough party, and mamma got—got a headache, and she can't finish my dwess, and I must not 'sturb you, and I do want to go to a party."

Poor little aching heart could bear no more, so bursting into tears, she threwh her golden head into my lap.

Folding away my disappointment, I soon quieted the storm by sending her for the "dwess." Fortunately, there was not a great deal to be done; my prospects of rest grew brighter as my rapid fingers kept pace with Carrie's eager talk about the party.

Our cozy chatter had been interrupted by the sudden opening of the door, and the above salutation.

All Southern readers know, if you ever promise the negroes anything, they claim fulfillment at the most inopportune time. As soon as I heard the question, I recalled one of my rash promises.

Looking up, as I said, to my dismay I encountered the beaming smiles of two blooming maidens of African descent. About a month previous I had promised Nancy Joyner, the younger and more smiling of the two, to write a letter for her, but had forgotten all about the promise until now, in all the assurance of successful appeal, she came to remind me of it. Nancy was as homely a specimen of her race as you would care to see, but the elaborate care bestowed on her toilet gave evidence of her appreciation of adornment.

Her attire was a study. A white lawn underskirt trimmed with many narrow ruffles, contrasted finely with a pea-green overskirt, shorter behind than in front, confined to a blue lawn Garibaldi body by a dark-purple sash, tied at the side. A scarlet necktie and large bow added to the effect. A large chignon of black jute, tied with pale-pink ribbon, surmounted by a white straw hat, bound with purple and trimmed with rows of narrow green ribbon and long streamers of white illusion, gave an air of jaun-

tiness to the startling array. As I caught a glimpse of this figure, strong in the consciousness of well-dressed womanhood, my vexation speedily dissolved in a smile of welcome.

Judy, her companion, was more subdued in appearance and manner, but her many nudges and grimaces plainly showed she was an interested party in the affair. I invited the girls to enter, told Nancy that, although I was very busy, if she would tell me what to write I would soon have the letter ready for her. It seemed such a small thing to write a letter that I never thought of refusing. We always treat the negroes, even now, as so many children, and dislike to disappoint them.

"Well, you see, Miss Calline, I got dis hur letter gwine on two weeks ago, an' I'se been a-layin' off to git you to anser it fur me ever sence. So I jist thought I'd step down hur this evenin' an' git you to do it fur me. Judy, she's got more gumption dan what I is, so I fatch hur 'long to help me wid it. Hur's de walloper an' de paper. I never fatched nary scroth, 'cause you's writing so much I thought you had plenty of dem."

With these words she handed me an envelope and a rumpled sheet of paper, which had evidently been on intimate terms with the pots and kettles. I folded up my work and rose to get my writing-desk, when Carrie made a sudden assault on the intruders.

"Now, Nancy, you just let my aunty 'lone! She aint going to write no letter for you, you ugly old thing, 'cause she's busy wid my new frock."

Nancy caught her up in her arms, gave her a hug and a kiss, promised to bring her a little black chicken, and tossed her over to Judy, who also hugged and kissed her, and promised to bring her something pretty if she would let aunty write the letter.

Carrie, pacified and curious, seated herself at my feet, while Nancy and Judy stood at the back of my chair to carry on a conversation in whispers, of which giggling formed the chief item. After waiting for some minutes, pen in hand, I remarked:

"Now, Nancy, I am ready. What must I say?"

"De laws, Miss Calline, you knows how to write."

"Yes: but I don't know what you want to say."

"Laws, 'pears like if I had your larnin' I could jist write anything. Couldn't you, Judy?"

Pause second. At last:

"Well, must I address him as your friend?"

"De laws, Miss Calline, what you reckon I want you to pot clothes on dat nigger fur?" and then they both burst into a loud laugh.

I alter the question with a feint of object teaching.

"Shall I write down here"—showing the place—"My Dear Friend?"

Nancy is not equal to this demand upon her resources, so applies to Judy.

"Would you say dat, Judy?"

"No, I wouldn't, 'cause his letter was Resteamed Miss Jines, and ef you goes a-callin' of him 'dear' fust he jest go to potten up himself, and gentlemuns pots on airs 'nuff any way."

"Dat's so; well, den, Judy, what you gwine to do den?"

They both stand still, Judy in an attitude of deep thought, Nancy complacently gazing at herself in my mirror. After waiting a short time, in despair of getting a decision, I ask :

"Shall I say Mr.—what is his name, Nancy?"

Nancy brightens up, and answers, with alacrity:

"Mr. Silvestur Corpul Junnior."

"No, Nancy 'taint Corpul; it's Corpin."

They then have a dispute, in which each cites authority for her own mode of pronunciation with equal ardor. To expedite matters I ask to see the gentleman's letter.

Nancy, with a queer look of chagrin, says :

"Well, dat 'll do, ef I aint de most no 'count, good-for-nothin' poor nigger de Marster ever made. I spects I lef' dat letter out on de wood-pile when I was cottin' wood, and it done blowed away. I knows 'taint nowhere in my pocket." She dives into some unseen receptacle, but fails to produce the missive.

"Well, never mind, Miss Calline, so you puts de Junnior. 'Twont make no difference 'bout de other part. Ef you don't put de Junnior his daddy might git it, so he tolle me always to put dat to it, so I tied a knot in a string to make me 'member 'bout dat."

Judy is appealed to in support of this position.

After nearly a half hour of wasted time, I pen "Mr. Silvester Corpil, Jr."

"Shall I acknowledge—oh bother! I mean shall I tell him you got his letter?"

"No, Nancy, dat I wouldn't do, no sich a thing. Cause he might think you didn't, and den he will write ag'in," interposed the politic Judy in a loud whisper.

"Dat's de truf. No, marm, jest put—law, Miss Calline, you ought to know what to put, much schoolin' as you's had."

Carrie here cries out:

"I don't want no old black chicken! You go right home, Nancy, an' let my aunty sew on my frock."

As my precious time has slipped away so rapidly, I write a few lines in the vain hope, that some light will dawn on my dictators.

Nancy at last has a happy thought, and with face aglow with excitement says :

"Miss Calline, tell him I's bin to two balls dis week; de Lord knows I aint bin to nary one, but you tell him dat."

"Nancy, that is a story."

"Well, anyway, I 'spects to go to one some time or 'nother, so you jest tell him I done bin."

I write as per order for a few words, when Nancy asks :

"Is you got dat down, Miss Calline?"

Now thoughts flow apace and she goes on :

"Tell him his mother is well, an' she sends all her love, an' she's mostly poorly, thank de Lord, an' she has dat same misery in de back, an' will he send her dat little change, an' she hopes he keeps on a-prayin', an' is you got dat down, Miss Calline?"—all in one hurried, breathless sentence,—"an' Miss Weels, she sends him all her best love."

"Now Nancy, what you do dat for? I aint gwine to send my love to your beau," cries the delighted Judy.

"Is you got dat down? Tell him, Mr. Boby he say long as he's lef' dese parts what fur he writin' love down dis way fur, an' tell him,—oh Miss Calline, you ought to know how folks 'rite to dere beaus. I know you is rit to your beau often enoff."

"Why did you not tell me at first that he was your beau? I thought he was only an acquaintance; and I tear up what I have first written, as the words seem out of place under the new state of affairs, and begin anew.

"Miss Calline, you see he aint jest rightly what you kin call a beau, but he sed—what was it he sed, Judy?"

"He sed, how in his letter dat he felt like if you would speak de word of de intention to him, he incline to feel so beatoeaus happy, he think he got 'ligion, de delightsomeness of his state would be so splendid."

"Oh yes, now I ricollects, I study so hard to remember, but 'pears like I aint got no sense when folks talk big Dick talk. Miss Calline, tell him I wish him de best o' de pickin' an' no nobbins round, I hopes he is a-keepin' up a good heart—an'—an'—an'—Judy Weels you kin read and rite; why don't you tell Miss Calline some big Dick to put in? You knows big talk mor'n I do."

Nancy gives a deep sigh, wipes the perspiration from her face on the lovely overskirt, and retires exhausted from her intellectual efforts.

Judy asks me to read what I have written. I begin:

"MR. CORPRIL JUNNIOR."

I take pleasure in telling you of the welfare of your friends. I have been to three balls this week —"

Here I am interrupted by Nancy, who asks if I have room to put in "Dot I danced wid a gentleman dot sed he never seed such lovely ladies as he seed dot night, and wood I give him de pleasure of my attendance."

Evidently, Nancy improves on her fiction. I insert the above, and read on until I come to the message from Mr. Boly.

"Wont dat make old Silvy mad to hear I is keeping company wid Ned Boly agin?" Nancy again interrupts to say. "I told him I never was gwine to speak to him no more."

When I get to "the keeping a good heart," Judy has forgotten what she intended to say after that sentence, and another long pause ensues. I have been fast losing patience, so tell them to hurry up or I shall have to stop.

Judy at last triumphantly exclaims—

"Keep a good heart, and wish him all de enmity of good luck, and when he comes to die may his last end be like his, amen." They again pause to deliberate, so much pleased with this sentence, they do not dare to disturb its effect on their self-esteem.

"Nancy, is that all?" I cry hotly.

"Tell him I wish him de best of de success

in his coortin', an Miss Smith she say he is hur beau, an' if you is in love wid her, what you come writin' to me to have my picture drawed fur you to take next to your heart, fur I aint poor for no beaus, fur I kin git married as soon as I wants to, I kin. And tell him to give my love to all inquirin' friends, an' de laws, Miss Calline, you aint sed I takes my pen in hand to rite dese few lines, hopin' you is well. Please marm to put dat down, an' I is well, and hopes you is in de same good luck, and of the same mind, an' times is hard an money is scarce, and don't git better. I's leaving dis place. An' your mother, she sends her love, and says send her dat little change, as money is scarce an' times is hard."

My patience is rapidly disappearing, so I write each sentence just as dictated.

"Give my love to Mr. Davis, and Miss Walker she sends all her love, an' I lives in de hopes of seeing your lovin' face, and I pines for de day when you will come back, and dere is no change in me, but I sticks to what I sed and I is of de same mind still. I hopes you will not forgit dat I is your true lover and sweetheart,

Till deth,

NANCY JINES."

"But, Miss Calline, ef dere is any room, please put dis in: 'De sea is blue, de earth wide, my love for you is more dan true.'"

At last the interesting epistle is finished. With a provoked smile I read the whole of the wonderful production, and wonder what some of my correspondents would say could they peep over my shoulder. Nancy and Judy listen in admiring silence, and when I conclude express their opinion to the effect that I am prodigy of learning, and as a reward for my wisdom promise to get me to write them another letter very soon.

At last, with a bow and curtsey, they take their leave.

I do not know about the learning, but I am thoroughly convinced that I am a prodigy of patience as I light the gas to bestow wonderfully long stitches on poor Carrie's party "dwess."

VIRGINIA S. IMILIA.

Les Morts Vont Vite.

(RONDEAU.)

Les morts vont vite: The dead go fast!
So runs the motto France has cast.

To nature man must pay his debt;
Despite all struggle, despite all fret,
He journeys swift to the future vast.

It needs no ghost from out the past,
To make mere mortals stand aghast,—
To make them dream of death—and yet,
Les morts vont vite.

Although the sails (bellowed by blast)
Of Charon's barque may strain the mast—
The dead are not dead while we regret;
The dead are not dead till we forget;

But true the motto, or first or last:

Les morts vont vite.

J. B. M.

A Reply to "Speaking Features."

WHENEVER I talk to my sweetheart,
Of aught that is flippant and light;
He gives me such excellent answers,
I find myself thinking him bright.

But then, if I grow very learned,
And tell him about the last book;
He says, "Ahem! Yes. Why, I'll read it,"
With an imbecile, far-away look.

And then, if I sing him a love-song,
He giveth his watch-chain a twirl,
And immediately asks for "Whoa-Emma."
Ah! I am a fortunate girl. P. C. S.

Song.

SPIRIT of the Summer woods,
Breathing through far solitudes,
Hasten! for the north wind blows;
Shortly fall the wintry snows;
With the birdling and the bee,
Soon thou'lt find no room for thee!

Spirit of the Autumn groves,
Where the footstep idly roves,
And the rustling leaves around
Whirl and settle on the ground,
Haste thee, for the gentian blue
Bids the world and thee adieu!

Long ago the violet fled,
And yarrow by the river's bed;
Long ago the golden-red
Faded, and the silk-weed's pod
Sowed with silvery flakes the air,
Floating, hovering, everywhere!

Now the fox-fire on the hill
Shows that nights grow dark and chill;
While the glow-worm by the stream
Faintly shines with faded beam;
And asters 'mid the leafless bowers
Shut the daytime of the flowers!

Draw the curtains; close the door;
Bid the hickory blaze and roar;
Make the beggar's want thine own;
Rest the weary; cheer the lone;
Then, old Winter, come with me—
Thou my guest and song shalt be!

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Epigrams.

FRIENDSHIP.

Too near the fire, you burn,—
Too distant, freeze in turn;
As fire regard your friend,
Lest friendship have an end.

WISDOM AND HAPPINESS.

WHO deems himself a happy man
Happiness in him lies;
But wisdom has small part in him
That deems himself as wise.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

As time draws to an end, 'tis plain,
Languages must diminish,
Till, at the last, but one remain,
And that must be the Finnish.

THE EPIGRAM.

THE diamond's virtues well might grace
The epigram, and both excel
In brilliancy in smallest space,
And power to cut, as well.

A COQUETTE.

HER pleasure is in lovers coy;
When hers, she gives them not a thought;
But like the angler, takes more joy
In fishing than in fishes caught.

FAMILY JARS.

THOSE little tiffs, that sometimes cast a shade
On wedlock, oft are love in masquerade;
And family jars, look we but o'er the rim,
Are fill'd with honey even to the brim.

"A SOFT ANSWER."

AN angry word her lips was struggling through,
But, from those rose-gates, all unconscious drew
Such sweetness, that it to the hearer seemed
A gentle balm, that with forgiveness teemed.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Is Life Worth Living?

THE BABE.

BEGUN!—and round me glowed
Huge masks, with staring eyes—
And smiles alarmed me more—
I after saw in pantomimal story.
I had no sense of time: nor overmuch
A sense of anything:
I woke!—my eyes confronted with a glory
That made them open more and more,
It seemed they'd crack to take it in:
Anon, a wall of black would supervene,
I'd try to fight it off, and cry aloud!—
The light was out!—
Brief, brief candle!

THE LOVER.

Another spell—'twas not the one at school,
Yet taught me more than aught beside:
A being like myself,
But unlike more—a finer—fairer—
To every sense and thought gave newer zest
And newer meaning.
How great had been the void
That now was brimming o'er!
What measure's depth could hold it all!
Riches untold: a world unknown before:
The idol!—and I worshipped.
'Twas burning then, was life and love—
Brief, brief candle!

THE OLD MAN.

'Tis further on: I've staying power—
For friends are gone, snuffed out
As though they ne'er had been—
Whilst I, who miss them here, live on alone!
A retrospect of graves
And just ahead—my own.
There's over all a ghostly hue—
And rosy, golden day no more
As seen with infant's, lover's eyes!
The flame of life is burning blue!
And dwindling—near the final flicker!

But at its best it gives me handle
To ask if it were worth the candle?

Brief, brief candle! G. J. A.